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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY 1891, TO JULY 1891.

BOSTON:
PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1891.

Lo. 76.
25.913
Nov 18. 1891.

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DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1891. No. 1.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Revisiting Ireland — The Exile's Return.

CORK, December, 1890.

"Angels fold their wings and rest
In this Eden of the West."

AFLOAT!

YES; life is a voyage. Some cross but the river, banked with sweet-smelling, tiny flowers; babes and innocent children make the river voyage. Some pass over the placid lakelet, a short distance from shore to shore, with only an occasional breeze to ripple the surface of the waters. These voyagers are distinguished for beauty and youth. Others again cross the great ocean of life, storm-tossed, becalmed, suffering, drifting, wrecked, saved, drowned, the few only reaching a haven of rest.

Our voyage to Ireland was uneventful. Third day out I saw a woman on deck with DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE lying beside her. I asked to see it in order to show it to an English gentleman whose acquaintance I had made on board.

"Certainly, sir," replied the good-natured Irishwoman, "and perhaps I'm not far astray, sir, in asking are you 'Mr. Donahoe's Man?'"

"That's just what I am," I answered, at the same time wondering how the woman came to know me. She did not permit me to remain long in doubt.

"Sure, sir, and didn't Mr. Donahoe, himself, God bless him, tell us" (she was accompanied by her husband) "that we would see his Man on board the Cephalonia."

The good creature was in sore distress for some note-paper and envelopes, to write some letters on board. When she found that I could supply these, her gratitude became marked. We had a hearty hand-shaking at parting although I only saw her twice during the voyage.

LOWER HALL

The English gentleman to whom reference has been made was J. Arthur Elliott, Esq., of London, who came over to Boston to lecture in behalf of the Irish Home Rule movement. Somehow the affair was a *fiasco*. He carried with him high recommendations, and had a letter from Mr. Gladstone. He saw Gen. P. A. Collins who introduced him to Col. Taylor of the Globe; but all was of no avail, and the greater the pity, for men like Elliott, — who is both a journalist and author, — have largely helped to break down the huge mass of ignorant English prejudice against the Irish movement.

The Cephalonia is a Sea Youth of eight years. She is four hundred and fifty feet long, about thirty-five feet in depth, and thirty-seven feet beam. Such a ponderous mass of metal is not easily moved by every little wave, and is, consequently, a favorite with passengers for her "good and steady conduct." The ship is in command of Captain Seccombe, as brave and as kind a commander as can be found in the Cunard service. As the commander is, so are the officers and crew under him. The rigid discipline of the officers and crews of the Cunard steamships has become proverbial on both sides of the Atlantic, so that the comfort and safety of passengers are thus always assured.

When I arrived at the gang-plank of the Cephalonia, I was amazed to see it occupy an angle of about forty-five degrees from the string-piece of the pier to the bulwarks of the ship. How to succeed in getting on board by such a passage way was a puzzle, especially as the rain was pouring down in torrents. However, "a stout heart for a steep brae," and at it I went. When I got to within four or five steps of the top I felt that I could proceed no further without help; instantly there was a man behind me and one before me. Thanking the kind fellows, one of them said that Mr. Edwards, the active and gentlemanly agent of the Line in Boston, had instructed them to show particular kindness at all times to passengers going on board. The same rule prevails among the officers of the ship. The state-rooms of the Cephalonia are kept spotlessly clean and everything in them is polished like a mirror.

Captain Seccombe visits the three passenger departments of the ship twice every twenty-four hours. The doctor and chief steward do the same. There is neither deputizing nor shirking of duties on board the Cunard steamships.

We had considerable fog and thick weather during the passage; the fog horn kept blowing at intervals of three minutes for two nights and a day. The safety warning was answered by vessels in our vicinity, not an over pleasant reminiscence.

LAND, HO!

Early on the morning of the tenth day out, land was sighted. The rocks and hills looked like phantoms of the mist in the early hours of the sweet, new day, a new day, indeed, to many on board. Even this semi-visible view of the old, historic land was to some extent like a wise provision of nature. It would never do to see Ireland full in all its green and golden glories at once. Better allow its

beauties to unfold themselves gradually on the vision of the beholder. After peering shorewards through the thick haze, the sun rose up almost like a shot from the waters in the east, and behold, the mountain curtains rolled away to hide themselves in the dark and lonesome caves of the Kerry Hills. Oh, what a panorama of nature! The very rocks were covered with sweet, green herbage. Some of these rocks rose up steep and sheer from the Atlantic many hundreds of feet in height.

"Do you notice those four rocks over beyant there, sir?" asked an Irishman at my elbow.

"Certainly I notice them, for I am just admiring them."

"But maybe you don't know what they are called?"

"Really I do not, my friend."

"I'll tell you, sir. They are called the Bull, the Cow, the Calf, and the Little Pig."

Even now, I don't know if my neighbor was trying his wit, or a "gag" on a poor greenhorn, but from subsequent inquiries, I believe the man was right. From this incident we gather the fact that the people of Ireland have had few dreams or aspirations beyond possession of the land. These names given to things in nature prove this.

Every minute as the day advanced the south-western coast of Ireland kept the attention of the passengers riveted on the changeful scenery.

Soon there appeared the beautiful light-house on Kinsale headland, Fastnet rock, etc., and then came the words: "Sixty miles from Queenstown." Thereafter half the day was spent on deck. And such a day: Nothing like it since we left Boston. It was like a day designed for the return of Irish exiles. The first welcome extended to us was a *Cead Mille Failthe* by a cloud of Irish sea-gulls that followed the tender from the Cove of Cork, a place sometimes known as Queenstown. These birds settled over our ship in vast numbers, and sailed along with us for the remainder of the way.

Rattle, prattle, hurry, scurry, on board the Cephalonia. The tender is at hand. By a little *Coup de crouch* I was first on board, the gangway being perfectly level from boat to boat. I was also first to get on shore from the tender, this as became the Irish representative of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

And now, we're on Irish soil once again. The appearance of Cove, with its glorious Gothic Cathedral (as yet unfinished), is picturesque in the highest degree. You can see Cove or Queenstown, at one sweep of the eye, at one good glance. It reminds one of Quebec built on the face of a hill. It's a beauty!

OFF FOR CORK.

We did not remain long at the Cove. The customs authorities were kind and considerate. And now we're in the steam cars in company with J. H. Campbell, Esq., agent of the Press Association, and correspondent of the Irish Times, a most agreeable gentleman, who knows the history of every spot we are passing. No need to describe the world-

wide beauties of the river Lee and Cork harbor. To those like myself who never saw those places before, they were simply enchanting, and beautiful past belief; this, too, at an advanced season of the year.

The first place of note passed on the railway was Fota, the residence and domain of Smith-Barry, whose name is seldom spoken by the people without the accompaniment of very strong language. The people's experiences at Tipperary under this landlord are now matters of history. But he is still going ahead in his evil ways. His interference in the matter of the Ponsonby estate is a terrible crime. The people on this estate have been trying to purchase their little holdings, and for that purpose it was necessary to raise, according to the original figure asked, some one hundred and ten thousand pounds. Matters were progressing favorably to this end when a London Syndicate was founded to purchase the property. Then the purchase price suddenly rose up to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Sir John Arnott, with a princely generosity that speaks well for his large-heartedness, interfered in behalf of the poor tenants and advanced fifty thousand dollars out of his own pocket in order to reach the suddenly increased "value" of the Ponsonby estate. Sir John was nearly a winner in behalf of humanity, when the evil genius of Smith-Barry loomed up and lo! the price broadened out and reached the unapproachable figure of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Thus the poor tenantry of the ill-starred estate are beaten and broken by Smith-Barry. The grounds and castle of Fota make up a sort of earthly paradise, all for the enjoyment of this one man, and not contented with his large landed interests elsewhere, he must needs step in between the miserable serfs and their chances of life, and through an evil spirit of revenge defeat them in the hour of their expected release.

Yet, this is Ireland all over, and has been so for centuries! There is no use reasoning this matter at this hour of the day. If this country is to live, landlordism must die, although some of the humane landlords, like the Carpenters in the parish of Clonmeen, this county, have, in view of the failure of the potato crop, reduced their rents twenty per cent.

During the week there passed the window of my hotel, every day, for at least five days, drove after drove of cattle, sheep, and pigs, of the finest quality, *en route* for the English markets. Poverty, destitution, and starvation, in many parts of the land, while the best products of the country are shipped off to England. People who quietly submit to a state of things like this, I am afraid deserve to suffer.

THE PEOPLE OF CORK.

The people of "Cork's Own City," seem, on the whole, to be in a good, prosperous condition. Relative to the number of inhabitants, about eighty-five thousand — just what the population was some forty years ago — there is evidence of a briskness in trade and commerce that speaks well for the place, and this, too, in face of the great strike recently in progress among the employés of the Cork Steam Packet Company. The men refused to ship boycotted cattle, and while the sentiment was

worthy their advanced nationality, I am doubtful if the suffering consequent upon the strike was compensated by the national feeling. The employment of non-union men, and the favoritism shown them, entered also as a controlling factor into the disturbed condition of affairs that was threatened with all the evils of a continued strike.

In passing through the streets of Cork, one finds the great, overwhelming majority of the people with every mark of stanch sobriety and temperance upon them. There are some, however, with distinctly marked, drunken faces, and with the infallible traces of life-long dissipation stamped upon their every feature. This number of dissipated, poor people is small, and from the closest observation I could make, I would say that it is bound to become smaller every day, and will, in a short time, die out altogether. Some maintain that poverty is a greater producing cause of drunkenness than drunkenness is of poverty. From what I see here I am inclined to agree with the first theory. Cork city being the scene of the earlier labors of Father Mathew, the great and holy Apostle of Temperance, and being also an intensely Catholic city, where religion enters into the daily, hourly life of its people, one would expect to find it the most sober and temperate city in the world. As it was once before so may it become again. Let it never be forgotten that drunkenness was almost unknown in Ireland up to the date of the introduction of free rum into Cork from the West Indies. That was one of the blessings of English civilization to benefit the people of Jamacia at the expense of those in Ireland. Cork men through a spirit of pride and opposition to English "Schemes of civilization," should rouse themselves to the highest level of sober lives, for the old saying is still true: "Ireland Sober is Ireland Free."

STARVATION AT SCHULL.

Schull is a miserable, poor place. The land is chiefly occupied by a lot of small farmers, the majority of whom are now standing face to face with the grim wolf Hunger at their doors. Around Gunpoint, Ballybrack, and other townlands in the eastern part of the parish of Goleen, whatever there was of a potato crop this year fit for use has been used up, and nothing now remains, "but the poor-house or death." These words were uttered by an intelligent old man whose face bore every indication of hunger, not a pleasant sight for any one to look at. A gentleman from county Longford was travelling with me in the cars. He told me that the potato crop was good in that county, and that a finer crop of oats was never seen in that part of the country. The gentleman had been over the whole of Longford, and the adjoining counties of Cavan and Meath, and the same news held good of those latter counties; he had seen the crops and handled portions of them. But Schull is not Longford. To add to the hardships of the Schull peasantry the little reduction of three shillings in the pound of rent heretofore in operation has been rescinded, and in addition the tenants are threatened with eviction for a half year's rent. Messrs. Hussey and Townsend are the agents, and Miss Lucinda Hull is the nominal landlord, the real landlords being the mortgagees. Evictions in the face of

a famine! The famine won't sweep the people off the face of the earth fast enough to suit some people's taste, and the never-failing eviction is called in to aid the Wolf. These are the means, the common means, of keeping the people of the country districts of Ireland quiet and loyal to the government, that is, those of them who escaped death from the state of chronic destitution in which they lived; and these conditions exist from generation to generation.

GWEEDORE—FALCARRAGH.

More than a quarter of a century ago the present writer was called upon for some editorial comments on the evictions at Gweedore and Cloughaneely, in the county Donegal, carried out by the late infamous George Adair. At that time there were fourteen hundred people evicted in one week, in order that their holdings might be turned into sheep farms. The evictions this year on the Olphert and other estates around the same district of country will also amount to about fourteen hundred. As usual the eviction scenes were in most instances pathetic, cruel, savage, and heartless, beyond belief. The evictors had, in some instances, to drive fifty miles a day over a country so beautiful with mountain, lake, and glen, that their very presence before such aspects of nature seemed as hateful as a pestilence. Poor, aged, tottering old women, feeble, and on the verge of the grave, helped out of their little homes, leaning on one arm of a daughter, while the disengaged arm carried a babe. Poor old Myles Ferry, of Meechunin, who was tossed out on the roadside, was literally bent with age. And the same scenes were witnessed everywhere during the evictions.

According to the testimony of Bishop O'Donnell, the poor people were not evicted because of their refusal to pay rent, but simply because of their inability to pay any rent whatever, having for many years been paying rent upon their own improvements of the land. Just think of it! The viciousness of such robbery is pretty clear. To be able to pay rent at all, they had, first, to improve the bit of land, and then to depend upon their labor in England and Scotland during the harvest time, for some means of livelihood. With all their devoted work they are now thrown houseless and homeless on the wayside, in a cold country, and at an inclement season of the year.

BALFOUR.

If ever there was a man hated, detested, and despised by nearly a whole nation of people, that man is Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary of Ireland. From the beginning of his career as an official of the English government in this country up till the present, and certainly on to the bitter end, this man has used every power with which he was invested to injure, to degrade, to break, and to punish the people. He came to the country possessed of ruthless cruelty in his nature — we all know there are some men possessed of the attributes of a tiger — and this cruelty found its fullest development in the trials, fines, and imprisonment of the people and their leaders, and particularly in his protection and guardianship of the brutal evictors. Landlords are, of course, the

prime movers in evictions; and too many of that class are inspired with a positive hatred of the people; but although they have the "law" upon their side, they could not carry out the mandates of that "law" without the aid of Peelers and British soldiers, and this aid can only be obtained through the Scotchman Balfour, the worthy relative of Salisbury, the Premier of England. The aid of the soldiers and Peelers to fling the poor out of their homes, even for the non-payment of rent, was seldom refused by an Irish Chief Secretary. Still there were some honorable exceptions; thus, four or five years ago, it will be remembered that Sir M. Hicks-Beach manfully refused to permit the "servants of the crown" to assist at evictions on the Clanricarde estate. His action was never questioned by the government, and the generous, justice-loving English people approved of his courageous conduct.

The Irish people to-day are much more to the English people of this generation than Irish-Americans suspect, and the terrible story of evictions, with all their horrors, that could never be properly placed before the minds of the English people, has at last been made plain before them by some of the best men in the country. This knowledge acted like a talisman, and the English are no longer ignorant of the terrible nature of Irish evictions, their causes and consequences.

PARNELL.

There is no use trying to disguise the fact that the decision in the O'Shea-Parnell case has caused a shock to public feeling, particularly among the friends of Mr. Parnell himself, that we could all have afforded to do without. There is cause for regret and lamentation that this thing has happened, particularly as the public conscience of Ireland is peculiarly sensitive in such matters. But that it will have any, even the least effect upon the Home Rule movement, not even a thick-headed John Bull will be found to believe. Neither can it be doubted that such a break in Parnell's life will prove to be a double-handled, two-edged sword in the hands of his political enemies. Already the English, Scotch, and Irish Tory press are out like a pack of beagles in full cry at Parnell's heels. They have found their voices, and these are loud enough to be heard all over the country; but they are only beagles' voices after all. Morally, Parnell has no defence; politically, he still reigns supreme at the head of the Irish movement. But for the fact of Parnell's exalted position, this whole affair would prove but a nine days' wonder.

THE IRISH DELEGATES.

The triumphal procession of the Irish delegates in America has created anew that wonderful feeling of love and enthusiasm which the Irish people possess for the free-born land of their expatriated friends, and for the great-hearted American people of all shades of political opinion who have so warmly espoused the cause of poor Ireland. For America, the mightiest nation on the globe, to thus demonstrate its heartiest sympathy with the poorest and most oppressed nation, has deservedly won for her the everlasting love and gratitude of the Irish people.

We may well say: "God preserve the peace between England and America," for, if that peace were ever broken it would bode ill for — well, let us say, something like a Balfourian system.

IN GENERAL.

Please return to us Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. Send them in envelopes, but send them somehow. We want them to go nicely and quietly into prison for a year or so where Mr. Balfour's agents can make good boys of them. They are really, badly wanted, so you musn't disappoint us but send them "right away."

PETER MCCORRY.

Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

BOSTON did honor to itself in celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Notre Dame, on the twenty-eighth of November. Old St. Mary's which was gorgeously decorated for the occasion was the first to receive the sisters. It was therefore decided that the services in honor of their Golden Jubilee should be held in that parish. At 9 A. M., the rector of the church, Rev. William Duncan, S. J., robed in rich vestments, entered the sanctuary, preceded by a long line of acolytes and clergy. The officers of the Mass were Rev. Father Duncan, S. J., celebrant, with Rev. Aloysius Romano, S. J., as deacon, Rev. Francis Casey, S. J., subdeacon, and Rev. Michael F. Byrne, S. J., master of ceremonies.

The orator of the day was Rev. Henry Kavanagh, S. J., late chaplain of Deer Island, now stationed in Troy, N. Y. The eloquent preacher began by depicting the labors of Christ, and of his injunction to the Apostles to go forth and teach all nations. Continuing, he said that the salvation of man was wrought by Christ as man, and as man was saved, so was the teaching and preaching of divine truths by man.

Seventeen hundred years had rolled by since the crucified Saviour had ended his labors for mankind to the establishment of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Like unto the life of the Divine Master was the life of the foundress of this order, the venerable Mother Julie, who for thirty years bore a life of martyrdom, being confined to her bed all those years, and unable to speak, her tongue being paralyzed. She never in all that time complained or rebelled, and bore her afflictions with the greatest fortitude and patience. After being miraculously cured, the venerable mother Julie founded this now famous order.

Turning to the Sisters, Father Kavanagh said: "And you, Sisters of Notre Dame, have a grand history. You can look back with pride on the work you have done as daughters of your venerable Mother Julie."

Representatives of the Sisters of Notre Dame from all parts of the state were present, as was also the present superior general of the order.

In the evening, at the Tremont Temple, the exercises consisted of a well-rendered musical programme, and a lecture by Rev. Francis Ryan, S. J., of Baltimore. Mr. Edward A. McLaughlin, on behalf of the committee, introduced the lecturer, preceded by a short speech, in which he declared that this was a golden year of jubilee for the Sisters of Notre Dame, but for the Catholics of Boston every year had been made a golden year by their presence.

Rev. Francis Ryan, S. J., then arose, amid great applause, to speak on "Religious Culture and Modern Thought." In brief he said: We come to celebrate in public the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Notre Dame. This has been a year of jubilees for us, but let me only cite three. In Baltimore there was the celebration of the founding of the Catholic hierarchy in this country. Next followed the feast-day of the venerable bishop of Brooklyn, and but a few weeks ago Chicago had its manifestation of love for Archbishop Feehan. Boston's celebration, my friends, outstrips them all. I say

it boldly. The others had one controlling thought. It is a mistake to think they were made for mere show alone, or to manifest our strength. They were to emphasize the mission of our church, which finds its instrument in Catholic education. But in our jubilee this is the only thought. Ours is the jubilee of Catholic Education, and is it not singular that it should be held in Boston, the centre of thought and education? But why do we honor these Sisters? You answer, "because of our appreciation of their good work." The Sisters of Notre Dame are among the first of educators, not solely because they teach religion. Although necessary, it is not all education. It is because of their excellence in secular education that we give them this high rank. I come here to-night to make this claim good. I bring only one testimony, because I want to appeal to those who are not our friends.

Mr. Marshall, the official inspector of schools in England, says in his report: "It is only in schools directed by religious orders that the true end of education is fully attained," and he affirms that, with two exceptions, he knew of no schools, either for young men or young girls, which can compete with those directed by religious orders. He cites one quarter of Liverpool where the Sisters of Notre Dame have charge, and says: "This section, where a short time ago immorality reigned, is now changed into a smiling garden of virtue."

The speaker next gave the various causes which modern thought held to be injurious to modern society. He declared that there was a cause which worked deeper than all others, namely, the selfish spirit of the age, and that this spirit is counteracted by another force, that is, the spirit of self-sacrifice. He then paid an eloquent tribute to the unselfish lives of the Sisters, and in the words of an immortal poet, rated their work for the world's salvation, behind their cloistered walls, far above that of the great thinkers of the age.

The second part of the programme was then rendered. The chorus closed the exercises with the "Star Spangled Banner."

A Christmas Custom in Bethlehem.

THE midnight of the vigil of Christmas is the noon of the world. Then the sun bursts out; then, the "Gloria" of the Mass has a more swelling and jubilant sound; then the vestments of the priests reflect the glow of the candles with new splendor; and then at Bethlehem, on the very spot on which the Infant Jesus was born, a beautiful and thrilling incident takes place.

The Father Warden — one of the Franciscan priests whose church stands where the Manger of Our Lord once stood — advances, one of a solemn procession, carrying in his arms a figure of the Infant Jesus. The Gospel is chanted. When the words "and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes" are sung, the deacon receives the Infant from the hands of the Father Warden, wraps Him in swaddling clothes, lays Him in the Manger, and falls reverently on his knees. "Piety," wrote the Baron de Géramb, afterwards a monk of the Order of La Trappe, "ceases to find a voice to express its gratitude, its love; it speaks only in the melting language of the eyes — in sighs and in tears."

ANGLOMANIAC — "That's the way it goes. If we hunt foxes, folks say we're cruel; if we hunt anis seed bags, folks laugh at us. What can we hunt without exciting indignation or ridicule?" — Small Boy — "Rats!"

Freemasonry.

We are perfectly aware that the very heading of this article will incline some to pass it without reading. It has been so often discussed, and so little is known by the great majority of the people about the practical working of Freemasonry in this country, that it is no easy matter to interest even Catholics in the subject. The fact is, that Catholics, as a class, are opposed in principle and feeling to needlessly attacking or finding fault with any class of their fellow-citizens. They know no harm of the Freemasons with whom they are acquainted. They come in contact with them in the daily intercourse of business and in society, and they see that they are very respectable — some of them excellent people. They are of every class and every name. Neither politics nor religion divides them, and it is by no means easy to persuade people outside the charmed circle, of the truth of the apparently hard things that are said against the fraternity. This is an amiable disposition which is favored by Catholic teaching, but it may be carried too far.

It must be acknowledged that Freemasonry in this country has thus far been a very different thing, at least practically, from Freemasonry in the Old World. There the order has been captured by unscrupulous politicians, is openly atheistic, and is plotting continually for the destruction of Christianity. It is moving heaven and earth to gain complete control of the governments, and the effects of their secret power are everywhere manifest. They are determined to rule without a rival, and to exterminate religion from the face of the earth. Indeed, so bold have they become, especially in Italy and France, that they have thrown off all disguise and openly proclaim that "clericalism," by which they mean the Christian religion, is the great enemy against which they have to contend. We need not repeat here the history of the hostile attitude of Premier Crispi toward the Pope and the clergy, and his infamous aggressions upon the church. His complete subjection to the fraternity is an open scandal. In France the subjection of the clique who control the government is not less complete, and it is not a great while ago that the order in France so boldly and unblushingly proclaimed their atheistic principles, that their brethren in England felt compelled to sever their connection with them. We have never heard that the Freemasons of this country have taken any notice of that important event, or shown any disposition to imitate the example of their English brethren. Of course, it does not follow from that fact, and we should be very far from even insinuating, that American Freemasonry is as a body atheistic; but it is a very serious question whether they can remain in communion with an order so extensively and aggressively atheistic without, in time, being tainted, if not thoroughly poisoned, with the same insidious virus.

We do not propose now to go into a thorough exposition of the secrets, or the real and professed principles and ceremonies of Masonry. That was most fully and effectually done in successive numbers of this

magazine, under the title of "Irish and English Freemasons and their Foreign Brothers," in 1882. These articles were afterwards collected and published in pamphlet form in number five of Donahoe's Library of Entertaining Reading. That pamphlet embodies an amount of curious, interesting, and authentic information, well worthy the attention of all who desire a full and correct history of the order.

But there are certain considerations of a general nature which lie upon the surface, to which all good, conservative citizens, especially Catholics, would do well to take earnest heed. The first consideration is that Freemasonry is a secret, oath-bound society, and, therefore, no loyal Catholic can approve, much less be a member of it. We are aware now that not every secret society is absolutely condemned by the church though she discountenances the practice of secrecy. Her whole spirit tends to openness and freedom of action. Oath-bound societies where the members are solemnly pledged to obey certain rules which they have had no hand in making, and the full nature and extent of which they have no means of knowing, and when they are required to surrender their freedom of action to the dictation of irresponsible superiors, in which they may be required to do immoral acts, are, of course, under the ban of the church, and it requires no profound course of reasoning to convince any man of sense and candor that she is very wise in doing so.

The distinguished prelate, Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has recently published a letter for the guidance of his clergy — pastors and confessors — concerning secret societies, which we believe gives in clear and unmistakable terms the true teaching of the church on that important subject. He says: "The Masonic society is expressly condemned, even under excommunication. Consequently, it is itself a mortal sin for any Catholic to enter it or continue in it. The other secret societies, as Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and many of a similar kind, are commonly dangerous to Catholics; and pastors should be zealous in dissuading those under their care from joining them. Experience proves that they lead to indifferentism as to revealed religion, and help to make Catholics careless about approaching the sacraments, and attending to other religious duties."

That leads us to remark as the second consideration that the tendency of Masonry is to substitute the order in the place of the church. It is essentially a Protestant institution, and as the various Protestant denominations are struggling for unity without the possibility of uniting on any religious ground, and as they are at any rate fast losing confidence in the Bible and the great essentials of Christianity, the fraternity of Freemasonry furnishes a convenient and attractive organization, which really seems to supply some of the radical deficiencies of Protestantism. They have an imposing organization governed by a regular graded hierarchy; they have an ornate and attractive ceremonial which appeals not only to the imagination but to the feeling of mystery which is so powerful in our nature; it is of a semi-religious character, some of its grades embodying even Christian symbolism; it makes great profession of fraternal charity,

and we are not at all surprised that Protestants should feel that it is really a great improvement in many respects upon their so-called churches, and be ready to accept it as a very good substitute.

Now when we consider that this great society is spread all over the entire globe; that it comes the nearest in its organization and hierarchy to that of the Catholic Church; that it is at this moment exerting a tremendous power in the various nations where it exists, and that it is necessarily antagonistic to the Catholic Church, we see what a formidable adversary to the church it may in time become. The real *animus* of the order is boldly and frankly made known in a circular recently issued in Rome and circulated throughout Italy in view of the then approaching election of members of the Chambers of Deputies. "The edifice," says this precious document, "that the brethren are engaged in erecting throughout the world cannot be said to be well advanced until the brethren of Italy have presented as a gift to humanity the ruins of the institution of the great enemy [the church]. The work proceeds actively in Italy, and the Grand Orient was able to proclaim on the anniversary of 1789, that the laws of Italy are made in the light of the ideas of Universal Masonry. We have applied the chisel to the last refuge of superstition, and the fidelity of Brother 33 (Signor Crispi) who holds political power, is our guarantee that the Vatican will fall under the blows of our vivifying hammer." Again, "The Grand Orient invokes the genius of humanity in order that all the brethren may labor in the supreme effort of scattering the stones of the Vatican in order to construct with them the temple of emancipated reason." We all know what the "temple of emancipated reason" means.

But hear what the mission of Italian Masonry is, as declared by this electioneering document. "Italian Masonry has two great missions to fulfil: it must give national unity to Italy, and moral unity to the entire world. It is admirably adapted to this double mission as is proved by the furious vehemence of the anathema, *Humanum genus*, of the Vatican. Italian Masonry formed by the cohesion of its solidarity a compact phalanx destined to scatter the mercenary hordes of the Vatican." "The mercenary hordes of the Vatican" sounds well in the mouths of those men who have taken advantage of their forced ascendancy in the government to enrich themselves at the expense of the church and the people.

But observe, the head of the Masonic order is in Rome for the very purpose of destroying the Pope who is the representative and head of true Christianity. The Pope destroyed, the church in Italy crippled, its property confiscated, and the clergy subjected to the tyranny of the state, then they are prepared, as they think, to "give moral unity to the entire world." This is really the enemy with which we have to contend, and it is evidently a much more formidable enemy than we have been accustomed to suppose. Indeed, we had a taste of its quality in our own country during the late war when it was a well-known fact that the secret hand of the order was very generally felt in the disposition of offices and honors. We know at

least of one case where a gentleman of distinction and merit was assured that if he would get leave of absence, go home and join a lodge, he was certain to be made general. There are also authentic cases in which that same secret power has been felt even in our halls of justice, aiming to control the decision of the jury.

The popularity of the order among Protestants in this country is indicated by the frequency with which the Masons are called upon to lay the corner-stones of public buildings and even of churches. The impropriety of this, we are glad to see, is recognized, even by such a decided Protestant as our esteemed contemporary the Congregationalist, which in a recent number commented very emphatically upon the fact that a Congregational church had secured the services of a Masonic society to lay the corner-stone of its new building. After speaking in general terms upon the dangerous tendency of secret societies, the writer goes on to remark that the church which invites a Masonic society to lay its corner-stone, "offends many with whom it claims to be in fellowship, confesses its own weakness, discredits its reason for existence, and will win nothing from the organization with which it seeks to fraternize. Any church which seeks to gain prestige in a community by calling on a secret society to conduct for it a religious service must appear, even to the most charitable judgment, to be under the control either of foolish advisers or weak officers."

Now, if such be the attitude of a Protestant denomination toward an order for which it may be supposed to have some natural affinity, how much more objectionable must it be to Catholics who necessarily occupy an antagonistic position. By its organization, its principles, and its spirit it necessarily comes under the ban of the church. Indeed our Holy Father Leo XIII. has recently taken occasion to comment in very plain terms upon the aggressive tyranny of the order in Italy, which really has the control of the government, and whose object is not the realization of their glowing promises of liberty, equality, and fraternity of which they were so lavish on taking possession of the government, but the destruction of the church and the confiscation of all her wealth for their own aggrandizement. With such an order we can not only have no sympathy or fraternal intercourse, but we must most solemnly protest against their being put forward to perform important official functions in connection with public, civil demonstrations. Why should a secret order, we care not how respectable the membership or attractive the ceremonial, be called upon to lay the corner-stone of a public building in which all the citizens are interested? Catholics are not alone in protesting against the order; on the contrary, there are very efficient and extensive anti-secret, and especially anti-Masonic associations throughout the country, and there is a growing feeling of opposition to all secret societies as thoroughly un-American and especially against the Masonic fraternity as the most extensive, the most powerful, and the most dangerous. Under these circumstances, it is simply an insult to that portion of the community when a city or town calls on them to officiate in the important civic function of laying the corner-stone of a public building, and we are glad to see

this growing feeling of opposition to such presumption in the community, and that it is manifesting itself more and more through the public prints. We do not wish to trench one iota upon the rights or privileges of our fellow-citizens who choose to join the Masonic lodges, but we have a right to ask and to demand that they be left to the enjoyment of their rights and privileges on their own ground, and that they be not invited to officiate on public, civic occasions when a large and respectable portion of the community will be offended, if not disgusted, by their presence. Let them parade our streets in perfect freedom, with their showy aprons and badges, their splendid regalia, and their cabalistic symbolism; let them enjoy equal rights and privileges with other citizens and other organizations, but let no partiality be shown to them; let them not have precedence of other orders and societies of equal respectability and better principles, who might, with much more propriety and with less offence to the sentiments of a large portion of the community, be invited to officiate on occasions of public parades and civic demonstrations. H. L. R.

The Babe of Bethlehem.

A BABY in a manger,
His hard life to begin;
Amongst "His own" a stranger,
And "no room at the inn:"
His Virgin Mother shields Him
From midnight's chilly air;
And Joseph fondly yields Him
A loving Father's care.

O Mighty Babe! O Meek Child!
Why dost thou so appear?
Why comest as a weak child
To this proud world down here?
Hard hearts sure cannot be won
Except by threats and fear;
Sin's reign will never be done
Till Sinai thunders near.

O Gentle Babe! All-wise Child!
To conquer sin with love,
And win us with those eyes mild,
Thou left Thy throne above:
For love — to tread the strait way,
And bear the cross and thorn! —
Oh, bless'd the day — the great day —
The Infant Christ was born!

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

Judge Fallon's Criticism of the Boston School Committee.

THE characteristic letter of Judge Fallon, published in the Boston Herald of 11th November, criticising the action of the Boston School Committee, is a very able, emphatic, and even caustic document. The committee had decided that the present obnoxious text-books of history should be retained, and others added as books of reference, including the Catholic General History of Fredet. The object of this plan is expressed in the report of the committee in the following language: "It may be well to state, to prevent a possible misapprehension, that it is not proposed to strike out from the topics any matters of controversy upon which opinions are still divided. On the contrary, it is proposed to give the pupils access to the authorities on both sides of every disputed matter. . . . Everybody knows that the history of the last four hundred years is full of disputed matter which once led people to take up arms against each other. . . . To omit the study of such matters would be to rob modern history of its chief value and significance, etc."

To show the absurdity of such a scheme for teaching history the judge proceeds to give an imaginary, practical illustration of the mode of proceeding in the class-room. He first supposes the Protestant pupil to give the Protestant view of the motives which prompted the Pope, Clement VII., in his conduct towards Henry VIII., in regard to the divorce from his lawful wife Catherine. For this purpose the judge quotes a scandalous passage from Myers' History, one of the text-books in the Boston schools, in which the declaration is boldly made that "Expediency is always the rule of action of the Pope. . . . The request of Henry placed the Pope in such an embarrassing position that "he was led to temporize, to make promises to Henry and then to evade them." In contrast with the Protestant view the Judge gives the Catholic view which, of course, is the directly opposite view, showing that the Pope could not temporize in the matter because he was bound by the inexorable law of the Church, which under no circumstances allows divorce where there has been a real, lawful marriage, as was the case with Henry and Catherine.

The Judge introduces other topics with their striking contrasts, in parallel columns, and the perfect absurdity of this mode of teaching is thus placed in a strong point of light. The object of teaching children is to teach them the truth in every branch of study, no matter what it is; not to tell them that there are conflicting views, and that they must judge for themselves. That serves to confuse the mind, and as the Judge very properly remarks: "Thus will our school rooms be changed from places of useful study and friendly intercourse to arenas for polemical and acrimonious disputations;" and he adds in his vigorous language: "I denounce and repudiate any such horrid project, any such impracticable make-shift as that proposed by the report and recommendations of the joint committee."

If anything could add to the absurdity of this scheme it is the fanciful conjectures of the committee as to the fairness and impartiality with which this mode of instruction will be carried out by the teachers. The supervisors tell us that "in disputed matters the sensible and fair minded teacher, recognizing the fact that he is a public servant sees to it that no injustice is done. He holds the balance so firmly that no one of his pupils can discern that it moves in the least to the one side or to the other," and they go on to say that as the doctors disagree surely it is not to be expected that the teachers and the pupils will assume to decide between them. "And when a disputed historical subject is associated with religious or theological beliefs the teacher, either following the rules of ordinary courtesy, or instinctively guided by the spirit of gentleness is sure not to wound the sensibilities of his pupils." Judge Fallon may well remark, "This is very fine indeed. But where are such teachers to be found?" In fact, one can hardly help imagining that the writer of that passage laughed in his sleeve when he wrote it. It is so perfectly absurd and contrary to all experience to expect such perfection in the generality of teachers that we cannot but be amazed that a grave and dignified representative committee should ever have given serious utterance to such sentiments. Judge Fallon very properly alludes to the Travis case in disproof of the plausible theory of the committee as to the fairness and gentleness of teachers, and he declares that his own daughters were driven from the high school by the intolerable bigotry of a female Travis. The conclusion to which he comes is thus expressed: "For this reason, I say, it is the solemn duty and obligation of Catholic parents, to provide at any cost, schools for their children where their religion will be respected, and their faith not endangered."

Could there possibly be a more convincing argument in favor of the absolute necessity of Catholic parochial schools than is furnished by this new and unheard-of departure of the Boston School Committee?

H. L. R.

Eugenie of France.

THE interesting *Souvenirs Historiques*, containing unpublished letters of the Empress Eugenie, appearing in a French journal, have now reached the epoch of Mdlle. de Montijo's marriage with Napoleon III. One from Mdme. de Montijo, says the London Weekly Register, announcing to her old friend, the French Minister at Berlin the news of her daughter's betrothal, is very interesting in its motherly solicitude. "I do not know," she writes," whether I ought to be happy or to weep. How many mothers who now envy me, seeing the tears that fill my eyes, would not understand! Eugenie is to be queen in your country of France, and I cannot help it. I keep thinking that in your country queens have but little happiness. I cannot help it. The thought of Marie Antoinette haunts me, and I keep asking myself, with anguish, will my child share the same fate?"

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

ON HIS TREPIDATION AS AN AUTHOR.

An address of congratulation was read by Canon Toole, on behalf of the Manchester Catholic Club, on July 21, 1879.

In response Cardinal Newman said: Very Rev. Canon Toole and gentlemen associated with him,— I could not desire any secular rewards for such attempts as I have made to serve the cause of Catholic truth more complete and more welcome to me than the praise which is so kindly bestowed upon me in the address of the Manchester Catholic Club, now read to me by you, its representatives. There is, from the nature of the case, so much imperfection in all literary productions, and so much variety of opinion, sentiment, and ethical character, in any large circle of readers, that whenever I have found it a duty to write and publish in defence of Catholic doctrine or practice I have felt beforehand a great trepidation lest I should fail in prudence, or err in statement of facts, or be careless in language; and afterwards, for the same reasons, I have been unable to feel any satisfaction at recurring in mind to my composition. That what I have said might have been said better, I have seen clearly enough — my own standard of excellence was sufficient to show me this. But to what positive praise it was entitled, that was for others to decide, and, therefore, when good Catholics, with divines of name and authority, come forward and tell me, as you do, that what I have published has been of great service to my dear mother the Holy Church, it is, I cannot deny, a great reassurance and gratification to me to receive such a testimony in my favor. I thank you, then, heartily for your congratulations on my elevation to the dignity of Cardinal, for your generous and, I may say, affectionate reference to my controversial writings, and for your prayers on behalf of my health and continuance of life. The future is in God's hands. Anyhow, it is a great pleasure to think that the generation that is now passing away is leaving for that future so large, so fervent, so strong a succession of Catholics to hand down to posterity the sacred and glorious tradition of the one, true, ancient Faith.

TO THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

To an address presented by the Rev. J. Sherlock, for the Young Men's Society, August 8, 1879,

Cardinal Newman replied, turning to the Rev. J. Sherlock: My dear Father Sherlock, — I wish I had a hundredth part of your merit. It would be hard if one did not in one's little way try to serve one who is such a laborious, hard-working priest as you have been. The Lord bless you. Turning to the deputation the Cardinal said: You must have anticipated, I am sure, gentlemen, before I say it, what gratification I feel at the address you have now presented to me on the occassion

of my elevation, by the condescending act of the Supreme Pontiff, to the Sacred College of Cardinals. It has gratified me in many ways. I feel it is a great honor to be thus singled out for special notice by a body so widely extended, so important in its objects, so interesting to every Catholic mind, as your society. Next, your address has come to me in a shape which enhances the compliment you pay me, and was sure to be most acceptable to me. Not only is the copy which you have put into my hands most beautifully illuminated, but the illuminations are made to memorialize the various passages in my life past, and seem to suggest the careful interest and the sympathy, and, I may say, the tenderness with which you yourse[illegible] have dwelt upon them. And then this address comes to me from so many. It is as strange to me as it is pleasing, to find, at the Holy Father's word, and, as it were, at his signal, a host of friends starting up and gathering and thronging round about me from so many towns, north and south, in this land. Whereas up to this time, widely known and highly accounted as has been your society, for myself I have never realized that there was any personal tie between you and me, or had that conscious fellowship with you which is so great a help when hearts beat in unison as being associates and companions in a great and noble cause. Still further you add to the gratification which I feel on other accounts, by telling me that one of my books has been of use to you in your zealous efforts to defend and propagate Catholic truth, and, although I have not known you, you, on the other hand, have known me. And, more than this, in speaking of those lectures of mine, you do not forget to notice that they come from the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in whose house you are now assembled. I am glad to recognize with you the similarity of aims which exist in the work of our glorious Saint, who lived three centuries ago in Italy, and that of the excellent priest who has been in this century and in these islands the founder of the Young Men's Society, and I cannot help feeling some satisfaction in observing in your address, and as it were, in the aspect of your society, certain coincidences, in themselves indeed trivial and what may be called matters of sentiment, yet to me happy accidents, as a sort of token of some subtle sympathy connecting you with the Oratory. Such, for instance, is the date you have affixed to your address (the feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England), May 26. Now, are you aware that May 26 is also our feast-day — the Feast of St. Philip, Apostle of Rome? Again, I see the anniversary of your foundation is set down as May 12. But this is a great day with St. Philip and his Roman house, as being the festival of the Oratory Saints, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, whose church was the titular of the celebrated Oratorian Cardinal Baronius, the ecclesiastical historian, and one of the earliest disciples of St. Philip. Short as your address is, it contains in its compass what has required from me many words duly to answer. Moreover you have given me much more than an address, by coming with it yourselves, and letting us meet face to face. I have to thank you, then, for a visit, as well as a beautifully embellished letter. For all this kindness I thank you from my heart again and again.

WHAT A CARDINAL OUGHT TO BE.

On August 15, 1879, a deputation, amongst whom were Lord Ripon, Lord O'Hagan, and Sir Charles Clifford, presented an address of congratulation which was read by the Duke of Norfolk.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in accepting the address, said: My Lords, Gentlemen, and my dear Friends, — Next to my promotion, by the wonderful condescension of the Holy Father, to a seat in the Sacred College, I cannot receive a greater honor than on the occasion of it to be congratulated as I now have been, by gentlemen who are not only of the highest social and personal importance, viewed in themselves, but who come to me as, in some sort, representatives of the Catholics of these islands — nay, of the wide British Empire. Nor do you come to me merely on occasion of my elevation, but with the purpose, or at least with the effect of co-operating with His Holiness in his act of grace towards me, and to make it less out of keeping in the imagination of the outer world with the course and circumstances of my life hitherto, and the associations attendant upon it. In this respect I conceive your address to have a meaning and an impressiveness of its own, distinct from those other congratulations more private, most touching, and most welcome, that have been made; and it is thus that I explain to myself the strength of your language about me as it occurs in the course of it. For, used though it be in perfect sincerity and simple affection, I never will believe that such a glowing panegyric as you have bestowed upon me was written for my own sake only, and not rather intended as an expression of the mind of English-speaking Catholics, and as a support thereby to me in my new dignity, which is really as necessary for me, though in a different way, as those contributions of material help with which also you are so liberally supplying me. I accept, then, your word and your deed as acts of loyalty and devotion to the Holy Father himself, and I return you thanks in, I may say, his name for your munificence to and your eloquent praise of me. Among the obligations of a Cardinal, I am pledged never to let my high dignity suffer in the eyes of men by fault of mine — never to forget what I have been made, and whom I represent; and if there is a man who more requires the support of others in satisfying the duties for which he was not born and in making himself more than himself, surely it is I. The Holy Father, the Hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom, form not only a spiritual, but a visible body, and, as being a visible, they are necessarily a political body. They become, and were meant to become, a temporal polity, and that temporal aspect of the Church is brought out most prominently and impressively, and claims and commands the attention of the world most forcibly in the Pope, and in his court, and in his basilicas, palaces, and other establishments at Rome. It is an aspect rich in pomp and circumstance, in solemn ceremony, and in observances sacred from an antiquity beyond memory. He himself can only be in one place; the Cardinals, so far as he does not require their presence around him, represent him in all parts of the civilized world, and carry with them great historical associations, and are a living memento of

the Church's unity, such as has no parallel in any other polity. They are the princes of the Œcumenical Empire. The great prophecies in behalf of the Church are in them strikingly fulfilled, that, "The Lord's house should be exalted above all the hills"; and that "Instead of thy fathers, sons are born to thee, whom thou shall make princes over all the earth." I am not speaking of temporal domination, but of temporal pre-eminence and authority, of a moral and social power of a visible grandeur which even those who do not acknowledge it feel and bow before. You, my dear friends, have understood this; you have understood better than I what a Cardinal ought to be, and what I am not, the greatness of my position and my wants. You understood, and have, in St. Paul's words, "glorified my face." You are enabling me to bear a noble burden nobly. I trust I may never disappoint you or forfeit your sympathy, but as long as life lasts may be faithful to the new duties, which, by a surprising dispensation of Providence, have been suddenly allotted to me.

THE CARDINAL AND THE CLUB.

On behalf of St. George's Club, Mr. Clifford read an address, August, 1879.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in reply, said: When my first surprise was over, at the Sovereign Pontiff's gracious act towards me during the last spring, I felt that so great a gratification I could not have again as that signal recognition by the highest of earthly authorities, of my person, my past life, my doings in it, and their results. But close upon it, and next to it in moment and in claim upon my gratitude, come the wonderful sympathy and interest in me, so wide and so eager in their expression, with which that favor from His Holiness has been caught up by the general public and welcomed as appropriate on the part of friends and strangers to me, of those who have no liking for the objects for which I have worked as well as of those who have. In that accord and volume of kind and generous voices, you, gentlemen, by the address which now has been presented to me, have taken a substantial part, and, thereby, would have a claim on me, though there were nothing else to give you a place in my friendly thoughts; but this is not all which gives a character of its own to your congratulations. I was much touched by your noticing the special tie of a personal character which attaches some of your members to me, and me to them; it is very kind in you to tell me of this, and it is a kindness which I shall not forget. Also there is between you and me a tie which is common to you all; and that, if not a religious tie also, at least an ecclesiastical one, and one which in more than one respect associates us together. St. George is your patron, and you are doubly under his patronage; first, because he is this country's Saint, and next in that voluntary union by virtue of which you address me. Now I, on the other side, have been appointed titular of his ancient Church at Rome; his Chapter, his dependents, his fabric are all under my care; and here again, as I claim to have in you an interest more than others have, so you may claim to share in the devotion paid to that glorious Martyr in

his venerable Basilica. But it would be wrong to detain you longer; and while I repeat my thanks to all the members of the club for their address, my special thanks are due to you, gentlemen, who have taken the trouble to present it to me in person.

ON HIS STANDING AS AN AUTHOR.

Mr. Edward Lucas presented an address from the Academia, signed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, August 15, 1879.

In reply Cardinal Newman said: I offer my best thanks to the members of the Academia for the honor and the kindness they have done me by the address which has now been presented to me, and for the warmth of language with which their congratulations have been expressed. Also, I feel much gratified by their high estimate of the value of what I have written, of its literary merits, and of the service it has rendered to the interests of religion. Such praise comes with especial force and effect from the members of an Academia; for such a body, whatever be its particular scope and subject matter, still is ever, I conceive, in name and in office a literary, or, at least, an intellectual body; and, therefore, I naturally feel it as a high compliment to me that my various writings should receive the approbation of men whose very function, as belonging to it, is to be critical. However, I do not, I must not, forget that whatever presents itself for critical examination admits of being regarded under distinct, nay, contrary, aspects; and while I welcome your account of me as expressive of your good-will and true respect for me, which claims my best acknowledgments, I shrink from taking it as representative of the judgment of the world about me, or of its intellectual circles either, and for this plain reason, because even I myself, who am not likely to be unjust to myself, have ever seen myself in colors less favorable to my self-love, to my powers, and to my works, than those in which you have arrayed me; hence I cannot allow myself to bask pleasantly in the sunshine of your praises, lest I lose something of that sobriety and balance of mind which it is a first duty jealously to maintain. In fact, the point on which you are so good as to insist upon, as if in my favor, has always been a sore point with me, and has suggested uncomfortable thoughts. A man must be very much out of the common to deserve the great names with which you honor me; and for myself, certainly, when I have reflected from time to time on the fact of the variety of subjects on which I have written, it has commonly been whispered in my ear, "To be various is to be superficial." I have not, indeed, blamed myself for a variety of work, which could not be avoided; I have written according to occasion, when there was a call on me to write; seldom have I written without call, but I have ever felt it to be an unpleasant necessity, and I have envied those who have been able to take and prosecute one line of research, one study, one science, as so many have done in this day, and thus to aspire to the *exegi monumentum* of the poet. I am not touching on the opinions which had characterized their labors, whether true or false. But I mean that an author feels his work to be more

conscientious, satisfactory, and sound, when it is limited to one subject, when he knows all that can be known upon it, and when it is so fixed in his memory, and his possession of it is so well about him, that he is never at a loss when asked a question, and can give his answer at a minute's warning. But I must come to an end; and in ending, I hope you will not understand these last remarks to argue insensibility to the depth of interest in me and kindly sympathy with me in your address, which it would be very difficult, indeed, to overlook, but to me it is most difficult duly to respond.

TO THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

The Marquis of Ripon presented an address from the Girls' Training College, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, August 15, 1879.

THE Cardinal, in reply, said: The name of the Liverpool Sisters of Notre Dame would have been quite enough, without other words, to make me understand the value of the congratulations which your lordship has been so good as to put into my hands in their behalf, and which, I need scarcely say, are rendered doubly welcome to me as coming to me through your lordship. May I beg of you the additional favor of your assuring them in turn of the great pleasure which their address has given me, not only as proceeding from a religious community, whose kindly estimation of such as me is ever coincident or even synonymous with prayer for his welfare, but also as expressing the sentiments of ladies who, by their special culture of mind and educational experience, have a claim to be heard when they speak, as in this case, on a question whether his writings have done good service in the cause of Catholic faith. For the gratification, then, which their language concerning me has given me, and especially for that overflowing personal good-will towards me which in the first instance has led to their addressing me, I beg of your lordship's kindness to return to them my most sincere acknowledgments.

ON SOME MATTERS OF EDUCATION.

The Marquis of Ripon, as Chairman of the Poor School Committee, read another address on the same occasion.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in reply, said: My dear Friends, in returning to you my warmest and most hearty thanks for an address conceived in the language of personal friendship rather than a formal tender of congratulations on my recent elevation, I must express my especial pleasure on finding that the main view of my life which you select for notice is just that which I should wish you to fix upon, and should wish it for the same reason as has actuated you in selecting it — namely, because it brings you and myself together as associates in a common cause — the cause of education. To be honest, I do not deny that I could have wished you in some things which you have said of me to have less indulged your affectionate regard for me (I must venture on this phrase), and to have been more measured in language,

which cannot indeed pain me because it is so genuine and earnest; but I prefer to dwell on that portion of your address which leads me to feel the pride and joy of fellowship with you in a great work, and lets me, with a safe conscience, allow you to speak well of me, nay, even lets me open my own mind and indirectly heighten your praise of me. It is indeed a satisfaction to me to believe that in my time, with whatever shortcomings, I have done something for the great work of education; and it is a second satisfaction that, whereas the cause of education has so long ago brought you into one body, you, whose interest in it is sure to have kept your eyes open to its fortunes, are able, after all disappointments, to pronounce, at the end of many years, that my endeavors have, in your judgment, had their measure of success.

The Committee for the Poor Schools has existed now for thirty-two years, and two-thirds of its members are laymen. I, too, long before I was a Catholic priest, set myself to the work of making as the school so also the lecture-room Christian, and that work engages me still. I have ever joined together faith and knowledge, and considered engagements in educational work a special pastoral office. Thus, without knowing you, and without your religious advantages, I have in spirit and in fact ever associated myself with you. When I was public tutor of my college at Oxford, I maintained even fiercely that my employment was distinctly pastoral. I considered that, by the statutes of the University, a tutor's profession was of a religious nature. I never would allow that, in teaching the classics, I was absolved from carrying on, by means of them, in the minds of my pupils an ethical training. I considered a college tutor to have the care of souls, and before I accepted the office, I wrote down a private memorandum, that, supposing I could not carry out this view of it, the question would arise whether I could continue to hold it. To this principle I have been faithful throughout my life. It has been my defence to myself, since my ordination to the priesthood, for not having given myself to direct parochial duties, and for having allowed myself in a wide range of secular reading and thought, and of literary work. And now, at the end of my time, it is a consolation to me to be able to hope, if I dare rely upon results, that I have not been mistaken. I trust that I may without presumption or arrogance, accept this surprising act of the Sovereign Pontiff towards me, and the general gratification which has followed upon it, as a favor given me from above. His Holiness, when he first told me what was in prospect for me, sent me word that he meant this honor to be "a public and solemn testimony" of his approbation; also that he gave it in order to give pleasure to Catholics and to my countrymen. Is not this a recognition of my past life almost too great for a man, and suggesting to him the *Nunc Dimittis* of the aged Saint? Only do you pray for me, my dear friends, that, by having a reward here, I may not lose the better one hereafter.

To be continued.

In going up the ladder of fame, we meet many coming down.

A Plea for the Defenceless.

By Cora Wilburn.

Amid this Century's grand civilization
The savagery lingers of old-time,
White hands reach forth in Nature's desecration,
And gentle hearts deal out the meeds of crime!

O'erwhelming sins of Vanity o'ershadow
All sweet Compassion's glow in woman's breast;
Else were not torn from hillside, grove, and meadow,
The tuneful birds at Fashion's dire behest!

Is it no sin those melodies to stiffle
That hymnings bring of Paradise to earth?
With Life and Love, and dear home joys to trifle,
In base exchange for things of little worth?

Worse than all trappings of some savage woman,
Those murdered birds gleam o'er your golden hair!
You could not bear the cruel sight, inhuman,
Of thousands slaughtered in their wild despair!

The little mother, in the rose-time's beauty,
Marked for destruction on her sheltered nest;
The unavailing cry, his latest duty, —
Wrung from the father's torn and bleeding breast!

The birdlings left to die by slow starvation,
With chill of night, drear absence of all love;
How *can* you wear in cruel ostentation,
Trophies that win no guerdons from Above?

How dare you seek the holy place of prayer
Bearing such heartless lack of thought, within?
Ask for the saints' compassion, angels' care,
Yet heart and soul steep in such wilful sin?

Oh, sister-woman! in the palace living,
O'er thy surroundings higher influence shed;
All ye who labor, strive for nobler giving
Unto the world, than wearing songsters dead!

At one vast altar *all* our souls are kneeling, —
Toward it stretch no creeds' dividing line;
There lives the source all earthly sorrows healing,
At sovereign Pity's universal shrine!

Brighton, Mass., Nov. 12, 1890.

Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is coming, with its pleasant memories and its sacred inspirations, bringing the birthday of that faith which, springing forth amid poor and obscure surroundings, was, nevertheless, heralded out of heaven by the whole choir of angels, and lighted on to the glory of the conquests it has since achieved.

Christmas, that lovely season, brings with it a thousand delights, coming as it is, laden with the memories of nearly two thousand years, and possessing a thousand uses that minister to our better nature. Christmas, then, will again bring us back to old thoughts and associations, its beautiful use making us feel how far nobler is love than ambition. Not at all picturesque is the holy spot, nor grand, nor in any way remarkable, is the solitary corner of the earth, where on that night of nights words were spoken which have become the hope and guide of man — "On earth peace and good-will." Its olive-yards and vineyards and white granary show, indeed, that now, as then, it is well named Bethlehem, or "the house of food." In springtime the fields and slopes are fair and beautiful, with the red anemone, and pink lychins, and gay valerian; but in winter, when the trees are all bare, it looks barren and wild and poor.

On Christmas night the faithful of the small town gather, with many far-travelled pilgrims, to the Grotto of the Nativity, in which a silver star marks the site of the manger. Then, as of old, the mountains wall in the Eastern horizon with the same sharp line; the Oriental midnight, dark and blue-black, is still gemmed with the same wonderful stars.

> Until, at Bethlehem,
> They, trembling, seem to bow in rapture wild
> Before the "Son unto us given," the Child.

Let us, then, in spirit join those pilgrims, and, as on the night when the shepherds heard the glad tidings of the birth of the Incarnate Son of God, hasten to the crib of Bethlehem, and, animated with the deepest feelings of adoration and love of His sacred wonder, raise our loftiest voice in prayer.

To our little ones who have as yet tasted no sorrow, Christmas with its crib, its tree, and other pleasures, comes brimful of messages of gladness. To those we say: Dear children, forget not the little ones of the poor, the beloved of the Holy Infant. The lamp of human joy would burn but dimly were not the oil of human kindness poured into it on this and such like anniversaries, which we hope this year home joys and home-felt attachments will have power to charm.

> So our thoughts shall throng
> With heaven's unceasing song —
> "Gloria in excelsis Deo
> Et in terra pax Hominibus
> Bonæ voluntatis."

To make a long story short — Cut away all but the wisdom.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER XI. FISHERIES.

Geographical Characteristics of Ireland. — Saying of Lycurgus. — Condition of Navy. — Importance of Fisheries. — Provision for by Special Act. — Philip II. of Spain. — Dutch Partiality for Irish Coasts. — Irish Palaces. — Cromwellian Tyranny. — Anecdote — Abortive Scheme. — The Fishery Board. — Infamous Jobbery. — Scotch Fisheries. — The Bounty System. — Lady Burdett-Coutts. — A False Impression. — The First Herring. — Starving in the midst of Plenty. — Scotch Unity and Irish Jealousy. — Anecdote. — Red Tapeism. — First Fishing Fleet. — Character of the Fisher Folk. — Fantastic Legends. — The Herring. — Its Enemies. — The Cod. — Buffon. — Remarkable Fecundity. — A Curious Partnership. — The Lobster. — A Change of Habitation. — A Doubtful Delicacy. — The Devil Fish. — The Conger Eel. — The Sacred Whale. — Norse Legends.

For years the land of Ireland has been locked against the industry of the people, and for the most part confined to the possession of a few who wanted the capital, skill, and it may be inclination, to develop its resources. Why is it that the sea, which is open to all, should be powerless to alleviate the perpetual cry of distress which, like a wind from the cross, moans over that unhappy country? It is not want of material opportunity, for there is probably no part of the globe where the sea offers so much support to an adventurous population. Among the many industries of Ireland which could be rendered available towards increased comfort of the people and the prosperity of the empire, the fisheries are entitled to the first attention. The geographical character of the island would alone be sufficient to confirm this position. Ireland is surrounded by an ocean teeming with fish of every description to gratify the most fastidious palate; her whole coast is indented with deep and spacious bays, creeks, and havens, in which smaller craft can find shelter in stormy weather. The expenditure of a few thousands would enchance the value of those national capacities. Millions have been spent on martello towers, signal posts, and barracks, most of which are now mouldering away or standing idle; monuments of folly and the extravagance of war. Half the amount thus idly lavished would have made Ireland the most prosperous fishing country in the world, gifted as she is with an extraordinary range of coast compared with her acreable contents, and equally rich in the capabilities of that coast to further the nautical advantages of the empire. Lycurgus, when he was recasting his country in the mould of soldiership, cried out, "Let me have walls of men, not of brick." England has won her great victories on the water; her empire has grown with her seamanship, but the recent disclosures of our deficiency in ships and men by one of the first naval authorities of the day, cast a chill into the hearts of all thinking Englishmen. When it is stated that the whole navy is disorganized and mismanaged, England should heed the counsel of those armed with knowledge. The thanks of the nation are due to Lord Charles Beresford for his timely advice, and the future glory and permanence of the empire must be maintained on the open sea. The words of our legislators should be, "Let us have walls of seamen." Fishermen are certainly not seamen, in the proper sense of the word, but they form the *matériel* of seamanship.

The west coast of Ireland might be made a great training establishment, both for sailors and fishermen, if only some of the ships of the

royal navy, now rotting in the dockyards of England, were applied to this purpose; the cost of the experiment would be contemptible. Trained sailors and thoroughly equipped smaller craft, not unwieldy machines, will secure the empire of the sea.

The fishing industry is the most primitive and the one most calculated to ennoble and strengthen a nation, owing to the habits of patience, courage, and endurance which it inculcates. Holland, by means of her fisheries, was for ages the cereal storehouse of Europe. In 1660, a fifth of the population of the seven United States of America were mainly dependent on the fisheries for support. Amsterdam was built on herring bones. The fisher-folk of Norway numbered eleven per cent of the population, and to this day eighty thousand of her people are employed in gathering the harvest of the sea. From the earliest period, abundance of fish has haunted the Irish coast, making it a subject of frequent legislation. In the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV., by a special act, provision was made that no foreign vessel should fish on the banks near the Irish coast, unless on payment of an annual duty of thirteen shillings and four pence, no small sum in those days, while Philip II. of Spain paid an annual sum of one thousand pounds for license to fish on the northern coast of Ireland for twenty-one years. The Dutch purchased a similar privilege in the reign of Charles I., for which this thrifty and shrewd people thought thirty thousand pounds not too high a price. Indeed, they must have had a great partiality for Irish and English coast fishing, for, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, they employed three thousand vessels and fifty thousand men on the shores of Great Britain and Ireland, the result of which enabled them to export thirty thousand tons of salt fish, worth two million five hundred thousand pounds. In 1640, the Swedish government, in return for certain services, were allowed to send a stated number of ships to fish in Irish waters. There is still to be seen in Cork the remains of what were called fish palaces, where the Dutch used to cure the fish taken off the coast. Down to a recent period, government discouraged the Irish fisheries, and the Cromwellian Parliament was inundated with petitions that the Irish fishermen might be suppressed, in consequence of competition with the English. Many of the fishermen were banished to Connaught, and others transplanted to the West Indian Islands. A story is told of a poor Irishman being struck with horror on landing from a transport ship when he was saluted in the truest Dublin vernacular by a party of half-naked blacks, "Arrah, Paddy, how are ye?" "Mother of God!" he ejaculated, "have ye become black already?" He forgot that several shiploads of his countrymen had been imported before him, from whom the natives had acquired the words and very accent, which sounded in the poor fellow's ears like an Æolian harp across the bog of Allen.

Ireland has a strong claim on imperial assistance, for the purpose of forwarding the long-repressed fisheries. In 1801, a grant of six thousand pounds was made by the treasury, in the futherance of an abortive scheme for supplying London with fresh fish from the Nymph Bank, off

the coast of Waterford, which was represented as capable of yielding an inexhaustible supply of round fish. Most of this money was recklessly squandered by corrupt officials, and nothing further was done till the year 1819, when the Irish Fishery Board was established, to encourage the industry which, at the time, was almost dead; a system of bounties being established to resuscitate the trade. Then it began to prosper and show symptoms of becoming one of the staple industries of the country; the Parliament swept away the bounties in as peremptory a manner as they had been introduced. The Scotch fisheries were treated differently. The bounty system was extended to them from 1809 to 1830, whereas the Irish fisheries got no advantage from the bounties till the year 1819, and were deprived of them at the same time as the Scotch. The growth of the Irish fisheries was thus arrested and left in a paralyzed state till 1830.

About this time, a course of infamous jobbery began, and harbors were constructed, but not in the right places. On the west coast, from the north of the Shannon to Galway Bay, not a single pier or harbor was constructed. There is no chart with the fishing banks laid down, since the first survey in the beginning of the century. Towards Scotland the government showed more liberality; they have since then supplied sailing and steam cruisers for the use of the fisheries. Ireland has in vain made frequent applications for similar assistance. During the period of the bounty system, when the Scotch fisheries improved, important societies sprung up, such as the British Fisheries Society; these built harbors on the east coast of Scotland and materially helped Scotch fishermen. Ireland came in for none of these benefits; the grant of bounties was a mistaken attempt, made to atone for past transgression and injudicious government. It has been shown how disastrous this method proved in the poplin trade; the fisheries were no exception. It would be a waste of time to expatiate on the unsoundness of the principle on which the bounty system rests. Still it has its fascination to many in our own day. There exists in every government a tendency to suffer portions of the public money to slip into the pockets of favored individuals, under the specious plea of promoting the public good. If the press were silent for a week, the whole corrupt machinery would be brought into use again. It is not patronage Ireland wants, but fair-play and no restrictions. An industry worth having must be one which takes root and grows by its own efforts. All that fishermen need is the encouragement of traffic, reduced rates of tariff, the construction of harbors and piers to facilitate their intercourse, and technical training in those trades which pertain to their craft, such as boat building, net and sail making, fish curing, and cooperage.

If our government will see its way to afford support to Ireland, similar to that given by the United States of America, Canada, or that of France and Austria, there will be no occasion for bounties or private benevolence. It is not the intention of the present writer to underrate the generosity of Lady Burdett-Coutts, who by a system of loans has developed a thriving fishing station in the little port of

Baltimore, in the county of Cork. We protest, however, emphatically against the system of alms-giving, as degrading to the people and likely to do more permanent harm than good. A better method of raising the necessary funds for such undertakings will be shown in another place. Private benevolence can never take the place of government action, and Ireland has a lawful claim for support on the government of England. No undertaking to establish and develop the fisheries can be successful, unless worked on commercial principles, uniting all branches of the fishing with curing and its accompanying trades. From time to time companies have sprung up to develop this resource, and have proved disastrous failures. It is high time that there should be an end of those abortive schemes, which richly deserved to fail. The worst of all such attempts is, that they give a false impression of the country and its inhabitants. The Irish fisheries are said to have failed, in consequence of the tempestuous weather which beats on the western coast. This is an erroneous opinion; the fish have never deserted the Irish waters, and the gale that blows from the German Ocean on Yarmouth coast is more unbearable than the fury of the Atlantic on the Irish coast, yet Yarmouth has been a successful fishing station since the fifth century of Christianity; it was off Yarmouth that the first herring was ever captured. That thriving colony, with its boat-building and fish-curing stations, is likely to continue and prosper when quasi philosophers and joint stock companies shall have disappeared. Fishermen should not depend on charity, and if there is any lesson to be learned from history, it is that all such attempts have proved gigantic failures.

Ireland, so favored by nature, is intended to be the greatest fish-producing and fish-exporting country on the face of the globe; it ought to furnish an ample stock of fish for domestic consumption and also a superabundance, adequate to meet the demands of the United Kingdom. Now the fact is the reverse. Instead of contributing anything towards foreign consumption, the supply falls short of the wants of the home population, who are starving in the midst of plenty, and who, in the matter of fish supply, are indebted to the industry and sagacity of Scotch neighbors. It may be asked, how is it that Scotland is more successful? And the answer is that, at the union, Scotland made better terms and procured besides a measure of education and larger concessions than were granted to the corrupt tricksters who sold their country and had the effrontery to thank God that they had a country to sell. Neither should it be omitted that the sterling, independent Scot has never stooped to whine and beg for what he could win by his own strong arm and frugal habits. Scotchmen have all along stood shoulder to shoulder, helping and supporting each other through every phase of their national history. Irish leaders of the past and present regard each other with jealousy; this absence of kinship among the Irish has retarded their growth and prosperity. Maclise, the great Irish painter, when solicited by a starving countryman, asked coldly, "Why have you appealed to me?" "I am come from the same town of Cork which gave you birth," was the answer. "Where is Cork?" was the supercilious reply.

In Scotland and the north of England accommodation in the shape of State-aided harbors and piers has been effected, but in Ireland there is no end of red tapeism and vexatious delay, which practically nullified the attenuated support given. The consequences are that the best fishermen leave the country. It was in 1712 that the Irish, in imitation of the Dutch example, first exported fish to the London market in vessels with wells. Thirty boats were fitted out for this purpose in Harwich, and entered the trade with good prospects of success, till the war with France in 1744 put a stop to it; the fishermen were, in consequence, obliged to land their boats or sell them. In 1780, the Dutch privateers captured several of the English fishing boats, discontinuing the trade till the peace of 1783. The war with France, ten years later, checked the trade and cut off the supply of fish to the London market.

Before the salt duties, there were refineries for rock salt, not only at Wexford, but almost in every village along the Irish coast. In 1820 they became a monoply in the hands of a few Dublin and Waterford merchants, who were as devoid of conscience as a body of railway directors. The salt duties have been repealed, and therefore the evil is no longer felt, but the ulcer does not heal immediately on the removal of the cause of irritation. Blood-letting is useful, but it is possible to bleed the patient, on the Sangredo system, until the animal functions are so exhausted as to paralyze the principle of vitality and the unhappy victim may die of exhaustion. This has been much the condition of Ireland.

The fisher folk of that country, like those of others devoted to the piscatorial art, are dreamy and superstitious, active and lazy by turns, given to gossip and lying on their backs when the sun is warm. The old time-honored record alludes to the strange sights witnessed by those who go down to the sea in ships. This may account for their peculiarities, for the sea is a mighty world of mystery, its denizens are strange in form, curious in their habits, dwelling in regions of beauty, where mountain ranges, deep valleys and gigantic plains covered with sea forest, give an unknown splendor to their speechless life. A brief sketch of the appearance and habits of a few of the well-known inhabitants of the deep, will explain and perhaps give color to the fantastic legends woven about them, many of which are still retailed in yarns and fireside stories.

The herring, for example, is found in great abundance in northern latitudes; in those inaccessible seas, covered with ice for the greater portion of the year. Here the herring and the pilchard find a safe retreat. Man, or their most destructive enemy, the fen-fish, never dare to pursue them beyond the threshold of their ice kingdom. In those Polar regions they live at ease and multiply, fed on the insect food which abounds. Never would they quit their Polar kingdom, were it not that their numbers render emigration imperative. About the middle of winter they are compelled to seek other retreats. The fecundity of the herring outstrips all calculation. A single fish, if unmolested, would in twenty years show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that on which we live. For this reason,

a mighty colony leave the Arctic sea in such numbers that, if all the world were to be loaded with herrings, they would be unable to carry a thousandth part away. But no sooner do they leave their home then their troubles begin. Millions of enemies appear in squadrons and pursue them to the death. The fen-fish swallows barrels at a gulp, the porpoise, grampus, shark, and the whole tribes of dog-fish are ever on their track, and find them an easy prey. Besides, all the sea fowl of the Polar regions watch the emigration and spread extensive ruin. The defenceless emigrants, like sheep when frightened, run together in a body, each finding some protection by being one of the many equally liable to invasion. This mighty host of herring, — the Anglo-Saxon "haring," meaning an army — separate into shoals, one body of which moves to the west and pours down the coast of America as far as Carolina, and seldom further. They inundate the Chesapeake Bay, until the shores are lined with fish. Some, to escape their merciless pursuers, come down towards Europe and approach the first shore they can find. In March, they touch the coast of Iceland; their numbers seem inexhaustible in extent, depth, and closeness. In April, they arrive off the Shetland Islands and are warmly greeted by the shark and porpoise. When the main body is approaching, its breath and depth is such as to alter the very appearance of the ocean. It is divided into columns of five or six miles in length and three or four broad, while the water before it curls up as if forced out of its bed. Naturalists fail to discover the ears of a herring, but at the report of a gun they will sink for a few minutes and then rise again to the surface, particularly in fine weather, reflecting a variety of splendid colors and looking like an immense plain bespangled with green, gold, and azure. Only a small portion of this mighty shoal comes in from the deep sea. The color of the herring is rich green along the back, lighter at the sides and beneath, where it is shotted with purple, blue, and gold hues. The herring is the most profitable of all fish. It is also a clean feeder; in its northern home it mostly subsists on small crustacea and insects.

The cod is foremost of the wandering tribe of fish and is found, when at home, in the northern parts of the world. Its chief resort is on the banks of Newfoundland and other landbanks that lie off Cape Breton. That extensive flat seems to be no other than the broad top of a range of mountains extending from five hundred to one thousand miles; down its steep sides are immense valleys where the sea is of unfathomable depth. Hither the cod annually repairs, in numbers beyond the power of ordinary calculation, to feed on the quantity of worms on the sandy bottom. All along the Newfoundland shore there are establishments for salting and drying. The cod is captured with hook and line, and the immense number annually taken has hardly diminished them. When the season for propagation returns, they go off to the Polar seas. Buffon says that a single cod produces, at a birth, as many young ones as there are inhabitants in all Great Britain. The family of a flounder exceeds a million, and that of a mackerel five hundred thousand. Belonging to the latter order is the pilot fish, not larger than the ordinary mackerel and beautifully marked. He has procured

this name from associating with the shark. It is asserted that he swims before him and guides him to his prey. The partnership, however, between the two fishes is not always to the advantage of the shark, as the pilot has frequently been known to entice his bulky companion to swallow a baited hook which he otherwise would not have noticed. This, however, may be only a sample of the pilot's practical jokes. One of those intelligent fishes was known to have accompanied a sailing ship during a voyage of eighty days between Alexandria and Dartmouth, and on its arrival was so tame that it allowed itself to be caught, and, as a matter of regret, killed and eaten.

There is no stranger denizen of the deep than the lobster; he keeps close to the coast, where he finds shelter among the rocks. He has so extraordinary and complicated an appearance that those who see him first are apt to mistake his head for his tail. The lobster is covered with a coat of scaled armor, and some assert that he is provided with more than one mouth. His spinal marrow is found in his breast bone, and he carries two long horns or feelers that seem to correct the dimness of his sight and apprize the animal of his danger or his prey. His tail is the grand instrument of motion by which he can raise himself in the water, and underneath which he carries his young. A certain class of lobster is hermaphrodite and is supposed to be self-impregnated. The spawn is cast off, when furnished with limbs; they immediately look for shelter in the small clefts of the rocks or crevices at the bottom of the sea, where the entrance is small and the opening easily defended. Without seeming to take food, they grow large in a few weeks from the accidental substances which drift to their retreat. When they acquire strength and a defensive armor, they issue from their fortresses and creep along the bottom in search of plunder. The spawn of fish and worms that keep at the bottom of the sea supply them with food. They can scratch the sand in search of worms with their claws and brandish the same with anger at an enemy. They are in no danger except from their own order. The lobster is devoid of friendship, and is seemingly at war with his species of every kind. The shell is unalterable and he soon becomes too large for his habitation. The young change their covering oftener than the old. When full grown they remain in the same shell for two years together. The change is not only painful but dangerous. Just before casting the shell, they lie on their backs trembling, the feelers agitated and the whole body in violent commotion. The animal then swells itself until the shell is seen to divide at the joints; slowly and painfully it draws itself by its little wrists out of its claws. It seems, before the process is complete, to turn itself inside out, parting with its stomach along with its shell. One by one it disengages itself of its claws, the joints opening: at last it casts off the entire sheath as a man would kick off an old boot that was too big for him. In this way the wonderful creature finds its liberty, and after the effort, sinks torpid and motionless for hours. During this process they take no food nor venture from their retreats. At this stage they are the prey of every animal of the deep which comes their way. The cod, the ray,

and the dog-fish devour hundreds. This defenceless condition is of short duration. In two days their skin has grown hard; the animal appetite returns and the first object of his gluttony is his own stomach from which he has so lately disengaged himself. This he devours with great eagerness and sometimes makes a second course of his old shell. Endowed with strength and courage and a perfect suit of scaled armor, he dashes bravely among the animals at the bottom, and not a day passes that, in his combats, he does not suffer some mutilation, a joint or even a whole claw being sometimes snapped off in those fierce encounters. Lobsters never meet any of their own class without a severe tussle, which results in the loss of a leg or a claw, the absence of which, however, seems no calamity. He ingeniously puts himself in repairs, and, from the place where the joint or claw was cut off, a new one sprouts which, after some time, is as large and as powerful as the old one. This is why the claws of a lobster are of unequal magnitude. It would seem that the large claws of both lobster and crab are provided for combative purposes; the former well sustains the title of brigand of the deep.

Akin to the lobster, in its combative or distinctive character, is the devil-fish. This creature seems to be fitted by nature to go a step further than the lobster. If man, from the stock exchange swindler to the petty tradesman in the street, preys on his fellow-man, we find the same game of deceit and treachery in full swing at the depth of the sea. Among the different varieties of the fish tribe, one and all devour each other. In America it is said that one of every three men is endeavoring to insure the lives of the others. The devil-fish is endowed by nature, not only with the power to take by force, but to use stratagem for the purpose of attack. Nature is not on the side of honesty. This fish is flat, wider than a round table. At first sight it appears to have no legs, but on closer examination is found to be provided with small feet which it can tuck up or let down as it pleases. When tucked up, the fish can lie flat at the bottom, but he can put out his feet and run along when he wishes. He is provided with a mouth as wide as his body, and just before his head are two long rods which he can elevate or lay flat on his back. When erect, these shake like two fishing-rods planted in the current of a stream; at the end of each are little nobs which look like bait. The devil-fish lies at the bottom, his large flat body extended so as to appear unnoticeable; a roaming fish in quest of food is attracted by the vibrating rods and comes up to investigate them; the devil-fish opens his capacious mouth and swallows the curious one before he can have time to get out of the way. In this manner nature has assisted the monster in securing his prey, without any effort on his part. A modern highwayman, with a mask and a case of pistols, could not be better equipped for his purpose than the devil-fish.

All flat fish have a distinctive character, their grotesque facial arrangements suggesting superciliousness and a general kind of wry-mouthed ill-nature. Fishermen say that the fluke gets his mouth twisted round for sneering at the coronation of the herring, the king of the

sea; all flat fish were flattened out for being disagreeable. The conger eel is another monster which hovers about the bottom. Much of famous turtle soup is made from this sea reptile. Epicures say that the odor of a cooking conger is so divine that it would make a dead man sniff. The conger is found in great abundance off the Irish coast. Few of the creatures of the deep are without their specific history. The whale, who can swim round the world in a fortnight, is said to be an animal of good intentions; according to the Arabic legend, the whale who swallowed Jonah did so in a benevolent manner; he swam to shore with his mouth above the water, for the greater convenience of the prophet's breathing: the good taste of such behavior is undeniable.

Ever since, the whale has been considered blessed, and its visit to any place is esteemed a lucky omen. The salmon is also highly valued, not so much for his delicious flavor, as for the traditions which are linked with his name. According to the Norse legend, the devils, on one occasion, set fire to heaven, the angels flung the flames into the sea and the salmon was the only fish who desired to obliterate the indications of this sacrilege by immediately swallowing the blazing fire. The gods, in return, endowed the salmon with a rich flavor and a beautiful tail, and transformed its flesh into a ruddy color in return for this meritorious proceeding. In the heathen mythology, the salmon symbolizes fire. The haddock is another fish connected with superstitious observances. It is supposed that the haddock alone of all the finny tribe, proved himself so agreeable as to bring the gold piece to St. Peter when the apostle, like the largest half of humanity, was in money difficulties. The Norsemen, however, give a different version of the story, not so creditable to the character of the haddock. They say that a number of fishermen were building a bridge near the sea, the erection of which was displeasing to King Odin; one of the workmen having dropped his hammer, a haddock tried to make off with it, but Satan was too quick and gave him a pinch on the shoulder, the mark of which remains on all his descendents. The stickleback is the only fish who builds a nest. This is a judgment and punishment for an ancient misdeed. During the period of the Deluge, the stickleback, prompted by insatiable curiosity and love of mischief, pulled the tow out of the bilge-hole of the ark, and had it not been for the hedge-hog, who at the imminent risk of his life plugged up the hole with his body, Noah, the first naval officer of his day, would have had a busy time of it in baling out his mammoth boat. The stickleback of the water and the magpie of the land are both unholy; the latter was the only bird who declined to enter the ark, preferring to perch on the roof and chatter in an unseemly manner at the floating bodies which drifted by.

Conclusion next Month.

"ANYTHING else to-day, madam?" asked the shop-keeper, gleefully rubbing his hands, after she had selected a quantity of goods. "Can I not do something else for you?"—"Yes," she said; "you can charge these."

From Wilds of Borneo.

BRAVE FATHER JACKSON TELLS OF HIS ADVENTURES.

THERE lately arrived in Boston an extraordinary man; he is Very Rev. Thomas Jackson, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and Northern Borneo, who is visiting the United States in the interests of the mission that he has established in that island of the far East.

His advent was heralded in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where it had been announced that a missionary from Borneo would make an appeal for aid to carry on his good work.

To are porter who called to see him at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Rev. Father Jackson related a few incidents of his extraordinary experience.

Father Jackson is an Englishman. He was born in Preston, Lancashire, where he pursued his first course of studies. At the age of thirty-two, deciding to enter the ministry, he began a course of theology in the College of the Sacred Heart, at Mill Hill, London. Here he was ordained, becoming a member of the order of Josephites.

Soon afterwards he was sent with two companions to the English army that in 1879–80 was actively engaged in Afghanistan.

Father Jackson served during the entire campaign against Ayoub Khan under Gens. Primrose and Roberts, by whom he was publicly praised for his courage and self-sacrifice.

As chaplain he was in the front rank at the battle of Maiwand, where an entire brigade of the British army was put to flight by the native troops after a six-hours' fight in the broiling sun. Maiwand is forty miles from Candahar, towards which they directed their steps. Exhausted by the day's march in the hot sun, many fell upon the burning sand of the desert that separated them from their base of supplies. Among this number was Father Jackson.

"I never expected to see morning dawn," he says; "but, falling into a deep sleep, I awoke to realize my perilous situation. New courage came to me, and by the aid of friends whom I met on the road, I succeeded in entering Candahar amid the volleys poured upon us from the native villagers, who, having heard of our defeat, harassed our retreat."

The young missionary's fame had already reached his superiors, and the Pope, desiring a young and experienced man to take charge of the new mission he was about to establish in Borneo, selected Father Jackson for the position. Here he has labored for eight long years.

Beginning with an account of his arrival, together with the other priests, Father Dunn, an Irishman, and Father Goosens, a Hollander, Father Jackson told of their reception by the natives on the seashore;

A Borneo Chief.

the difficulties which almost rendered futile every attempt to reach the tribes in the interior; the thick jungles, lofty mountain ranges, the rivers and creeks filled with alligators and crocodiles.

"One of the greatest civilizing agents on the island," said the missionary, "is the strict rule which prevails in the kingdom of Rajah Brooke. This man is an Englishman, Sir Charles Brooke, who rules over about five hundred thousand native subjects. His domain embraces about five hundred miles of the coast line. He inherited this kingdom from his uncle, Sir James Brooke, the first rajah.

"In the year 1840, Sir James Brooke, then a young man, who in addition to an ample fortune, possessed an ardent love of adventure, fitted out a yacht and started on a tour around the world. Arriving at Singapore, and learning that Borneo was the home of a number of pirates who infested the China sea, he landed at Kuching, afterwards his capital, and at once became the friend of the reigning prince.

"This king was at war with a neighboring chief. He offered Brooke an immense tract along the seashore, and promised to establish him firmly as a prince if he would help him in the struggle. The young Englishman rendered the necessary assistance, and, with the aid of his modern armament, he defeated all comers, and obtained his reward.

"Thus originated the kingdom of Sarawak. He set about civilizing the savages, and lived in regal splendor. On his death the present Rajah took the title. He is about sixty years old. Two hundred native soldiers form his bodyguard. With him are about forty Europeans, on whom he has conferred all manner of titles and offices.

"The tribes are very numerous, and have many languages, all of which are unwritten. By careful attention to the sounds the priests have acquired a practical knowledge of several of them; so that now they can teach the native child to write his mother tongue by means of our alphabet. They have also composed catechisms and prayer-books."

The tribes among whom Father Jackson is working are known as the Dyak nation. These Dyaks are of a nomadic disposition.

They wander about in bodies of thirty and forty families, and build their habitations on posts about twenty feet from the ground. These houses are divided into apartments for thirty, and even a larger number of families. The entrance into these apartments is by means of a notched pole.

The prefect apostolic gave a description of some of their peculiarities.

"The men and women wear very little clothing," said he. "The former always carry the arms. They are very warlike, and always ready to pick a quarrel, especially when intoxicated by a beverage which they manufacture from the root of a peculiar tree.

"They have a custom like to that of an American Indian. They always preserve the head of their victim as a trophy. Hence the name 'Head Hunters.' I myself have seen as many as fifty human skulls hanging from a native's roof.

MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE BOYS OF THE INTERIOR OF BORNEO.

"The Dyak women have a liking for particular marks. They consider it a great addition to one's beauty to have the lobe of the ear touch the shoulder. They pierce the ear and attach heavy weights to hold it down. The weight is gradually increased. Should the ear break, no greater misfortune could happen.

"They believe that a good spirit exists in the different kinds of birds that abound on the island. I remember an incident of an old man, who was naming the gods for me. After counting on his fingers he proceeded to his toes, and finished the count on his wife's toes.

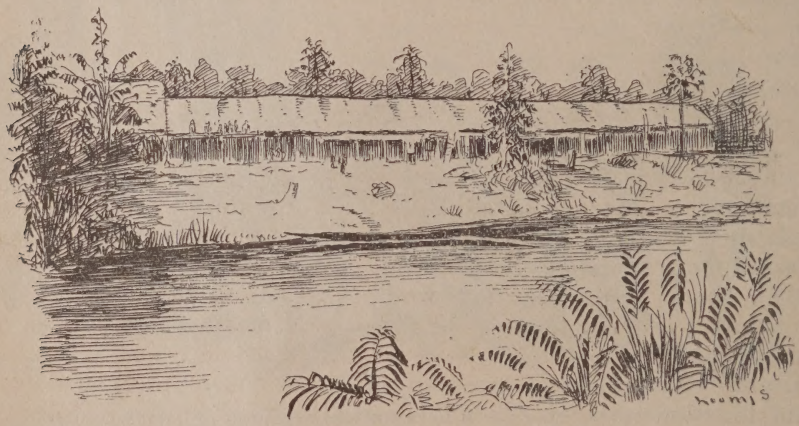
"The Dyaks," he continued, "have a certain code of traditionary laws, according to which all crimes are punished and their various disputes settled. Punishments are usually paid by fines in the form of plates, jars, and similar articles. They have a craze for old jars, and pay immense sums of money for them. Murder is avenged by the relatives of the victim, and incest is punished with death.

VERY REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

"Most of the tribes bury their dead; some, however, cremate them.

"The marriage ceremony likewise varies. As a general rule the bride and groom are seated side by side before the assembled throng. Then the medicine woman breaks a betel nut in half, giving each a part. After some unintelligible movement, she knocks their heads together, and the ceremony is over. Divorce is common, but polygamy is rare.

"At the eight stations we have established," said Father Jackson, "there are now about six hundred practical Christians. We now have fourteen priests, two brothers, and nine Franciscan sisters connected with the mission. The brothers teach



A VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR OF BORNEO.

them how to cultivate the soil. The sisters have two convents, where they instruct the girls and very small boys."

The missionary feels quite satisfied with the answer made to his appeal in other parts of the world, and especially in Ireland, where he received a warm welcome. Several wealthy Americans contributed generously. Rev. Father Jackson will remain in and around Boston for a few weeks longer.

READERS of THE PILOT will thank us for this extract from a letter just received by the Very Rev. Thomas Jackson, from Father Byron, a young Irish priest, working in the dominions of the North Borneo Company.

"An incident has just happened which has given us much joy—the baptism of four Murut boys. They are the first of their race upon whom the water of holy baptism has been poured. They now desire to return with one of the Fathers to teach their people to know and serve God, in order that they, too, may enjoy the happiness which is already theirs. The oldest is about thirteen, the youngest eleven. The last-mentioned is quite enthusiastic over it. When he speaks of it his little bright eyes glisten with the pleasure of one day being able to help the Fathers to teach his people. Yet he would not like to go alone, poor little fellow! He is the son of the

chief who refused to submit to this Government three years ago. Five soldiers were sent to take him. These he led into the jungle, and nothing more was heard of them—the Muruts had taken their heads.

"The Government then sent a large force against the villagers, of which he was the head. His people had fled, soon after killing the five soldiers, into the jungle, and lived there for a long time, subsisting on very little. The soldiers, however, sent against them did not succeed in catching the refractory chief. But what they did not do themselves was accomplished by a Murut friendly to the Government. He invited the chief to his house, and, having borrowed his sword under pretence of examining the beautiful workmanship of the blade, struck off his head with it and sent it to the soldiers. His little son's name is Aloysius.

"Another boy, Michael, lost his mother at the same time. She was wandering in the jungle with her little baby tied on her back, when some Dyak soldiers discovered her. They only too gladly took her head, as you know they always do, but they spared her baby. We received the poor orphan boy from the wretches, and had there been Sisters here at the time we should have had little difficulty in obtaining the baby also.

"Another boy, Luke, had been hidden in the jungle for three days without any food except a few roots. The Dyaks had supposed that all the Muruti had either been killed or fled. On seeing the poor boy, their first thought was to add his head to the number already taken, but there were some who thought the half-starved Murut boy might be useful in showing them the way out of the jungle to the coast. So after much talk it was decided that Ungang, who was afterwards to receive in baptism the name of Luke, should be spared on condition of his showing them the shortest way to the coast.

"Some months ago the Resident of the Interior, as he is styled, called at our school and expressed a wish to see Luke. He told him he was about to return to see the Murut country, and among other places Luke's house. He added that the Governor had decided that he could now return home. The poor boy thought he had to leave us and began to look most dejected. Tears filled his eyes, but he did not speak. The Resident was surprised, as he expected to see signs of joy. 'Don't you wish to return to your country?' said the Resident. 'You will again see your mother and your other relations.' His reply was short and simple. 'With the Fathers, yes,' he said; 'without them, no.' The Governor was told of this incident, and gave orders that the boy should have his own way in the matter."

Strange Chemical Properties of an Irish Lake.

LOUGH NEAGH hones go down sticks and come up stones.

FEW freaks of nature are more strange than one which is of constant occurrence in Lough Neagh. The waters of the lake have the strange power of petrifying any substance that may be put into it in ten to twenty-one days, according to the material.

I learned of it in a curious way. I happened to be travelling in Connemara and met there an English gentleman who informed me that he was going to Lough Neagh "to visit his men and inspect his petrifying beds." He told me that he was one of the owners of a celebrated cutlery house — not far from the Mansion House in London.

Years before they had learned from an employé that petrified trees had been found in Lough Neagh, and from old Irish books they discovered that the waters had the extraordinary property of petrifying wood within a month.

Business-like they at once sent a man over. He selected several pieces of hard wood, and, having tied weights to them, plunged them in the lake and marked their locality by small buoys and strips attached to the test pieces.

In two weeks he returned and took up two pieces, which he found to be partially petrified. Two weeks afterward the remainder were brought to terra firma, and each rod of hard wood was hard as flint, petrified through.

Then the firm tried experiments with the wood in the different stages of petrifaction and discovered that unusually excellent razor hones could be manufactured from it, and of different densities or

hardness, according to the length of submersion. These hones are now a famous product of this cutlery firm.

They have patented them, and obtain high prices for them, but the razor-sharpening world little knows that the stone is wood, petrified in a few weeks in the largest of the Irish lakes.

I accompanied the gentleman to the lake, and myself witnessed the process of turning wood to stone, and I must confess that it gave me cause for reflection. Here was a valuable natural factory at the very doors of the people, the natives, who were in a semi-starving condition all around. And yet its products were utilized only by an English firm.

Possibly the petrified wood in some of its stages of stone-growing could be put to many uses, and I have no doubt but that when the fact is more generally known some enterprising Irishman will utilize the factory nature has given them for the material benefit of the country.

When I returned to Dublin I made inquiries about the curious phenomena I witnessed at Lough Neagh, and was rewarded by the courteous librarian of Trinity College, who placed in my hands several volumes of translations of ancient Irish works, and marked for me the parts referring to the lake.

Among them I found several references made to the "hard, woody stone," which was taken from the bottom of Lough Neagh, for spear and arrow heads by the early Irish. So that, although the Irishmen of to-day are, ninety-nine out of one hundred, unaware of the useful peculiarity of their "big lough," those of ten and fifteen centuries ago knew it well and utilized it.

In the museum of Trinity College can be seen to-day several spear and arrow heads made centuries ago from wood petrified in Lough Neagh. But apparently, even then, the natives were unaware that the chemical properties of the water were so powerful or acted so quickly.

Why do not some enterprising Irishmen imitate the example of the Englishman? In America such a mine would be worked by Americans for Americans. In Ireland it is worked by the Englishmen for themselves.

The Scapular.

MUST the scapular be worn next the skin? No. Is the imposition of the scapular of Mt. Carmel valid if one uses the old formula because he has not on hand the new one, or for other reasons, as neglect, etc.? According to several decisions of the Congregations of Rites, any form which substantially expresses the act of blessing and investing is sufficient for the valid reception of the scapular. If a person has laid aside the scapular for a number of years, must he be reinvested? No; unless it has been laid aside through contempt, or with the intention of renouncing the confraternity. — Am. Eccl. Review.

Irish Frieze.

As far back as the history of Ireland can be traced in writings, mention is made of a coarse woollen cloth woven by the people of the country and known to them as frieze. The name is said to be drawn from the ancient Frisia in the Netherlands, whence possibly the art of making the fabric was derived. So remote, however, is the period when frieze was first made in Erin, that no one can tell when or where or by whom it was originally spun.

Century after century, so long that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been the national cloth of Ireland, the distinctive dress of patriot, peasant, and peer, and, since the seventeenth century, an outward badge of the people's aspirations for nationality. For when England destroyed Ireland's commerce by the infamous Navigation Act of 1663, and the injured country began to promote its own manufactures, led by James, the first Duke of Ormonde, it was to the woollen industry that it turned its chief attention and on which it founded its highest hopes for a revival of its prosperity; and then the making of frieze became the occupation of the women of every sheeling. While the men tended the herds of sheep and prepared the wool, the colleens kept their spinning-wheels whirring and their looms clacking with the materials for the great staple. And when the exportation of woollen goods from Ireland was made a crime in 1699, and the people of that island became too poor to use the finer qualities of home-made cloths, they still had need of frieze in local trade and for private use.

In 1799, when the condition of the peasantry was most deplorable, "they besought the king," says Mr. Froude, "to interpose in their favor and procure them leave to export and sell at least the coarse frieze blankets and flannels which the peasants' wives and children produced in their cabins." * But their appeal was in vain. The English parliament, that had ruined their trade and suppressed their most profitable manufactures, refused to allow them to dispose of the goods they still made.

At last, when the Volunteer movement triumphed, the British laws "which prohibited the Irish from exporting their woollen manufactures and their glass were wholly repealed," says Mr. Lecky, "and the great trade of the colonies were freely thrown open to them." Frieze covered Sarsfield's soldiers in 1690; it made overcoats for the Volunteers in 1782. It was worn with pride by the chiefs of the olden clans, by Henry Grattan, by Daniel O'Connell; it is used to-day by Charles Stewart Parnell, by Michael Davitt, and by the other leaders of the Irish people. Around it cluster memories of wrongs, of persecutions, and of famines, second only in bitterness to the thoughts that come when reference is made to the execrable Penal Laws that maimed and maltreated and martyred multitudes of St. Patrick's children because they would not give up their faith at the command of the ruthless invader. Frieze is still made in Ireland. No longer woven to any

* "Life and Death of the Irish Parliament," p. 125.

extent on hand looms, it is produced with improved machinery, from beautiful patterns, by skilful workmen, in prosperous mills. It is honest goods. There is no shoddy in it. Every thread is wool. The fleece is fine, the color is fast, the design is neat, the finish is artistic, and the wear is everlasting. Pure as the patriotism of the people who make it, simple as their nature, true as their love, it is typical of Irishmen, and deserves to have its name inseparably linked to theirs in its name of Irish frieze.

The Sacred Heart.

By MEL.

YOUR heart is crushed when your friends seem cold,
And the welling tears to your eyelids start;
When the world, with all its wealth of gold,
Vouchsafes but a frown for your breaking heart.

Your harrowing anguish is hard to bear,
Yet, hushed be your sighs when you stand apart,
And watch with sorrow the load of care
That pressed its weight on the Sacred Heart.

Let the world in mockery pass you by
To join in the revel of song and dance,
But let you remember our Lord's last sigh
Ere His Heart was pierced with the cruel lance!

If the clouds are thickening o'er your head,
And the sunshine shrinks from the gloom of night,
Remember, remember, the Heart that bled
When the tempest shrieked and His friends took flight

Will you, too, fly in affliction's hour?
Where now is your lofty heroic pride?
Where now is the heart that would never cower?
Ah, turn for strength to your Saviour's Side!

Courage! Suppress your rising sobs,
Despair not, wherever on earth you tread,
The Sacred Heart for you still throbs
As erst in Bethlehem's roofless shed!

June 9, 1890.

THE committee for the Episcopal Jubilee Feasts of 1893, in honor of His Holiness Leo XIII., are seriously contemplating the organization in the Vatican of a "World's Exposition" of the works of Catholic operatives throughout Christendom. Their purpose is approved and encouraged by the Holy Father, who sees in it a means to promote and increase the number of Catholic labor associations, which he deems would derive notable advantages from a similar exhibition.

A Tale of the Great Famine.

Part II.

The bell rang, friends left the steamer, the paddle-wheels turned noisily, making miniature cascades glittering in the light of the forenoon. The vessel moved amidst blessings, prayers, and broken cheers from those on shore. The emigrants crowded the side, riveting their dimmed eyes on some face — generally an old one, one never to be forgotten; a beloved face they knew they may never see again at this side of the grave.

In a short time the old familiar shores faded from their sight. A piper on board struck up a merry tune. Again dancing commenced, and was kept up with as much light-heartedness as if the dancers' hearts had not that morning ached with the bitter pain of parting. The new life had already begun; they had left the old one behind.

Parents and kindred returned to put aside an empty chair, to close up the vacant place that would never be filled again by the child gone to seek home and fortune in exile. Old garments were apportioned to other members of the family, and every-day life was resumed. The woof of life is composed of many threads, rainbow-colored in the morning's light; but the iridescent tints die out, as the day goes on, until the web has lost its opaline hues when evening comes; then, night hides its gloom. But the morning of a new day will come to us all!

Very sadly the months rolled on for Mrs. Joyce. Matt had written when he landed. His letter contained bad tidings. The friend upon whom he depended for getting him employment had moved into the interior, whither he intended following him. A second letter came to say he could get no work and was going with others to the recently discovered mines. After that silence, followed by the sinking of the weary heart in the slough of despond. Mary went, at first, hopefully day after day to the post-office, but it was sad watching for the news that never came.

It was the middle of 1846. Save for the coo of the wood-pigeon and the ever-jubilant song of the lark, the birds were silent; they had serious duties in the rearing of their young families to attend to. The world was lush with beauty. The vivid green of the corn was changing, the summer winds made a low murmur as they clashed the drooping oats and braided barley, until it was as if a whisper was stealing through the fields foretelling future plenty. Each thistle and many another plant had the "cuckoo's spit," though that mysterious bird was silent, or had departed, leaving its "spit" to hatch the grasshopper, which will be found, green and perfect, in the centre of the little speck of froth which goes by that name. The meadows were ready for the scythe; the world looked too full, and wanted to be shared.

The potato fields were looking lovely, the rich dark leaves throwing out the beautiful purple, and the beautiful white clusters of

blossoms showing their bright yellow corollas. Every one said the crop was certain to be good. But alas! the middle of the month brought fogs, that one night crept softly over the fields, reluctantly as it were, even sapping the stalks. The sun dispelled the mists, but they had done their work. A few tiny brown spots appeared on leaf and stem, in a day or two a peculiar odor, which soon became fatally familiar, exhaled from them, and the next Sunday the farmers spoke despairingly to each other in the chapel-yard. The potato blight had set in virulently.

They mowed the blackened and withered stalks of the plant that had been so flourishing, trying to prevent the disease, if possible, from communicating with the tubes, but nothing could save it, it was already infected and soon rotten.

The food of the people was gone. At the time Indian corn was unknown, except in its shining, golden cobs, as a drawing-room curiosity. Famine spread through the land, clutching the lives of thousands with its bony claws. Public and private relief funds were got up in the early days of the distress; but what relief can extend to the wants of millions, to the daily and hourly cry for food from those whose food had failed? It was impossible any human aid would extend to all, taking cognizance of each individual case, and relieving it. The task was rendered still more difficult by the inherent pride which in the first year of the famine made the poorest ashamed of poverty. It is only the beneficent God who can feed a nation, when he blesses the little seed thrust into the brown earth and causes it to fructify.

In the midst of the general depression Mrs. Joyce's time came. The wail of a woman in travail, in her case, was not succeeded by an infant's cry. Still and mute the little perfect body came into the world; for she had suffered too much. In after years she thought of that child, as of one who might have loved her greatly. It had died of her sorrow. Friends congratulated her on its loss, in their eyes it was a mouth less to feed; but the mother grieved for her dead boy; for her he had an individuality, though nameless, as all stillborn children are, to all others.

The winter wore away, Katie wrote in the spring urging Jim Lillis to emigrate, but he was too loyal to desert his mother and his sister Mary, who, with her children, were now entirely dependent on his exertions for support. The pressure of the times began to affect all classes. Mr. Blake's coachman had gone to America early in the spring, and was not replaced; Jim was taken from the farm work when required. He was a good driver and a favorite. His love for and knowledge of horses was a bond between him and his master, and the poor fellow felt that being near Miss Grace he was still in touch with his distant sweetheart.

Amongst Mr. Blake's possessions was a beautiful mare, which he was wont to extol as the perfection of equine breeding and symmetry, excepting the time he was getting in or out of his trap, a feat he performed with such suspicious haste as proved he was not quite easy about her temper; for he knew if Silverstar was kept waiting a few

moments longer than she approved, her ears began to twitch suspiciously and her eyeballs turned back, as if to ascertain the cause of the delay; so her owner always jumped in with an agility that did credit to his years. As for Grace and her young sister, Daisy, the antics of the animal were a never-ceasing cause of amusement. They enjoyed intensely the rapid action of the high-spirited horse, to whom ten miles an hour was but a breather that did not turn a hair of her glossy coat. As for using a whip, that was an insult never offered to her; for very good reasons known to every one in the neighborhood. She whirled the wagonette at a pace that created a current of air in the stillest summer day.

Silverstar always managed to keep Mr. Blake in a state of apprehension whilst paying a visit. He tried to cover his irritation with a bland smile when Silverstar exhibited her powers of dancing down an avenue after they managed to get into the trap, friends looking on, shouting advice or warning, whilst the girls laughed and he shouted back — as thus:

"She will be all right directly. She is the gentlest creature in the world. (Oh! bad luck to her! — *under his teeth.*) I don't know what has come over her. Our visit was *so* pleasant, she got tired of waiting. (The devil take her — what a show she is making of us!) You'd laugh, Grace, if we were all thrown out. The confounded brute! I wish her neck was broken (if we were safe off!) 'Tis her breeding — and spirit. (Take care, Jim! She'll run us against the tree and smash us all.) Thanks, she'll go like a bird now (I'll sell her to a tinker).

"She is all right, sir," exclaimed the much-exercised Jim as the vicious look dropped from her handsome head, and she flew along the road obedient to the slightest inflexion of the reigns.

Unbridled temper in man or beast does not improve; and one day as he was congratulating himself and his daughters on his patience and good management of her, and its results:

"I would as soon drive a cow as a lazy horse," he was saying, "that would keep me all day on the road. This mare is too good for harness; she is only fit for a hunter horse."

As if to certify his words, she broke at the moment into a headlong gallop, which, being checked by a strong pull in the powerful curb, she became so unmanageable that even Grace's laugh was hushed, as she clung to the rail. The mare reared so straight that they were all thrown out. Daisy had been flung on a heap of stones, and when her father and Grace were able to run to her they found her stunned, her bright hair dabbled in blood. They did not know how slight was the cut that caused it. Mr. Blake raised her, his tears falling on her pitiful little face.

"Poor papa," she said, faintly, "don't be so frightened. I am not much hurt."

"You are killed, Daisy — you are killed. You are bleeding to death."

"I am not, papa; it must be a very little cut. I don't feel it."

She put up her small hand and rubbed the blood from her eyes.

Looking nervously at her fingers, then bursting into tears, she exclaimed: "Papa, we will never go to drive on Silverstar again."

Mr. Blake's eyes glared as he wiped her face with a handkerchief Grace had dipped in a stream hard by. "I'll — I'll — tame her — or — shoot her. Does it hurt now, child?"

A common car was provided, into which some straw was thrown, covered by a flannel quilt, lent by the civil people into whose house Daisy's wound had been bathed. With the light-heartedness of extreme youth they enjoyed the novel conveyance. Their father walked home, in deep consultation with a couple of men who had come from their work on an adjoining pit, on the possibility of subduing his refractory favorite. Jim Lillis led her home after her outburst, looking as gentle, though a little heated, as if she were the quietest animal in the universe.

The next day Jim Lillis had his preparations made for the tussle with Silverstar. He had summoned his neighbor Patsy Daly, who, as he averred to Mr. Blake, was as strong as a horse, and a couple of other men.

"Let Paddy sit on one side," said he, "whilst I drive the car. If she begins any of her tricks he'll be off in a minute and pull her down."

"And let Mike Kelly have his pitchfork, and I'll take the gun," said Mr. Blake; "we'll frighten her or know for what."

"Don't take the gun, sir; you might shoot her in the passion."

"I am never in a passion, you hound. But if we don't knock the deuce out of her this time, we'll never try it on with her again. She is as fleet as a deer, and as gentle as a sheep, till she gets into one of her tantrums; if we cure her of the rearing, and the buck jumping, and the running away, she'll be then fit to go the Queen's carriage."

Jim thought it would be very bad for the Queen if she was nervous to have Silverstar to her carriage even if tamed. She put back her ears and showed the whites of her eyes, but he kept his opinion to himself.

All arrangements having been completed, Mr. Blake ordered the gates to be opened and shouldered his gun, both barrels being amply charged with powder (he had omitted the shot, taking Jim's hint on the subject). He walked on the green sward by the avenue, making one of what had become a procession.

Perhaps the mare's instincts warned her there was something inimical to her in those proceedings which it behoved her not to thwart. She passed gently down the drive, arching her fine neck and conducting herself altogether to the satisfaction of her owner.

The gates were reached, passed through, and closed.

"She is all right now," said Mr. Blake. "You may go back to your work, boys. Get down, Daly. We will go as far as the barrack. I am sorry I did not bring the girls."

But Daly could not come down as leisurely as he intended. A bird had burst into song in a tree near, startling the mare, who made one plunge, but finding she could not break from the iron grip of the two men, reared up and stood for an instant pawing the air. Jim was off like a flash, and just saved her from falling back by pulling her down.

"Flog her! flog her!" roared Mr. Blake.

The men rained blows upon her, whilst it required the exertion of all their strength to prevent her from bolting, plunging furiously with mad leaps. She whirled the car from side to side. Mr. Blake ran along by the wall until he got before her, and fired his gun across the road. She swerved for a moment and backed into the dyke, but getting the mastery of the men, in a moment broke into a mad gallop, which was again restrained by the efforts of the two men, who still held on to the car. The reins had been fortunately supplemented by a rope, and all her efforts to obtain entire mastery of the situation were futile.

The excitement had grown terrific; men rushing to the rescue from all quarters until — after traversing about half a mile rearing, plunging, leaping — from the sheer force of numbers her head was turned towards a brake of briars where she fell, smashing her knees and the shafts of the car.

She was extricated in a few moments and stood covered with foam, and shivering in every limb, whilst the blood trickled down to her fetlocks, and her unconquerable spirit was showing in her twitching ears.

"What is to be done with her now? Is every bone in her body broken?" asked Mr. Blake as he hurried up, gasping for breath, and prespiring at every pore.

"She is only fit for dancing in a circus," said Jim. "Look at her eye yet. My shoulder is nearly pulled out. Success to the harness that never broke! Holy Moses! how thirsty I am."

"Take her out of my sight, and turn her out on the mountain," said Mr. Blake. "Put her down and wash her first. The quietest mare — sometimes! 'Tis a sin to see her so damaged. Poor devil! there wasn't the like of her in the country! She was too good entirely for harness. Come, boys, until you have a drink; I want one myself." Mr. Blake mopped his face, and added ruefully: "There's fifty pounds I refused for her, when she was four years old, gone for nothing."

"Maybe not, sir," said Jim. "She ought to breed hunters and racehorses. Turn her to the stud."

Mr. Blake looked at him.

"Faith, a good thought," he said slowly. "Where could such a brood mare be found? Only six years old, and without a blemish; perfectly sound in wind and limb. It may be the luckiest thing that ever happened her kicking against the traces. Come in, boys," and, giving his gun to one of the men, he proceeded at the head of a little crowd to the house, Silverstar, limping painfully, being led in the rear.

Happy Celtic temperament that looks for the lining of every cloud; but sometimes the clouds are so dense over Erin, that they do not let the least gleam of brightness break forth. Yet we know it is there, ready to shine when the wrack which obscures it is blown aside. Before Mr. Blake had reached home he had assured himself and others that the mare might be dam to a Derby winner yet. She was well bred enough for it, and a picture to look at. She only wanted good

temper to be perfect. Of ho many people can that be said also? — people who carefully perform all the duties of life; upright, honorable, mindful of the interests of others as of their own, but from their overbearing and violent tempers, converting what should be the happiest spot on earth to each human being, a spot in which the cares and troubles of life would fade in the atmosphere of love and trust, into a dungeon of Cimmerian darkness, in which all brightness is quenched. The sorrows of life have many garments, there are none clothed in darker hues than those woven by an evil temper.

Having been sufficiently refreshed at Lisdeen, and bestowing the necessary care on Silverstar, Mr. Blake told the men to go home and rest. Both Jim and Daly required it, as Jim's wrist (though he did not complain of it) had got a wrench in the struggle, which was becoming painful. They left together, and taking their way through the woods came to the river.

"My wrist is hurt," Jim said; "wait until I bathe it. Look, it is beginning to swell."

"Is it broke? It looks bad," asked his companion as he examined it.

"Not it; it only got a little twist when she fell. It will be well to-morrow or after."

"Why didn't you tell the master? He'd give you something."

"I didn't want him. He is always giving to me, and he hasn't much himself to spare these times. Sure *they'd* be in the workhouse long ago but for him. 'Tisn't my earnings would keep them in the cabin, and 'tis hard times with them as it is."

"You're a soft fool always. I'd be long sorry to be in want while there's plenty in the country. Sure they are sending the corn out of it; but that won't be let go, I think."

"Who can hinder it? Maybe the man that owns it wants the price as bad as you or I. Every one wants their own."

"That's no reason every one would have it when others want it, too. Who'll feed us if we don't feed ourselves?"

"Faith, I think every one will do that as well as they can, anyway. What'll I do if my hand isn't well to-morrow, and we wanting to weed the turnips?"

"'Tis a great doubt to me," said Daly, "that my shoulder isn't worse than your hand." He spoke slowly, with a slight flush on his face as he rubbed his shoulder outside his coat.

"Are you in earnest? Let me see it. Take off your coat. Isn't it a wonder you didn't feel it before?"

"I did feel it. But like you I didn't want to say anything about it. Will you go to the bone-setter to-night?"

"What to do? I am not much hurt, I tell you."

"I am. And I'll go to Phil MacMahon's uncle. He is better than any doctor."

"I tell you, Paddy, you go too often to that upstarter of a schemer of a bog-trotter, and see if he won't bring you to trouble yet."

"You can't give any of the MacMahons a good word on account

of Katie Maguire, and the same colleen was as sharp and as lively as a shower of hail."

"And as clean, too," added Jim, laughing; "but, Paddy, 'tisn't because of her — God be with her — I give you the warning against that old boughel. He *has* a bad name, they say. He was concerned in the loss of Frank Neil's sheep, and in the other things, too."

Paddy shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever you say, Jim, 'tis a hard trial to die of the hunger, and see plenty of meat at the other side of the ditch. You don't know what 'tis to be hungry yet."

"I have my own share of trouble," said Jim with a sigh, "but God is good, and, take it as you like, Paddy, it isn't because Phil MacMahon was after poor Katie that I speak to you. It has nothing to do with it. I never heard anything said to *his* charge. But the uncle is a bad lot, heed me, I tell you."

In a few days Jim's wrist was all right again, but Daly carried his arm in a sling, and complained loudly of the severity of his hurt, though Jim strongly suspected it was not as bad as he said.

Conclusion next month.

The Holy Kings.

TRADITION completes the recital of the Gospel regarding the three kings who came from the distant East to adore the Messiah. These holy kings, according to the etymology of the Hebrew word, were wise men: *maghim*, men of thought. This was the name which the Eastern nations gave to their doctors: as the Jews called them scribes; the Egyptians, prophets; the Greeks, philosophers. These wise men employed themselves in the study of astronomy; possibly of astrology and magic also; and we may therefore admire and wonder the more at the admirable mystery of their vocation.

According to the most ancient martyrologies, the oldest paintings, and the tradition of the Church of Cologne, they were in number three; and this is confirmed by the Roman Pontifical; perhaps to represent the three great families issued from Noah; or, as is said by Venerable Bede, the three ages of man's life: infancy, maturity, and old age. Looking upon them in either light, those holy kings were a representation of all humanity at the cradle of its Redeemer. According to the general belief, their names were Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. That they were kings in their own land, is the almost unanimous opinion of the Fathers, who apply to them those words of the prophet David: "The kings of Tharsis and the Islands shall offer presents; the kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts; and all the kings of the earth shall adore Him; all nations shall serve Him."

The liturgy of the Church, in repeating these words many times on the Feast of the Epiphany, seems to give a new authority to this application; and she adds the prophetical words: "And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of Thy rising."

If in the Gospels we find no mention of the rank of the "wise men from the East," it may be because all the royalties of earth are as nothing in the presence of that new-born King; and the most powerful monarchs stand before Him on a level with the humblest of His worshippers.

St. Leo says of the faith and devotion of the Wise Men: "When a star had conducted them to adore Jesus, they did not find Him exorcising devils, or raising the dead, or restoring sight to the blind, or speech to the dumb, but a silent Babe under the care of a solicitous Mother, giving no sign of power, but exhibiting a miracle of humility." Where shall we find such faith? "These Gentiles," says St. Austin, of Hippo, "were the first fruits of that Gentile Church of which we are the ingathering. These Wise Men found the young Child among those that denied Him; they worshipped in that tiny body that God whom, among great signs and wonders, the Jews could not spare even as a Man." They became the first preachers of Christ to the Gentiles, after they had returned to their own country, circumventing Herod in his efforts to find Him that was born King of the Jews. They scattered the precious seed of faith throughout their tribes and lands.

In an ancient commentary on St. Matthew we read: — "Among the works of St. Chrysostom there is a record of the baptism of these holy Kings by St. Thomas," and it is said they were martyrs for the Faith. Their bodies were brought to Constantinople by St. Helena; thence they were carried to Milan, and in the twelfth century transferred by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to Cologne, where they now rest in the choir of the magnificent cathedral, within a reliquary rich with gold, silver, and precious stones. It is a much frequented shrine, where pilgrims can, by asking, obtain billets which have touched the relics of the three Kings. The protection of the Wise Men is specially invoked by travellers, also against disease and sudden death.

Did space permit, we would gladly quote here the whole of a most inspiriting hymn on the "Three Kings," by the saintly Father Faber. It thrills one's soul in these days of weak faith to read it, but we must content ourselves with giving only two of the twelve jubilant stanzas of this glorious canticle: —

> Oh! glory be to God on high for these Arabian Kings! —
> These miracles of royal faith, with Eastern offerings —
> For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthasar, who from far
> Found Mary out, and Jesus, by the shining of a star.
>
> Let us ask these Martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,
> Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast,
> To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's bright home,
> And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome!

THERE is a celebrated reply of Mr. Curran to a remark of Lord Clare, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal arguments: "Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law books."—"Better read them, my lord," was the rejoinder.

A Pack of Cards.

A PRIVATE soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service. The account of it is thus given in an English journal: Sergeants commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the pastor had read the prayers, he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer-book. Pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him; he looked first at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over the constable took Richard prisoner and brought him before the mayor.

"Well," says the mayor, "what have you brought this soldier here for?"—"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?—""Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."—"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor common prayer-book—I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then, spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace —"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God. When I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the tray it reminds me of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When I see the four, it reminds me of the four evangelists who preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out. When I see six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work He had made and hallowed it. When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives. When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers who were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten who returned thanks. When I see the ten, it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone. When I see the king, it reminds me of the great King of heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the queen, it reminds of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to wrists. So King Solomon told by that.

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the

cards in the pack except one."—"What is that?"—"The knave," said the mayor. "I will give you a description of that if you will not be angry."—"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."—"The greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here." "I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool." "When I count how many spots are in a pack of cards, I find 365 — as many days as there are in a year. When I count the number of cards there are in a pack, I find there are fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year, and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and, on counting the tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So, you see, a pack of cards serves for Bible, a common prayer-book, and an almanac."

The Lesson from Wisconsin.

WE frankly confess that the result of the late election in Wisconsin has given us very great satisfaction. It has inspired us with renewed confidence in the people, and, consequently, in our republican institutions. It is an object-lesson to religious fanatics and designing politicians, which we think is not likely to be soon forgotten. It is a most encouraging indication that when a question is fairly presented to the masses they will incline to the side of justice and fair-play in spite of the frantic efforts of crazy cranks and over-zealous partisans. The contest in Wisconsin was a fair, stand-up fight between the advocates of liberty of education and those who sought to enslave them to the state. The Bennett law was dictated by the popular spirit of opposition to parochial schools. This we consider abundantly proved by the fact that the existing law is sufficiently stringent, being compulsory and covering all essential points of a reasonable and just school law. If the party in power had desired to improve the educational status of the state, they had only to go to work and insist upon a more thorough observance of the existing law. Unfortunately, their zeal was reserved for a law embodying features which rendered it obnoxious to the sense of justice of a majority of the people. Professor Jacob Wahl, of Milwaukee, some time since declared that, "It is a political law aimed at the Catholics, and intended to suppress private and parochial schools. I am principal of a public school, and know what the law is and what I am talking about." The friends of the law as good as acknowledged its defects by proposing in convention to amend the law in those very points which were objected against, provided it should pass. This pledge was probably a tub thrown to the whole for political effect and in all probability never would have been fulfilled. Certainly it is a most happy circumstance that the people themselves have amended the law by burying it out of sight.

What is the lesson? Is it not an encouragement to hope that the good sense and love of fair-play of the mass of our people will eventually do justice to Catholics, and that the cause of liberty of

education will triumph in the end? Surely, never was a campaign more vigorously, we may well say more unscrupulously, fought than that on the part of the friends of the law. They moved heaven and earth to accomplish their object. They had all the advantage which the party in power naturally possesses. They appealed to the religious prejudices of the people, and judging from previous campaigns in which the religious element was dragged in, we confess we feared greatly for the result. Thank God, for once the right has won. Now, Wisconsin human nature is not materially different from other portions of the human race, unless, indeed, Boston be considered an exception, and we are confident that in time our own Protestant fellow-citizens will make up their minds not to be ruled by the fanatical element of the community who are determined to have everything their own way, but to insist upon equal justice and liberty for all. We are perfectly aware that bigotry and fanaticism never lessen wisdom, and the race never dies out; but it is to be hoped that a few lessons like that from Wisconsin may have the effect to thin their ranks, and, perchance, remand the remnant to a condition of deserved obscurity and innocuous desuetude.

The Indians—Important Interview.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, Bishop Shanley, of Jamestown, N. Dakota, and Bishop McGoldrick, of Duluth, had an interview recently with Secretary Noble and Acting Indian Commissioner Belt upon the subject of Indian schools in the Northwest. They appeared in behalf of the Catholic Sisters, who have been in charge of the girls' school on the Devil's Lake Indian reservation in North Dakota. The school was formerly a Catholic school conducted under the terms of a contract with the government. The contract expiring on July last, Indian Commissioner Morgan refused to renew it. A protest was made by the Catholic authorities, and the sisters were allowed to remain at the school as government teachers. They were given charge of the girls and younger boys. Some further difficulties arose, and Superintendent Canfield was sent to Devil's Lake and imposed rules and regulations which were obnoxious to the sisters. Another school for the larger boys, under the direction of Superintendent Canfield, with quarters at Fort Totten, not being ready, he opened his school in the sisters' building. He demanded that the sisters mingle in the every-day life of the school with the other teachers, thus breaking up the "community seclusion."

These differences were discussed at some length by Archbishop Ireland, Bishops Shanley and McGoldrick, and Secretary Noble, and on the recommendation of the Archbishop, Secretary Noble agreed that the sisters be allowed to enjoy this "community seclusion," and live according to their own rules. While, of course, giving secular instructions to the pupils, they will be governed by the superintendent and the rules imposed by the Indian department. As soon as convenient a separate building will be allowed the sisters at Fort Totten. The

Archbishop made some recommendations with reference to the school at Turde mountain. Last year the school accommodated one hundred and thirty children. Commissioner Morgan has refused to renew the contract. Secretary Noble promised to investigate the situation at this place, and said if it could be done, and he believed it could, the contract would be renewed. The interview, on the whole, Archbishop Ireland said, was very satisfactory.

How Are the Times in Ireland?

How are the times in Ireland,
Say, are they dull or are they bright?
Do all the people now demand
Their freedom as their natal right?
Do factions, feuds, religious strife,
Still keep her sons at enmity?
Or do they all maintain that life
And happiness and liberty
And equal rights belong to all?
If so, good times and brighter days
Are drawing nigh, and the downfall
Of tyranny and evil ways.

O heart of my country, wherein I was born,
Where the dust of my forefathers mingle with thee!
Although my allegiance from thee has been torn
And given to the land of the brave and the free,
Yet still there is no place more dear to my heart,
And no other land I would rather see free;
For though poor and oppressed and forsaken thou art,
There is glory and honor and mirth still with thee.
The spirit and might of O'Neil have not vanished:
Time in its course has not freedom entirely effaced;
For though from the land it has long since been banished,
In the hearts of the people it still may be traced.
And many and great are the men who have striven,
With tongue, pen, and sword, hard, from day unto day,
That freedom might reign and the serf's bonds be riven;
And such is the cause of our statesmen to-day.

O'Brien, the champion so dauntless and brave,
May Gladstone, the leader, unflinching and valiant,
And all their great colleagues, so true and so brilliant,
Never die till the land from oppression they save.
Oh, soon may those bright days we hope for be coming!
'Tis then we shall gladly revisit thy shore,
But as thou art now, we scarce care returning
To view thee in bondage as in days of yore. P. C.

Liberty, Mo., July 12, 1890.

Gladstone on the McKinley Bill.

MR. GLADSTONE, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, travelled recently from Edinburgh to Dundee, where he was enthusiastically received by large crowds. His chief object in going to Dundee was to receive the freedom of the city, and that ceremony having been performed, he made an important speech on the McKinley tariff. He said he would not bring railing accusations against the people of the United States in respect to the tariff, because, in the first place, of the great kindness they had shown him, and, in the second, because it would be bad policy to exaggerate our share in the operation of that tariff. It was not true that at any time the tariff of any country on earth could interfere seriously with the prosperity of the United Kingdom, and while such a tariff as the McKinley might injure us in one market it would benefit us in others. He urged that we should not be led for one moment into the suicidal policy of talking of retaliation. As for the effect of an Imperial Zollverein, in which England, her colonies, and dependencies adopted Protection against the world, it would enlarge our colonies and dependencies to some extent, but it would contract to a much greater extent our commerce with the rest of the world.

An American View of the Irish Question.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR., lectured on the evening of November 12, before a large audience in the Boston College Hall, under the auspices of the Young Men's Catholic Association, connected with that institution. He declared at the very outset that he came to give "An American View of the Irish Question," or, in other words, to explain why Americans are in full sympathy with the Irish home rulers, claiming by force of ancestry a strong right to represent American opinion.

"First of all," he said, "many Englishmen think the Americans side with the Irish people in this struggle out of illwill for England. But, although we have had great cause for constant friction from the very inception of our republic to the present day on questions like that of the fisheries, yet, I believe that, as far as England is concerned with the rest of Europe, we bear her no illwill. The sympathy of the great mass of Americans by birth springs from that spirit of fair-play which is the result of the very institutions which our ancestors brought with them from Europe. But our English friends object to our interference, pointing to our own action during the Civil War. This is, indeed, the question. We do not desire the disruption of the empire by the separation of Ireland, but to help our English neighbors to participate in the benefits of our own experience with the Irish race and local self-government. We know the Irish people better than they; we know what good citizens they make, and can recommend them as trustworthy."

The speaker then rehearsed the demands made by the Irish leaders and showed how Englishmen themselves are forced to admit their

justice, at the same time exclaiming that "The Irish are not fit to govern themselves," a conclusion drawn from the existing agrarian and other troubles in that unhappy country. He asserted, however, that the same objection was raised by Englishmen just before our own Revolution. To prove this statement he drew a lengthy and concise historical parallel between the conditions and acts of the American colonies, and the condition and acts of Ireland to-day. He gave conclusive proofs that boycotting, treasonable meetings, proclaimed districts, plans of campaign, conflicts with the officers of the law, in fact, that everything which is to-day charged against the Irish people existed, in the early days of this nation.

The speaker concluded by comparing the results of England's course towards the American colonies and the course which the North adopted toward the conquered South, declaring it as his opinion that, if home rule were granted Ireland, the empire would not be impaired but greatly strengthened.

Industrial School in Boston.

BOSTON Catholics have long felt the need of a well-supported industrial school, and the Brothers of Charity in charge of the House of the Angel Guardian have been frequently urged to undertake the work. About three years ago it was proposed to erect a building in the suburbs, to be conducted by the brothers as an industrial school, such as is controlled by the congregation in Montreal, but the scheme seemed impracticable.

Early in the present year it was revived, and this time it was warmly supported by the late John Boyle O'Reilly. The first plans for this project were deemed too expensive for a beginning, and the purpose now is to erect a building on the premises of the present house adjoining the Oak Grove Creamery.

It will front on Ruggles street, fourteen feet from the street line. It will be a frame building containing workshops, in which baking, shoemaking, tailoring, knitting, and printing will be taught the inmates, while supplying the needs of the home.

According to the plans of the architect, Mr. James Mulcahy, of Boston, the main entrance will face Ruggles street from the middle of the structure, while another entrance, covered by a porch and approached by a driveway, will be located at the eastern extremity. The length will be seventy-five feet, width twenty-five feet, and height forty feet. It will have two stories and a basement.

In the basement, together with the bakery, shoe shop, a boiler-room and room for storage, will be located the tailor shop, to be also used for the manufacture of knitted goods. A fully equipped printing-office, together with rooms for the janitor, will occupy the next floor, and on the top floor will be a library, reading-room, and school-room for the working boys.

The printing-office, besides the usual compositors' outfit, will have a press large enough to print eight pages of the Orphans' Friend in one form, a smaller press for job work and an electric or steam motor

to drive them. As the printing of the Orphans' Friend, which is published but four times a year, together with that of the cards and circulars issued by the house, would not give sufficient employment to the printing-shop, it has been decided, beginning at the first of the year, to publish an illustrated weekly story paper suitable for adults.

Every boy will be required to attend school two hours a day, and the management will provide for the payment of the lads when their services entitle them to remuneration. It is expected that it will be necessary to employ lay instructors for the trades, but the discipline and general management of the shops will be exclusively in the hands of the brothers. Possibly others than destitute boys, when there is room for them, will be received on the payment of a sufficient fee, but never to the exclusion of a destitute boy.

Pius IX. and Mr. Healy the American Artist.

Mr. George P. A. Healy, the veteran and distinguished American artist, is contributing some interesting recollections to the North American Review. In a recent number he writes as follows: — "During my stay in Rome I painted from memory a portrait of Pope Pius IX. His Holiness having seen this unfinished work, liked it, and consented to give me a few sittings. This was a great favor, which I highly appreciated. So far I had only seen the Pope, with other strangers, at the Vatican receptions, or from afar when he officiated at St. Peter's, before the events of 1870. I was introduced, one morning, into Pius IX's library; a pleasant room, simply enough furnished, full of books, the table covered with papers. The Pope was dressed all in white cloth, with scarlet shoes; the hair was white, the face rather pale, with very bright eyes, not incapable of sparkle, for His Holiness knew how to take a joke. He was a pretty good sitter but somewhat restless, and curious also as to what his painter was about. On one occasion he arose from his seat to look over my shoulder. When I am earnestly at work, I wish my sitters to help me, and do their duty by remaining in the attitude I have chosen. I exclaimed, perhaps a little abruptly: 'I beg your Holiness to sit down.' The Pope laughed and said: 'I am accustomed to give orders, not to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, that I also know how to obey,' and submissively went back to his chair. Pius IX has been dead now many a year. I like to think of the few short sittings he gave me in his cheerful library; I like to remember his quiet, pleasant talk, his rather Italian-sounding French, his judgments of men and things. One day, speaking of a monk who had left the Church and married, he observed, not without malice: 'He has taken his punishment into his own hands.' I like especially to feel as though the hours spent in his presence had cast a glow on my later years, as the glorious setting sun behind St. Peter's throws a glamour over Rome, its domes and gardens. I often think, also, of Pius IX's gentle reproach to one of my countrymen who, in his American pride, refused to bend before him: 'My son, an old man's blessing never did harm to any one.'

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.

Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH A STARTLING EVENT OCCURS.

ONE stormy November evening of the dim long ago we were all seated about the wide ingleside of the dear old Elm Parlor of Kildoona, chattering and laughing gaily at times, then pausing to listen to the hollow pealing of the tempest without, or to gaze dreamily into the ruddy heart of the wood-embers in the ample grate.

It was within a month of Christmas-tide, and already preparations were afoot in our old-world household for the due celebration of that merry season of peace and good-will. Our days were busily occupied in bestowing upon our old homestead a thorough process of cleaning down, a half-yearly occurrence which sorely tried the temper of our veteran housekeeper, good old Nell Connor.

Poor Nell! Her old bones were rheumatic, and any additional pottering up and down stairs was by no means an agreeable inroad upon her quiet routine of work.

It was a blusterous, chilly November. All day long our fine old oaks, elms, beeches, and chestnuts were tossed about wildly in a bleak southeasterly gale; all day long the gray-green Atlantic below our gates was streaked with seething foam, as its league-long breakers came thundering in upon the beach, with a roar of wrath and triumph, which reached our ears up at Kildoona, mingled with the hollow uproar of the storm. All day long strange sighings and wailings passed around the house, and odd tappings and whisperings came to the casements, and rustling voices and ghostly footsteps passed along the lobbies, and the golden and white ivy nodded against the panes, as though it were craving admittance from the wintry warfare without.

But when the early nightfall shrouded the landscape in purple shadow, and the great fires were replenished with turf and bogwood, and shutters, or curtains, as the case might be, closed out the black night from the glow of comfort within, I doubt if you could have found on all our wild southwestern Irish coast a more cosey, genial, delightful old spot than Kildoona, buried amid the hills and glens though it was, unknown to the busy, bustling world, hidden away from the fret and fever of life.

Well, we were all seated there beside the hearth, on this November night; and who "all" were, I will tell you in as few words as may be.

First of all, there was my dear Aunt Anna, kindest and best of women, who had spent most of her time here at Kildoona since my poor mother's death, fifteen years before.

A sad blow to our household was that crowning sorrow of my young life, and since that melancholy occurrence my father was a confirmed invalid. He rarely ventured out of his own rooms. The shock of his wife's death utterly prostrated him. He had loved her dearly. At five and fifty he had wedded a girl of nineteen. He could not for a long time grasp the fact that death had taken her from him and that he was left!

Three children were born of this union, my brother Richard, my sister Marion, and myself. Our mother's death was, in truth, a cruel blow to us, and but for Aunt Anna's unfailing kindness, I shudder to think what our lives would have been like at lonely old Kildoona during the years which followed our bereavement.

Marion and I were inseparable sisters. Four years her junior, I looked up to her and worshipped her as though she belonged to an altogether different sphere from mine, breathed a different atmosphere from that which supplied the rest of us with the essential influence of life. She was so beautiful, so warm-hearted, so talented! I used to spend hours watching her dark, changeful, eloquent face; to my ears, the tones of her low, clear voice were sweeter than any music I had ever heard. My brother Richard was also constantly with us; and we both regarded him as the hero of our small world.

Alas! We little thought what the future was to bring forth with regard to him. We little dreamed that our loved and only brother was to spend his after years as an outcast from his home and country!

But so it was.

I cannot dwell here upon the details of the painful story. In truth, my heart will not allow me to do so. Suffice it to say that when Richard was but sixteen, he and his father quarrelled — a bitter, senseless quarrel, having its origin in some foolish freak of one of my brother's companions — the unintentional firing of a neighbor's hay-rick, an act of which Richard himself could never have been guilty.

My brother denied the charge, but would not betray his companion; and upon my father's refusing to credit the denial, Richard's pride came to the front. A volley of hot, angry words poured from his lips. Then my father burst into a furious passion; and three days later Richard disappeared from Kildoona, leaving behind no clue as to his intended movements.

Ten weary years had gone by since then, and we had heard nothing of the outcast. How Marion and I longed and prayed for his return! Alas, all our hopes and prayers were in vain.

In my heart I know that my father very soon repented of his cruel treatment of his only son, and would have gladly recalled the boy did he but know where to find him. But Richard never wrote a line. He had passed away out of our lives, leaving no trace behind.

His departure was the signal for a series of domestic misfortunes. Our worldly prospects waned and waned. A steward to whom my

father committed the management of the place, swindled and robbed us. For one dreadful year we tottered on the verge of ruin.

It was then that my noble-hearted sister — my beautiful, spirited Marion — although but sixteen years of age at the time, said to herself one day that she would no longer remain a burden upon her father, that she would step forth into the big, bustling world beyond our forgotten retreat, and turn her talents to some profitable account forthwith.

You can take my place, Alice darling," she said to me, as I clung to her sobbing, as though my heart would break. "I shall not be wanted. Dear Aunt Anne will not desert you, never fear. She will be at hand, whenever you want her. I know I am doing what is right. What is there for me in this ill-fated house"?

Oh me, I cannot dwell upon our parting. I felt it more acutely than even my mother's death, my brother's disappearance.

Marion went away from Kildoona. Fortune appeared to favor her. She secured an engagement as companion to an English lady, residing in Cornwall, near Launceston.

For three years she remained there. In the meantime our circumstances improved. So far had our affairs brightened at last, that the happy day came when Marion was to be recalled to her home.

How gladly I penned the letter! How breathlessly I awaited my dear sister's return!

She came. I clasped her to my heart once again. As I had wept at parting so the reunion likewise filled my eyes with tears. But they were tears of joy. I could not see my loved one, for the heavy dimness which clouded my sight.

At last I conquered the first paroxysm. I drew back and scanned critically the features I loved most in the world.

Then I started, and a sound between a groan and a frightened cry escaped my lips. I beheld a changed Marion. White as death she stood before me, her beautiful, brown eyes dimmed as if from much weeping, dark circles ploughed beneath.

"Oh, Marion," I gasped at last, "what is the cause of this? Are you unwell? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, Alice," she replied, in a wild, broken way, which filled my heart with conflicting forebodings. "I have not been very well for some time past. It may have been the climate."

"The climate?" I echoed incredulously. "I've always heard that the Cornish climate was as balmy as our own."

"Perhaps so. I know not. Hush, dear; don't trouble about it," she returned, in the same odd, excited way. "Now that I am really at home once again, I shall recover my old strength and healthy color. Never again talk of the years of my absence, Alice. Let it be a dead subject between you and me."

And from that day forward, indeed, I never could induce my sister to dwell in any way upon her English experiences, although in truth, I often longed to draw back the curtain which hid those three mysterious years of her life.

As the months went by she slowly rallied. At the end of a year she had recovered a good deal of her former strength and spirits. But she was never again quite the same Marion.

Wellnigh three years had now elapsed since her return from England, and even still she seemed to suffer at times from that old sorrow — if sorrow it indeed was.

But for the past few months I was delighted to find a more hopeful change in my sister's looks and words than I had as yet noticed since she had returned to the forsaken nest. The cause of this happy change was easily found.

One of our oldest and most valued friends and neighbors was Brian Ronayne of Rathronayne, and his only son, Launce, had been our favorite playmate in other days, a staunch chum of my brother's, and a frequent looker-in at Kildoona.

Of late years we had not seen so much of Launce. He had been away at college, and had travelled for a time abroad. My brother's disappearance was a sore blow to him, and he held aloof from Kildoona, the very sight of which recalled too many unpleasant memories.

For the past year, however, Launce had begun to visit us regularly once again ; and ere long it became quite evident to me that the secret of this change was to be found in my sister's beautiful, brown eyes, sunshine smile, and sweet, winning manners.

Yes ; it required no over-keen discernment to perceive that Launce Ronayne was hopelessly in love ; and, to my joy, I soon discovered that Marion appeared to receive his attentions, and even to return them in kind.

Aunt Anne, of course, saw how matters were, and had, I think, a talk with my father on the subject. As yet nothing had been said openly on the matter, but I know now that my father was highly pleased at the thought of a union between the two.

Brian Ronayne had been one of my father's oldest friends. Indeed, for generations the Ronayne's of Rathronayne, and the Carrolls of Kildoona, were almost like one family ; so loyal had been the bonds of friendship between them. So that it was quite as it should be that Launce Ronayne and Marion Carroll should be man and wife.

Day by day I was expecting the tidings of an open avowal on Launce's part, and a formal engagement. That the lovers were secretly plighted to each other, I knew full well.

Launce came nearly every day and joined our fireside circle almost, every night.

On this November night he was with us, and his sister Nora, a bright, bonnie, warm-hearted girl, had accompanied him from Rathronayne.

Launce was seated beside Marion, and the firelight, leaping up now and then into fitful brilliancy, revealed his handsome, dark head, with its blue-black curling air, the bronzed face, and the glorious, dark-brown eyes. No wonder my sister loved him, thought I. Ah, how happy I should have felt to-night, if only poor Richard were at home !

A little silence had fallen between us ; as Nora Ronayne smilingly

whispered to me, "the angels were passing;" and we all sat gazing dreamily into the red heart of the fire, But presently the tempest swelled without — Oh! how I loved its long-drawn anthem of melancholy grandeur — and wailed and hooted in the chimneys, and the ivy was blown with a ghostly tapping against the window-panes.

"Shall we have lights, Alice?" Aunt Anne said, arousing herself from her reverie. "It is nearly tea-time; and that storm without makes one feel queerish. The light would be cheerful in itself."

Aunt Anne's plump person was almost buried in an old-fashioned arm-chair — verily, an heir-loom of the family; her wontedly merry, blue Celtic eyes looked grave, I thought, in the fire-light. Her round, good-natured face was for once somewhat clouded.

"No lights for me," I made answer with decision. "I think lamps are an outrage on this genial, subdued fire-light. When the lamp is lighted conversation flies, and everybody forgets how to be natural and communicative forthwith."

"I agree with you there, Alice," quoth Launce Ronayne. I think he had taken possession of Marion's hand, and did not care, I suppose, that the searching lamp-light should reveal this little piece of quiet by-play. "The fire-light is magical in its influences. In its charmed glow we forget self completely; a subtle, sympathetic bond links heart to heart, and conversation becomes, in truth, 'a genial current of the soul' instead of the empty chatter of society. By all means let us taboo the lamp. What say you, Marion?"

"As you will," my sister returned, and her beautiful face and voice were full of tenderness just now. "I could sit here forever in this dear old room, watching the smouldering logs, and listening to that wonderful music without."

"Well, well," said Aunt Anne, in her pleasant, lively way, although she appeared, I thought, to be merely feigning brightness "do you know what, my dears? I think you should all turn your spare hours to making verses! What a romantic trio! I feel hopelessly material this moment, and altogether out of place. Nora, what say you? I hope you, at least, won't go over to the enemy!"

"Not I!" laughed Nora, shaking her curly black head, and her white teeth flashed between the ruddy curves of her smiling mouth. "This light has made me 'creepy.' Let us have the lamp, by all means. By the way, Launce," she added suddenly, "you are forgetting your promise. What did papa say as we were leaving Rathronayne this evening?"

Launce started, and frowned a little and sighed.

"Oh, bother! I never thought of it. Father wants me to copy one of his topographical essays for him to-night. He is sending it off to-morrow to the supplement to the Cork Examiner. I promised to be with him at seven, and, I suppose, it is past six now."

"But how can you go, in such a storm?" Marion exclaimed. "Just listen to it! And the evening, too, is as dark as pitch. Now you must wait, at least, until I order the covered car."

She rose quickly from her low chair by the hearth; but Launce Ronayne held her hand fast.

"No covered car for us," said he decisively. "Nora and I have a thorough contempt for cars of all sorts and conditions. The wild walk over the hills, in the teeth of the storm, will be delightful. Come, Nora."

"But you can't possibly find the hill-path now," Marion persisted. "Why, you have no idea how dark it is. Wait, until I have a look out."

She broke away from him and ran to one of the big windows, drew aside the heavy, crimson curtains and the blind within. Just then the fire-light leaped up into a momentary blaze about the big log, revealing my sister's lovely figure, as she peered out into the wild night, and the graceful poise of her small, flower-like head.

"Well, *is* it so very dark, my dear?" Aunt Anne demanded. "If so, Launce, you must at least carry a lantern."

"A lantern!" laughed Launce. "Why, I could find my way along every path of these hills if" —

But the sentence was never completed.

At this moment a startling interruption occurred. A shrill cry escaped my sister's lips — a cry of amazement, affright, horror, it seemed to me — and starting back from the window she staggered half way across the room toward the hearth, her clasped hands flung above her head, her very lips livid.

For a moment she stood thus, while we stared, thunderstruck; too startled to utter a word. Then, ere we had time to rush to her assistance she swayed slowly forward, and fell helplessly to the floor.

To be continued.

State of Religion in Italy.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, in the course of a speech delivered in response to an address of welcome presented to him on the occasion of his return from Europe, said, among other things: "And now shall I say a word of my impressions on the state of religion in Italy? Speaking roughly, and making due allowances, the condition of official and of Papal Rome may be characterized as that of war to the knife; as a state of steady and unrelenting opposition to the Church and to Christ's Vicar on earth. More than once the expression has been used in my hearing, 'The time may come when instead of our sending missionaries to America you may be obliged to send them to us!' In official Italy there is to-day the liberty to do evil. Until the Pontiff be restored to the independence which his high office requires, the liberty to do good cannot but languish in bonds and in fetters. When the head suffers, abnormally, the members cannot but be ill at ease. Yet there are also helpful signs. In the department of Christian education, for instance, strenuous efforts are made to shield the young, especially from the rising tide of secularism and infidelity. In a population of say four hundred thousand souls there are to-day two hundred and twenty-four Catholic schools in Rome. The religious congregations of Brothers and Sisters are very active, and some of the recently erected institutions are remarkably fine."

A Great Book.

JOHN MAC HALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND CORRESPONDENCE. By Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D.; D. Lit. Laval, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness.

"In advocating the cause of the POOR, I am only building my covenant with my God and my people." Archbishop Mac Hale's first speech in Tuam.

DEDICATION.

To the Sacred Memory, of the Dead
Who in prison, on the Scaffold, on the battle
field, in exile, through
the long suffering of centuries and
the Starless night of
Famine after Famine, have perished
Martyrs to their
Love for Ireland, and looking in
vain for the
Dawn of her Resurrection Morn;—

TO THE GENEROUS SPIRITS OF THE LIVING.

The Sons and Daughters of Ireland at home
and abroad, who still
Suffer, and Labor, and hope against hope, for the
Resurrection of Erin;—
To the Brave Hearts of Irish Soil whose
Heroic Resolves no tyranny can change,
Whose fidelity to the hallowed cause of
National Right, no bribe, no torture
Can move;—

TO THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND
of every race and creed, in every
civilized country, who, like
JOHN OF TUAM, seek for Ireland, JUSTICE
and only Justice,
These volumes, containing the record
of a noble life, given wholly
To God and Country, are dedicated by
THE AUTHOR.

St. Germain-in-Laye, France, July the 12th, 1889.

The first volume contains a frontispiece of the Archbishop, with various scenes in Ireland, beautifully executed.

The second volume is embellished with a fine engraving of Rev. Thomas Mac Hale, brother of the Archbishop, and numerous engravings of scenes in Ireland.

The two volumes, which are well printed and beautifully bound in green and gold, make 1353 pages octavo, and are sold for the low price of $5.

The workmanship does great credit to the publishing house of Fr. Pustet (printer to the Holy See), New York and Cincinnati.

The book should be on the shelves of every Irish patriot in America. Patrick Donahoe, Boston, can furnish it.

Thanksgiving at Holy Cross Cathedral.

SERMON BY REV. T. J. CONATY—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE SAFEGUARD OF THE STATE.

THANKSGIVING DAY was celebrated by the Catholic Union of Boston by a Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross at 10 A. M., at which the members of the union were present in a body.

The celebrant was Rev. Leo P. Boland; deacon, Rev. L. M. Corcoran; subdeacon, Rev. H. A. Sullivan; master of ceremonies, Rev. Dr. J. F. Talbot.

His Grace, Archbishop Williams, occupied the episcopal throne during the celebration of Mass.

Beethoven's Mass in C was sung by the choir, John J. McCluskey, Samuel Tuckerman, Miss Mooney, and Miss Ella A. McLaughlin, soloists.

At the first Gospel Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. He took his text from the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, i. 12.

For our glory is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity of heart and sincerity of God, and not in carnal wisdom, but in the grace of God, we have conversed in this world.

The preacher said: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Father Conaty's Sermon.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: The people of Corinth gave thanks because of the deliverance of their blessed apostle from the dangers which threatened him; they rejoiced with exceeding great joy that he had been spared to them, and returning thanks to God, they expressed the joy of their hearts in their thanksgiving.

But the apostle, recalling the prayers which had ascended to heaven in gratitude for his deliverance from the evils that threatened him, reminds the faithful at Corinth, that his pride and his glory is not in the victory won over his enemies, so much as it is in the consciousness of having done his duty: Gratitude is due to God not only because of his deliverance, but because of his grace by which he has been enabled to follow his conscience and do the work he had been commissioned to do. May we not see in those words of St. Paul a fitting lesson for ourselves on this day of Thanksgiving, which pious custom has set apart as a day when the people shall gather and publicly render gratitude to God for having saved us as a people from the dangers that threaten us; for having preserved our sacred traditions by which we are enabled to carry out the mission which as a people we have received in the providence of God; to give to manhood the rights with which God had invested it; to preach to the world the dignity of man as received through Christ Jesus our Lord, who redeemed our manhood and ennobled it? This is a day of thanksgiving. To God, all thanks for His blessings to us. It is a day of instruction. Can we say with the apostle, Our glory is our conscience? For what avail God's gifts if our conscience reproach us with the ingratitude that arises from duty neglected or badly done? This day was born out of the religious sense of a community which believed that man had duties to God as well as to the state; that the state was a handmaid of God, instituted by Him to enable man

The More Easily to Serve God,

and thus do his whole duty. Our republic was built upon the great truths of man's inalienable rights, thus acknowledging God's supremacy by the very fact that these were rights above and beyond state control.

Every individual has a mission in life, however restricted it may be. His life has an object in existence, and he fulfils it insomuch as he realizes the idea which is his mission. What are nations but aggregates of individuals, with a mission, or as we may call it, a providential idea to realize? The national idea of the Hebrews was faith, and they realized it by preserving the divine traditions and placing, through the Messiah, the benefits of redemption within reach. Greece had its national idea in art and philosophy, which the schools of Athens perpetuated. Rome

found its mission in the perfection of law and the development of the state. Christianity came to Grecian art and Roman philosophy, and added to both the ennobling of humanity as seen in the Redeemer, and gave to the world the ideals of equality and manhood which were more or less imperfectly adopted into European states.

The American republic, made up of the best blood of all nations, had thrust upon it the mission of continuing all that was good in ancient nations, while, as a Christian people, its destiny was the perfection of liberty ; liberty with law, and law with liberty, liberty that secures the authority of the republic and the freedom of the individual ; showing to the world a people sovereign without social tyranny ; an individual free without anarchy ; a republic recognizing for the first time the inalienable rights of man, and, in this, the rights of God. The ancient republic recognized the rights of the citizen ; but these were grants from the state, which possessed all right. Man, as such, independent of state and society, had no recognized rights.

Our republic built itself upon manhood and not citizenship, and recognized this manhood as man's title to liberty, which has its source neither in convention nor society, but in God, who made man to be the slave of truth and justice and not a creature of the state.

To develop and perfect this idea

Is the Mission of the American People.

Does not the question naturally come, are we, as a people, doing our duty; are we conscientiously and faithfully serving God? Are we losing faith in God? Do we reverence His law? Our answer must be sought for in the individual. If the individual be faithful, reverential, obedient, the people made by the aggregation of individuals will be equally so. The level of public life is the level of private life, just as the water rises to the height of its source. Has God and religion the influence in our lives that they ought to possess? Does not religious indifference increase? Do not minds rebel against holy truth, and wills refuse to follow the commandments? Does not the opinion prevail in many circles that one religion is as good as another? that it matters not what a man believes, so long as his moral conduct is good? Who are to stand as a solid wall against such insidious teachings, which to the conscientious Christian must mean the destruction of faith, the sapping of morality, the weakening of the safeguards of the state, the return to worse than paganism and the ruin of free government? To my mind and yours there can be but one answer, and that is the Catholic church, which stands for unalterable and unchanged faith; which stands for the truths of man, in the family and in society; which asserts that it is built on Christ's revealed word, telling the world that the redemption means that there is no salvation except through Jesus Christ, and that man can be saved only by obedience to His laws revealed by Him and proposed by His church.

This stability we believe to be a safeguard of the Republic, for man's rights come from God, have been sanctified by Christ, and can only be preserved by obedience to Christ and His laws. He freed our manhood from the tyranny of pagan religion and pagan state, and taught us that true freedom is with Christ in the gospel precepts. The religious enthusiast, the political bigot, may write and calumniate us, misrepresent our doctrines, misinterpret our motives, but our organization

Stands in Every Community.

As the best answer to the men who would inflame popular prejudice against us, our books are open to be read by all who desire information, our system has no secrets.

We have entered into the fabric of the government from the first moment of its existence, and there has yet to be found an honest reason for accusing us of hostility to the groundwork of American free government. The test of our religion is the lives of our people. In them will men seek for the evidence of the truth of our position, that our church is a safeguard and a blessing, not a danger and a menace to the Republic we love and venerate. Thankful to God for our Catholic faith, we Catholics have a great duty to perform to our country. Can we glory in our conscience? Are we true to our mission? Is the poison

of indifference entering our lives? It is natural to expect that some of the poison which fills the atmosphere we breathe may enter our lives. Indifference to religion and religious duties in one who professes religion is the height of absurdity, utterly inconsistent with right reason. In a Catholic it is criminal, for it is a betrayal of the Saviour. Still we hear the maxims of the indifferent. "To do one's duty to this world" is one of them. Is this the true worship of God who has said through Jesus Christ that the world and he are at enmity? How can we know our duty to one another except through God, for are we not bound to love our neighbor for God? Will we listen to the indifferent man who sees his duty in caring for his family, wholly absorbed in seeking for money with which to make them comfortable? Is money our aim in life? Is that the end for which God creates us? To care for home and kindred is a duty, but to care for them by caring for their interests in God, is the Christian's idea of life. Is country our God and duty to the state our religion? Is not this the pagan idea? If this be man's destiny, why did Christ come to redeem us from the false idols of Greece and Rome, and teach us that we must give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and to God what belongs to God? Is religion a weakness to be yielded to in sickness and in the presence of death? Is it not a living force in life calling for man's best service? Is it something one is born in, or is it not a sincere conviction of truth which necessarily excludes falsehood? Is it not a deposit of truth which man's intellect accepts, and a code of morals which man's will adopts and out of which grows Christian life? We Catholics should be such as will not tolerate any compromise with error. We cannot allow the least morsel of falsehood to be mixed up with the sacred deposit of truth entrusted to us.

In the presence of such maxims, faith and devotion are high sounding words, but meaningless in this day and generation. Fidelity to truth is bigotry and narrowness.

The Martyr is a Fanatic,

and the conscientious believer a weak-minded creature. Men learn their duties, have personal convictions as to them; but when they enter business circles they hear another code of morals, and losing sight of religious maxims they are in danger of following loosely constructed business theories. Men forget that there is but one system of weights and measures in religion and this must serve for all circumstances. This should protect men from slander whether in private or political life, for the wrong is equally great. This should prevent dishonesty in public servants, for they should recognize that robbery is robbery wherever committed; this should make men feel that the Gospel is the only rule of true life whether it be in the family, the political circle, the business exchange or man's personal life. Catholic men need to lead all others in these moral principles. If we would preserve our republic for our children we must labor to burn out this canker of indifference to God's law which is eating at the very vitals of the nation. The popular tide may be against this, and it may bring success to a man's ambition; but popularity and success at the expense of religious conviction of right and wrong is a prize bought at too dear a price. We need men in public life and in private life, in the business circle and in the political circle, in every circle into which men are called to enter, to carry with them their religious convictions, and be ready to defend them against every and all adversaries. But this calls for intelligent faith, and if there is on earth anything that is worthy of men's intelligence it is divine faith, for that is a participation in God's own knowledge, and the knowledge of God, made manifest by men through their faith, is the establishment of God's kingdom on earth. "Diffusing the sweet odor of His knowledge in every place." We need not look for a race of giants to meet Goliaths. It was a simple shepherd who slew him of old. Greece was but a mere speck on the globe, but she influenced the thought of the world. Nazareth gave the Saviour who redeemed the world and revolutionized the world. No, it is not numbers we need, nor genius,

But Virtue in the Individual

who promotes the Kingdom of God in the world by promoting it in his own heart. We are sent, "not to stand idle all the day, but to go forth to our work and to our labor until the evening." Thank God for all his blessings to our nation. May he continue these blessings and give us grace to lead holy, conscientious lives in keeping wtih our holy faith.

What is called for is manly, intelligent Catholics, proud of their faith because it is the truth — Catholics who know their holy religion and are ready to defend it, not by the broadsword of controversy, which avails little, but by the gentler and more effectual weapon of manly obedience and strenuous good works; men who are not prepared to minimize creed and whittle down moral requirements to mere shadows, thereby surrendering faith; men who recognize that faith is not ours, but God's, and we have rights in it but to accept and practise it; men who believe it to be the very soul of man's soul, which he can no more divest him of than he can live without the vivifying principle of life. This was the principle that actuated our fathers in the ages of faith. This made the martyrs, and are martyrs not needed to-day? The rack and gibbet are not used to test fidelity to Christ and truth — but Christ and truth demand the same sacrifice.

Let us not heed the indifference which tells us that martyrs are the victims of fanaticism, or the enemies of reason and liberty. The martyr was a victim of independence, who would follow conscience rather than the emperor; he was the victim of a personal conviction which led him to believe that life was worth living only insomuch as he served God. Fidelity to truth is not bigotry, it is not narrowness of mind. Truth must necessarily hate error as light hates darkness, as Christ hates Satan, as liberty hates tyranny. What we need is a deeper religious sense — a keener insight into the supernatural, a more real understanding of sin and its consequences, more self-denial, more practical faith, a closer observance of the commandments, remembering the words of the apostle:

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have the right to the tree of life and may enter through the gates into the city." A blessing which I wish you all. Amen.

Is Man or Woman the Braver?

THE editor of a Belgian paper — the *Patriote* of Brussels — conceived the curious idea of appealing to his readers for answers to the question: Whether men in full possession of their senses, and certain that death is at hand, resign themselves to their fate more courageously than women placed in the same circumstances? The editor received numerous replies from priests, doctors, and others qualified to offer an opinion. Only one correspondent cast his vote in favor of the men; a considerable number gave the palm to the ladies; but the majority held that on the whole there is no difference between the sexes as to the dispositions in which they face death. One thing was made perfectly clear by the testimony of priests and medical men — that is, that they who die with the greatest resignation are those who are possessed of the strongest Christian faith. It was strong faith that fortified the martyrs in their sufferings, and it was the absence of it that made Voltaire's deathbed a scene of horror.

DRUGGIST — "What's the matter with you? You seem excited." Clerk — "Heavens! I sold Mrs. Smiley strychnine instead of potash." Druggist — "Well, if you aren't the most careless idiot I ever saw. You seem to have no idea of the value of strychnine."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A Christmas Carol.

LITTLE ones, awake! awake!
Listen, for the Christ-Child's sake;
On a midnight long ago,
When the ground was white with snow,
Jesus Christ became a child,
Born of Virgin undefiled.
Glory be to God on high,
Christ doth in the manger lie;
Glory be to God on high.

For the love of us He came,
Let us bless His Holy name;
Let the Christmas bells ring clear
On the solemn midnight air,
While we sing, with joyful tongue,
The sweetest, holiest cradle-song:
Glory be to God on high,
Christ doth in the manger lie;
Glory be to God on high.

Little Dick's Christmas Carols.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, when the housekeeper came down stairs, she found Dick tossing to and fro and muttering wildly. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glittering, and she was no time discovering that Dick was down with fever.

"I can't have a boy ill with fever in the kitchen," she said to herself, and when the priests came down they found the little bed empty. They thought he had run away.

"What has become of the boy, Anna?" asked Father Montague eagerly, as she came out of the scullery.

"I've carried him up to my room, sir. He's down with fever, and I doubt his getting better. He don't seem to have any strength to fight against an illness. I should say he's been starved."

"I'll run for Dr. George," said Father Lyster, the young priest.

Little Dick was very ill indeed. For a fortnight Dr. George came two or three times a day, expecting to find him dead. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul came to nurse him for the housekeeper had her own work to do. Dr. George interested some of his richer patients in the story of Father Montague finding the boy in the church, and they were very kind in sending wine and soup and fruit to the priest's house.

One day, when Father Montague was watching by his bedside, he woke, and opened his eyes. He looked about wonderingly, till his eyes fell on the priest. He smiled, and, holding out his little thin hand, said:

"Ah! yes; I remember now. Have I been in bed long? I have had such long dreams."

"You have been here a fortnight or more. Do you feel very ill?"

"No," answered the boy, in a weak, quiet voice. "My head aches, and I don't think I could sing in the streets. Shall I get up and go away, sir?"

"Get up and go away! Why on earth should you? No; you are going to stay here some time yet, I expect."

The doctor came in, and was much surprised to find Dick awake and holding a conversation.

"Well, my lad," he said, taking Dick's hand to feel his pulse, "you've slipped through Death's fingers this time. You'll be able to give us your life-history in a few days. Ah! yes; you are much better, and I am sure we have had a hard fight to pull you through. Look," he added, turning to the priest and unbuttoning the cuff of Dick's night-shirt (Mrs. George had sent Dick a lot of old clothes), "feel that — nothing but skin and bone. Beef-tea and port, alternately, every half-hour, till I see him again; for I am very busy to-day and must go now. Mrs. Gwynne is going to send half-a-dozen port for the boy; and I have ordered some for you and Father Lyster, for I am sure you have had a great deal of trouble with this little chap. He is grateful, though, arn't you, boy?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Dick, his eyes glistening.

Dick had never been so happy in his life as during his convalescence. Kind ladies came to visit him, and brought him toys and books, such as he had only seen in shop-windows. Doctor George brought his own little boy (whose cast-off clothes Dick was wearing) to talk to him, and read to him, and soon Master Bertie and Dick became very firm friends. Master Bertie read to Dick and told him stories; Dick, in return, taught Bertie to do Punch and Judy, and to whistle through a peach-stone like a lark, both of which accomplishments the boys thought far more highly of than all Bertie's book-learning.

Dick was a very, very long time in getting well. Dr. George took him out in the carriage several times, hoping the fresh air would give him new life and strength. It was six weeks before he could walk down stairs, and then it tired him dreadfully. It was nearly the end of June when he felt decidedly better, and could walk about in the street a little. Meanwhile he had twined himself round Father Montague's heart — indeed, all who had anything to do with him loved little Dick, he was so gentle, so patient, so grateful for all the kindness shown to him. Anna loved him as if he were her own child; Dr. George, who rarely spoke praise of any boy, said Dick was a perfect gentleman in manners; Bertie was heard, a hundred times a day, wishing that they were brothers; Father Lyster said he had never before seen a boy so attentive to religious instructions.

One day, in the beginning of July, Dick was called into Father Montague's study, where he found both the priests, Doctor and Mrs. George.

"Don't be frightened, Dick," said Father Montague. "We want to hear all about yourself before you came here; and mind you tell the truth. We shall soon find out if you do not."

Dick told them all he could remember about his mother, and his life in Paradise Court, about her death, about his life with the Whites. When he told about the boys teasing him because he would go to Mass, Mrs. George caught him to her breast and kissed him, while her tears fell fast on his face.

"Think if Bertie were treated like that," she said in excuse, as she saw the priests and Doctor George looking at her.

"Why did you not leave off going to Mass?" asked Father Lyster.

"Mother used to tell me about some of them — I forget what they was called — who used to have worse things done to them," said Dick. "And I thought I was such a poor boy, I couldn't do nothing for God to know I wanted to love Him; so I was glad, for I guessed He would know when they were unkind to me because I would go to Mass."

When Dick came to the story of the shilling, Father Montague looked very grave, and said:

"Dick, are you sure you were not overcome by the temptation? How could the shilling come in your pocket?"

"That's what I don't know," answered Dick. "Tom White and those stole a brooch one day from a girl what lived in the court, and when there was a row he put it into another boy's pocket. I saw him do it, myself. He was very clever like that. Mayhap he did it to me; I don't know, though."

When he had finished, Dr. George said:

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Dick, with downcast eyes. "Go and sing till I get some money to start again with flowers, I suppose."

"If we keep you here, will you try to be a very good boy, and work hard to please us?" asked Father Montague.

Dick flushed crimson; then turned deadly pale. This was much more than he had expected. He threw himself on his knees at Father Montague's feet, and kissed his hands over and over again, as he sobbed:

"Oh, sir, I will — I will! I will work for you. I wish I could die for you!"

"I had much rather you lived to work for me," said the priest, with a weak attempt at a smile. The boy's narrative had brought his own tears very near the surface. "Very well, then," he went on; "you shall stay here and help Anna — do all the dirty work for her, and run errands. We shall have you taught to read and write, and Father Lyster will be kind enough to teach you your Catechism, and prepare you for your first Confession. It's time enough, too. But,

mind, no talking to your old playfellows if you meet them in the streets, or staying about to play marbles with them. If you stay with us you must be strictly obedient."

Dick promised. He was now installed as page to the priests.

"He will be too delicate for out-of-door work," said the doctor. "His mother, I expect, from what he tells about her cough and weakness, died in consumption; and the life he has led will have developed the germs in him most likely. In a few years' time I shouldn't mind taking him as page, myself."

Anna was as delighted as Dick himself to hear that she was to have him with her. In fact, she had suggested the idea by saying what a pity it would be to send him back into the streets again, and how good a chance it would be for the boy, if some one would take him as servant. She had not liked to ask the priests to keep him, as she knew that, though Father Montague had private means, he spent a great deal in keeping the church in repair, and gave away enormously to the poor of the parish, who were very numerous, and she could not ask Father Montague to put this extra strain upon his purse. When he thought of it himself, she was delighted.

Dick was a very good little servant. He felt he never could be grateful enough to his benefactors, or try hard enough to please them. He was up early in the morning and hard at work, and he never tired of doing his best to help Anna. He was very diligent with his lessons, too, and being naturally very clever, mastered the art of reading in a very short time. Father Montague, who was very musical, discovered that he had a lovely voice, rather weak from his recent illness, but sweet and clear as a bell. As a great reward he promised to teach Dick to sing, and if he got on nicely, and took pains, he was to join in the carol-singing which they always had in the school-room at Christmas, and by-and-by, when he knew Latin, he was to sing in the choir. This pleased Dick immensely; only one day, when he had pleased Father Montague very much at his singing-lesson, he said, with a sigh:

"If only mother had lived to see me now."

CHAPTER VI.

One morning Dick was cleaning the boots, and giving Father Montague's an extra shine — "because they're his," he said to himself — Anna called him to be quick into the dining-room, for he was wanted.

"I want you to go and get my watch from Locke's," said Father Lyster, "for I am just going out of town for the day, and I must have it to take with me. You can pay for it with this half-sovereign — three and six for cleaning and bring back" —

"Six shillings and sixpence, sir," said Dick, anxious to show how quick he was in arithmetic. "I'm off."

He took his cap and ran off to Locke's, a few streets away. The man said the watch was not ready, so that he had to return without it.

In a street next the one where the church was, Dick saw, to his vexation, Tom White and Joe Sole, a big boy and a bad one. They spied Dick, too, in spite of his new clothes, and darted up to him. He tried to run away, but it was of no use.

"Where are you going, my grand young gent?" said Joe.

"I am going home, and my master does not allow me to play about in the streets," said Dick, struggling to get away, for they had caught hold of him.

"You come along with us; we've been in luck lately, and got a lot of money," said Tom White. "You shall come and help us."

"I don't want to. You're a bad, wicked boy, and I would rather have nothing to do with you. Let me go, will you?" struggling violently and trying to kick his tormentors.

"Go along, baby, do," they said; giving him a few vigorous blows, they ran away.

Dick, glad enough to get away, ran briskly home. But what was his dismay at finding, when he put his hand in his pocket, that the half-sovereign was gone. His first impulse was to run after the boys to Paradise Court. He remembered that most likely they would not go straight home, and also that Father Lyster would be waiting for his watch. He trembled so that he could hardly stand, and his face was ghastly as he went back into the dining-room.

"Please, sir" —

He faltered, and then could get no further.

"What's the matter?" said Father Montague.

"The watch wasn't done — and — I met Tom White and Joe Sole, and they wouldn't let me go for a little while, and they must have taken the ten shillings."

"Are you sure you didn't lose it yourself?" said Father Lyster sharply.

He was annoyed at not having either his watch or his money.

"No, indeed, indeed I didn't, sir!" cried Dick. "Oh, sir, I'll go into the streets and sing until I can earn ten shillings to pay it back, only please believe me."

Father Lyster could not doubt the truth of what Dick said, and, though it was very annoying, the priests did their best to make Dick forget the unpleasant occurrence. Nevertheless, it weighed on his mind, and for some time his face wore a look of care, and his voice lost its blithesome ring. As the winter drew near, he was more himself again, however, and was much engrossed in his practice for the carol-singing. He had so far exceeded even Father Montague's expectations, that he was to take one or two solos.

CHAPTER VII.

As Christmas drew near, it brought an accumulation of work at the priests' house. There were all the Christmas festivities to be prepared, the coal, soup, and blanket tickets, and several children to be instructed for their first Communion. How Dick envied those children.

One of them was a gentleman's son — Arthur St. John, a boy of thirteen. He took a great fancy to Dick, and was always bringing him sweets and cakes. One day he came rushing in, and said to Dick:

"I can't wait a second, my brother's waiting for me; but will you give this to Father Montague? My mother sent it for the school-treat." It being a handful of money and an unsealed envelope.

"Look," said Dick, "it is not fastened."

"Never mind," shouted Arthur, who was running after his brother.

So Dick carried all the things into the study and went back to his work. In the evening he was called into the study, and Father Montague asked him if he had taken anything out of Mrs. St. John's envelope.

"I? no, sir," said Dick, stammering and blushing at the implied accusation.

"Master Arthur says there was a sovereign in it when he put it in his pocket."

"Perhaps it rolled out into his pocket," said Dick.

"No, he searched his pockets carefully, turned them inside out, in fact, and it was not there. Dick, don't be afraid of telling the truth," said Father Lyster.

"Indeed, I know nothing about it."

He was dismissed, and though nothing more was said about it, he felt very sad and worried. It was the second time he had been under suspicion while in the priests' house and once at Mrs. White's.

The next day, Anna and Dick were very busy cleaning up the kitchen, when there was a loud knock at the door.

"Do you answer the door, Dick," said Anna: "my hands are so filthy, and all my things. Slip off your apron and go."

Dick did as he was bid. Mrs. St. John was at the door. The moment she saw Dick she began to scold him, and accuse him of taking the sovereign from her letter. It was useless for Dick to protest that he was innocent.

"A disgrace to the priests' house," said she at last, "a perfect disgrace!" saying which she turned her back on Dick and went away.

"Why, what's the matter, Dick?" asked Anna kindly, as the boy came back into the kitchen sobbing as if his heart would break.

"It was Mrs. St. John, and she says I took her money, and I'm a disgrace to this house. And I meant to be so good that every one should know it was all Father Montague, and I'm only a disgrace to him after all."

"I'm sure he doesn't think so. Dry your eyes, lad, and don't be silly, minding what every-one says to you."

Dick went on with his work, but the thought of being a disgrace and trouble to the priest filled his mind, and covered him with shame. He went to bed feeling more wretched than he had ever done in his life before — even in his Paradise Court days. All night he lay awake thinking, and his thoughts took this form:

"If I'm a disgrace to those who have been good to me, I'll go away."

When he heard the clock strike three, he got up softly, put on his clothes, and crept down stairs. There was a light shining under Father Montague's door — he had work to do, even at that hour — and Dick trembled for being caught. At last he had withdrawn noiselessly the bolts of the back door, unlocked it and lifted the latch. It was a damp, cold, dark morning, and for a moment he drew back, unwilling to face the raw cold. Mrs. St. John's words, "a disgrace to the house," rang in his brain, and he went out, softly closing the door behind him.

He had taken as little with him as he could — only a jacket and trousers — and his bare feet sped noiselessly over the pavement. In two hours, he was far away from his friends, at the other end of London. Then he sat down on a doorstep and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT was the consternation in the priests' house when they came down later in the morning and found Dick gone. As the day went by, and he did not come back, Anna told Father Montague of Mrs. St. John's visit, and suggested that as the cause of Dick's disappearance. Father Montague caught up his hat and ran out of the house without saying a word. In two hours he came back, and told Father Lyster that he had been to Paradise Court, in the hopes of hearing something of little Dick.

"Mrs. White has promised to try to hear of him for me," he added. "She thinks her boys will be able to learn something about him from some of their acquaintances."

"Poor little laddie!" said Father Lyster. "Why couldn't Mrs. St. John leave us to blow him up, if we thought he needed it?"

"Ah! why indeed?" said Father Montague, with tears in his eyes. "You remember what George said about his being consumptive? I fear this wet day will have been enough to kill him."

They went to bed with heavy hearts that night, and hardly slept at all. The next morning, when they were at breakfast, a ring at the front door was heard. With their minds full of Dick, they started up as Arthur St. John burst into the room.

"I have made such a discovery, Father Montague," he said.

"Dick"— began the priest.

"Yes, it's about Dick. Last night, when James was brushing my trousers, the sovereign fell out of the hem."

"Is that all?" said Father Lyster.

"Yes; what else should there be?" said the boy. "I thought you'd be so delighted to have it all right. I got up early on purpose to let Dick know."

They told him about Dick's disappearance, at which he was half broken-hearted, and ran off vowing to have all London searched.

A few days passed without news of Dick. On Christmas Eve, about seven in the evening, Anna came into the room hurriedly and said:

"Oh, sir! here's that Tom White, and he says Dick's been taken to the hospital. He was run over in the fog, and he's dying."

Father Montague took his hat and went out into the kitchen, where he found Tom White, who repeated his news and offered to guide him, for the fog was dense. They found the hospital; the priest gained admittance, and was taken to the bed where Dick lay.

"He was so mangled we could do nothing for him," said the surgeon. "He won't last another hour, I think. There are internal injuries, as well as the fractures outside."

Dick was conscious, but could not speak. Father Montague knelt down by him and took his hand while he said an Act of Contrition. He knew by the light in the boy's eyes that he understood and followed him. Then he said:

"The sovereign is found; but if it had not been we never believed it was any fault of yours, Dick. Why did you leave me? You have cheated me of my Christmas Carols, Dick. There's no one else to sing them. My dear, dear child!"

He bent his head and kissed Dick again and again. The face grew cold to his lips; the little hand no longer returned his gentle pressure. Little Dick had gone to keep his Christmas with God.

THE END. AMY FOWLER (Sister Gertrude).

How Captain and Jack Behaved in the Face of the Enemy.

A UNION captain relates this story of a young negro named Jack, who was intrusted with the captain's canteen and haversack at the battle of Fredericksburg. He professed to be very courageous, but the moment the shells began to fall he disappeared, and carried the captain's accoutrements with him. The third day after the return of the regiment to camp the captain saw the little scamp approaching — the most woe-begone looking contrabrand imaginable. His clothes were tattered and muddy, his corkless canteen hung spout downward, and his empty haversack was wrong side out. There he stood, the tears trickling down his cheeks, so pitiable a sight that my own eyes moistened, and yet so extremely ludicrous that it seemed impossible to refrain from laughing. However, I got the mastery of both face and feelings, and said to him in what was meant for a tone of severity, "You worthless, cowardly, little vagabond, what are you doing here, after running away with my food? Quick! if you have any excuse, out with it." — "Yes, sah! yes, sah!" said he, "I'se got a scuse!" — "Well, then," I replied, "let's hear it." — "Well, sah — well, sah — I — I — Ise afraid you'll boot me." — "Boot you? Why, there's nothing left of you to boot! But come, let's hear your excuse." — "Well, massa — massa, cap'n — I wasn't any more coward 'an you wah!" and then he boo-hooed louder than ever. That was a flanker I did not relish, for in the meantime quite a crowd had gathered round us, and among the number several officers. "Well, now, Jack," said I severely, "you ran away, didn't you, before the first shell had fairly reached the water?" — "Yes, sah." — "Well, Jack, did I run away?" — "No, sah." — "Why, then, you black rascal, how dare you tell me, in the presence of all these gentlemen, that I am as great a coward as you are?" — "Well, now, massa cap'n, I runn'd away 'cause I didn't dare to stay, and you stayed 'cause you didn't dare runn'd away."

The Meaning of Christmas.

CHRISTMAS comes from Christ's Mass, shortened into Christmas, or from Christ's feast, feast being Mass, from that comes also Michaelmas Day, and other English names of the feasts of the Church during the year.

The first Mass is said at midnight; for tradition tells us that it was the hour of His birth; the second is said at the twilight hour, for then the shepherds came to adore Him, while the third is said in the day that its brightness may figure the glories of the God-head.

Such is the greatness of the mystery of this day, that the clergy say three Masses; these three Masses are to honor the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. The first is to give glory to the Father for sending His Son to be born into the world; the second is to glorify the Holy Ghost because he formed the body and soul of our Lord, in the breast of the Virgin; while the third is to praise the Son for becoming a man.

Sometimes with the Christmas voices mingles a glad noise of laughter; for, happily, life's not all made up of partings and passions, of disappointments and failures. It has its moments, and, thank God, there are many of them! — its moments of happiness, when skies are blue, and birds sing on the bough, and our human sympathies are kindled into quick life by the ecstacy of the sunshine. So the holidays of life send their mirthful voices to blend with the deeper and more serious sounds that compose, in our later age, the burden of our Christmas song.

At the second Mass a remembrance is made of Anastasia, a Roman lady, who, converted on Christmas Day, excited the wrath of Publius, her husband, because of her kindness to the poor and imprisoned Christians. At last she was burned alive under the reign of Diocletian. The church dedicated to her name was built on the ruins of her house, and that is where the second Mass of Christmas is said in Rome. The Preface of Christmas is said on the day of the feast at the three Masses. During the three Masses of to-day we pray that He was born the Saviour of the world as He is the author of our divine birth, He may be also the giver of our everlasting birth in Heaven.

A Dutiful Son.

WHILE Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the world, he held a council, in order to try the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest was brought before him Metellus, an old man oppressed with infirmities and ill-fortune, whose son sat as one of the judges. At first, the son did not recognize the father. At length, however, having recollected his features, the generous youth, instead of being ashamed to own him, ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then, returning towards the tribunal, "Cæsar," said he, "my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be

rewarded. The favor I desire of you is, either to save him on my account or to order me to be put to death with him." As was to be expected, all the judges were touched with pity at this affecting scene; and Octavius himself, relenting, granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

The Boy Took a Chair.

A YOUNG teacher in an intermediate school wished to communicate with a teacher at one of the grammar schools about a mile away. For this purpose she chose one of her bright scholars and dispatched him with a note directed to the young lady. When the messenger arrived at his destination, the teacher chanced to be illustrating some lesson to her pupils at the blackboard. She therefore sent word to the boy to take a chair. When at leisure she summoned the boy, who was supposed to be seated in the corridor, but he had disappeared. The young lady was nonplussed, but the mystery was solved when, some time later, the boy returned, bearing with him the chair which had been given him to sit upon. He had accepted the invitation "to take a chair," and had carted it upon his shoulders back to the school he came from. The teacher, after she had recovered from the shock of seeing him drag the strange chair up to her and deposit it by her side with a conscious air of duty well performed, had sent him back with it. He was pretty well tired out when he returned, and his only explanation was a sob, and "you told me to take it."

The Cuttle Fish.

EVERY little girl or boy who is an interested student of the dictionary, may, perhaps, have looked the cuttle fish up, and knows that it is the animal who furnishes the much used cuttle-fish bone for the canary birds to sharpen their bills upon, that they may be in proper condition to crack the little seeds which they live upon. The cuttle-fish is a very interesting animal or fish. The internal shell, which is encased in a sac shaped something like a blade, is found in the back of the cuttle-fish. It is composed of carbonate of lime with a gelatinous substance, and this special bone or shell is the favorite of birds, and especially the canary bird. The eyes are large and conspicuous. The animal is furnished with eight arms, which have many rows of suckers, with which they appear to do a great deal of work. The animal is spotted, with a smooth white skin with red dots. They are generally about a foot long, and abound on the British coast. They are expert swimmers, and when in danger of being caught, throw out a dark substance like ink. The cuttle-fish is used in making tooth-powder, for cleaning silver, and polishing a variety of substances. The flesh of the cuttle-fish was eaten by the Athenians and esteemed a luxury by the ancients. It is not appreciated by the more modern Epicurean.

The Apple in the Bottle.

On the mantel-piece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my childish wonderment was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle when it was little, and it grew there. Just so we must catch the little men and women who swarm our streets — we call them boys and girls — and introduce them within the influence of the church; for, alas! it is hard, indeed, to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.

A Word to Girls.

Many a young girl is careless as to how much money a young man spends for her. Three and five dollars for a horse and carriage he can poorly afford perhaps, yet she will go with him week after week, with no particular interest in him, unmindful, apparently, whether he earns the money or takes it from his employer's drawer. He makes her expensive presents. He takes her to a concert, in going to which, usually save for her pride and his gallantry, a horse-car ride for ten cents would be wiser than a carriage ride for several dollars. A young man respects a young woman all the more who is careful of the way he spends his money, and will not permit too much to be used on her.

The Angelus.

I know nothing that saddens me more than to return to our country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There the poor people seem so wonderfully to live in the presence of God. If you were to go through a Tyrolese village at six o'clock in the evening, you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees, father and mother and children and servants saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors in the fields, or in their gardens. The church bell rings at twelve, and the mowers put down their scythes and take off their caps and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work. One market day at Innspruck I was dining, and there was a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church bell rang the Angelus. Then they all rose up, and standing reverently, the oldest man in the party began the prayers and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market, and those at the booths selling stood also with folded hands, and the men had their hats off, and instead of the buzz of bargaining rose the murmur of the prayer from the great throng.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No matter what other schools may do, the Catholic schools must keep on in their work, and teach Christ crucified to all. They must, outside of an education in worldly matters, although it appears ignorant to say so, teach our children to "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven."

There never was a time when education, good and bad, was so much spoken of as at the present; and for that reason, if for no other, parents have no excuse for giving their children a bad education. They know, except they be too dull to understand, that to have good children they must give them a Christian education; and a Christian education consists of the education of mind and heart and all that goes to make up the being of a child.

When parents have grown old and are no longer able to support themselves, they will understand the value of a good education given to their children. The children, who have received a good education, will support their fathers and mothers in old age, and the ones with a bad education will desert them. Parents will reap as they have sowed, and if they bring forth bad fruit, after all the warnings they have received to sow only the good seed, they must not be surprised if the rest of the world show them no sympathy in their miseries.

Parents, for these reasons, must not send their children to schools where they will receive a bad education, or where a part only of the child's being is educated; for instance, the memory and the understanding, or as they call these powers, in the condemned schools, the "knowing" faculty. But lest our people be deceived by the nomenclature of Protestant and infidel modern educators into a belief that they can send their children in safety to such schools as they control, we can give them one safe rule to go by and to guard them against deceit: Never send your children to a school where it is against the law to mention the Name of God. There is danger there always to soul and body.

The people of Ireland in this country, who were denied an education in their own land, by the iniquitous laws of England, are often led into a belief that the common schools of the United States are just the place for their children. They want their children to be educated, because their forefathers were an educated people, when the forefathers of the English, the Germans, etc., were barbarians, and they grasp at education wherever they see the opportunity to do so without sacrificing their religion. They must not be too impetuous: their good-nature has brought them into difficulties before. The common-school system of the United States is without God, it is built up to destroy the faith of St. Patrick, and it will do more to make an Irishman and his descendants Englishmen than all the penal laws which were ever invented.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

A HAPPY Christmas and Merry New Year to all our friends and patrons. "May they live long and die happy."

REMOVAL.

OUR MAGAZINE, Passenger, and Exchange business has been removed from the old quarters in Boylston street to Liberty Tree Block (second floor) corner of Essex and Washington streets, a few doors from the old stand.

WE give elsewhere, the first letter of our Irish Commissioner. We hope our friends will carry out the suggestions of Mr. McCorry in our December issue, which is, that every one of our present subscribers procure a new one. Try it every one.

LOOK AT OUR LIST OF PREMIUMS. Make up clubs in order to get them. Show the pictures to your neighbors and get them to join you. Old and new subscribers get pictures alike.

THE Boston Daily Globe remarks on the unfortunate condition of affairs in Ireland: The unfortunate split in the Irish party will need the highest wisdom, prudence, and patriotism for its healing. However the leadership question may be settled, it seems but too probable that Home Rule will be seriously delayed. Still, this may not prove to be the case. It is proverbial that "the darkest hour is just before the dawn."

THE Italians in the United States have been placed in a false position because of the murderous action of certain of their countrymen in the city of New Orleans. The Italians as a class are no more to blame for the murder of Chief Hennessy than is the President of the United States. It is a matter of regret, however, that so many Italians are without religious instruction in America — that which alone can make them law-abiding citizens.

Archdiocese of Boston.

THREE of the newly made pastors go to the Newtons. Rev. Timothy J. Danahy, for a number of years past assistant at St. John's Church, Quincy, has been appointed rector of St. Mary's Church, Newton Upper Falls, succeeding the late Rev. Martin O'Brien. Newton Lower Falls, heretofore attended from Upper Falls, has been erected into a separate parish, with Rev. P. H. Callanan, late in charge of St. Mary's Church, Foxboro, as first rector. Newton Centre has also been made a parish, with Rev. D. J. Wholey, late of St. Joseph's Church, West End, as first rector. The people of Newton Centre have long desired a resident priest, and last spring bought a fine site for a church.

Life of John Boyle O'Reilly.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY announce for publication by Jan. 1, 1891, at latest, the Life of John Boyle O'Reilly. It is written by James Jeffrey Roche, an intimate friend of the lamented dead during all his life in Boston, and for many years his associate in the editorship of the Pilot. This work has the full sanction of Mr. O'Reilly's family, and is the only authorized life. It opens with a noble introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, archbishop of Baltimore, who was always a warm admirer of John Boyle O'Reilly. Following the life, come his complete poems and speeches, edited by his wife, Mary O'Reilly. Some poems unpublished at the time of his death, are included in this collection. His orations and addresses close the volume.

THE French episcopate of 1789, when the Revolution broke out, numbered one hundred and forty-five prelates. Of these only three apostatized and two took the oath, for fear of the guillotine. One hundred and forty remained unshaken, under the sudden and fierce persecution, one hundred and twenty sought rather the privations and hardships of exile, twenty confessed the faith on the scaffold, or in the dungeons.

LET flowers for our departed ones be alms, good words and prayers, that they may reap the benefit thereof, instead of worldly show, vanity, and deeds which bring no good.

CARDINAL MANNING says: "Let us offer ourselves up to Christ, to be disposed of as He sees best, whether for joy or sorrow, blessing or chastisement; to be high or low; to be slighted or esteemed; to be full, or to suffer need; to have many friends, or to dwell in a lonely home; to be passed by, or called to serve Him and His kingdom in our own land or among people of a strange tongue; to be, to go, to do, to suffer even as He wills, even as He ordains, even as Christ endured."

THE cashier of a business house in London finds that the following notice posted in front of his desk, serves a useful purpose: "Never address your conversation to a person engaged in adding figures. There is nothing so deaf as an adder."

Cardinal Gibbons Against Pool Rooms.

THIS mode of gambling is the most injurious to family life, because it withdraws young men, too, from the associations, blessings, and comforts of domestic life, and, consequently, embitters home. The fascination attending it gives those who indulge in it a distaste for social life, which is the basis of social order. It frequently wrecks the hopes and ambitions of young men after they embark in life and reduces them to beggary. As gambling is generally associated with intemperance, it often leads to drunkeness. We can form some estimate of the number of persons injured in a pecuniary point of view, when we look at the large sums of money at the disposal of those who manage these establishments. I would like to see such measures adopted by the Legislature as would protect society from the evil consequences of this sin.

Cardinal Manning and the Jews.

CARDINAL MANNING addressing the delegation of prominent Jews who presented him with a congratulatory address, said the other day: "For nearly forty years London has been my home, and in that time all forms of suffering, poverty, and vice have come before me. I can, therefore, bear witness to the charity and generosity of my Jewish fellow-countrymen. I have found them forward in all good works. In the care of your children, your sick, your poor, you give us a noble example of generosity and efficiency. There are, I believe, only three indestructible elements in the history of man, the faith of Israel, the Catholic Church sprung from it, and the world, which has persecuted both. As the world grows in mass it grows in malice, and if our forecasts are true, I might even say, forasmuch as what is foretold is certain, the warfare of the world against all who believe in God will grow, and spread its power for its final conflict and its final destruction."

PATRICK DELANEY, who was implicated in the Phœnix Park murders, and was serving a sentence of life imprisonment for his connection with that crime, and who appeared as a witness for the Times before the Parnell Commission, has been released from prison.

ABOUT the most practical thing reported in connection with the great Father Mathew Centennial celebrations in Ireland, was the administering the pledge to ten thousand people in Dublin, by Rev. Father Nugent, of Liverpool.

PASSAGE TICKETS and Drafts, AT PATRICK DONAHOE'S new store, corner of Essex and Washington streets. Entrance on Washington street (over Sage's trunk store).

Displays at Funerals.

FILLED with the sense of the propriety of the suggestion, an exchange asks: "Will our good Catholic people ever be convinced of the ridiculous absurdity of a great display of flowers at a funeral, especially the parading of a wagon-load of wreaths, and harps, and symbolical representations in the funeral procession? The practice is not Catholic; it has been adopted from the world outside the Church. It is mere show and ostentation, and therefore entirely foreign to the modesty and simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such a display is thoroughly incongruous and out of place, it belongs not to the Church, but to the world, and ought to be discountenanced by every sensible, right-feeling Catholic."

THE increase of students at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has been so great that a new and commodious study hall has just been completed for the junior division.

MILWAUKEE has twenty-eight Catholic parochial schools in which are employed 191 teachers, and in which 10,405 children are taught. English is taught in every one of them.

Without Religion Ye are Naught.

LEO XIII. in his recent Encyclical to the bishops, clergy, and the people of Italy, says: "All know with what salutary effect and in how many ways the influence of religion penetrates society. It is beyond dispute that sound public and private morality gives honor and strength to states. But it is equally certain that without religion there is no true morality, either public or private. From the family, solidly based on its natural foundations, comes the life, the growth, and the energy of society. But without religion and without morality the domestic partnership has no stability, and the family bonds grow weak and waste away. The prosperity of peoples and of nations comes from God and from His blessings. If a people does not attribute its prosperity to Him but rises up against Him, and in the pride of its heart tacitly tells Him that it has no need of Him, its prosperity is but a semblance, certain to disappear so soon as it shall please the Lord to confound the proud insolence of his enemies. It is religion which, penetrating to the depth of each one's conscience, makes him feel the force of duty and urges him to fulfil it. It is religion which gives to rulers feelings of justice and love towards their subjects; which makes subjects faithful and sincerely devoted to their rulers; which makes upright and good legislators, just and incorruptible magistrates, brave and heroic soldiers, conscientious and diligent administrators. It is religion which produces concord and affection between husband and wife, love and reverence between parents and their children; which makes the poor respect the property of others, and causes the rich to make a right use of their wealth. From this fidelity to duty and this respect for the rights of others come the order, the tranquillity, and the peace which form so large a part of the prosperity of a people and of a state. Take away religion and with it all these immensely precious benefits would disappear from society."

WHY not set apart one Sunday in each year in which temperance sermons may be preached from every Catholic pulpit in the land? asks the C. T. A. News.

SISTER AGATHA RUSSELL, of the Visitation Monastery, St. Paul, Minn., recently celebrated the golden jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession. Bishop Shanley celebrated the Mass and Archbishop Ireland preached. Sister Agatha was one of the first founders of the Visitation Order in the West. She established branches at Kaskaska, Ill., at St. Louis, Mo., and in '73 came to St. Paul and founded the branch where she now resides.

CARDINAL MANNING recently gave the white veil to three ladies who are the first postulants of a religious congregation just forming in London, the special object of which will be the care and reformation of women who are the victims of the vice of intemperance. Boston needs an order such as this.

Poems of the Past : By Moi-Meme.

MESSRS. GILL & SON, of Dublin, have just issued, in a tastefully bound and well-printed volume of three hundred and thirty pages, a collection of poems which should find a place in every Irish Catholic's library. "Poems of the Past" is scarcely the name we would choose for *Moi-Même's* book. The gifted authoress sings of faith and trust in the present, and of hope for the future as earnestly and eloquently as of the buried past, and even in her saddest and most contemplative moments the brighter view asserts itself :

"Then loiter not awhile, nor pause
Since twilight grows;
And nearer its dim shadow draws;
Then shall repose
Reward earth's toilers as their well-earned need.
Then weary hearts and hands shall rest, indeed."

And in the very next page we find the beautiful poem, "Reunion" which opens :

"Oh, how glad will be the meeting,
Joyous then will be the greeting,
When life's many cares are fleeting
Shall from us have passed away;
When the loved ones who are leaving
Us behind them sadly grieving,
And our lonely hearts bereaving,
We shall meet another day."

The devotional spirit is, of course, the main inspiration of the volume, but our authoress can sing of the forms and beauties of nature as blithely and tenderly as a happy lover. "A May Tribute" is a perfect gem.

"Hushed are the fierce winds of winter,
Gentlest breezes now play,
Odorous spring-flow'rs 'mid sunshine,
Welcome the coming of May."

Turning to another theme, we need only quote the last verse of "The Emigrant's Adieu" to prove that the gentle poetess loves her native land and thoroughly sympathizes with the feelings and emotions which rend the hearts of even those who fly from poverty and sorrow on her shores :

"Adieu, dear Erin, once again,
No patriot's heart could love thee more,
And now, even now, far dearer when
I bid farewell to thy green shore.
I will not check the falling tear;
Those dear old scenes from which I part,
And still, still more, those friends sincere
Shall all be cherished in my heart."

Not a line in the volume is superfluous. *Moi-Même* writes with a singular grace and delicacy, and every simple strain touches a sympathetic chord in the reader's heart. We sincerely hope that "Poems of the Past" will be so received by the public that the authoress will not fear to court their favor again and again.

FOUR Dominican Nuns from Cabra, near Dublin, have arrived at New Orleans. Their mission is to help to conduct the establishment which the Dominican Nuns are opening for the education of the deaf and dumb. This is a most useful work. It is carried to great perfection in Ireland, and the advent of these well-trained ladies will be a great boon to New Orleans.

THE Sacred Heart Almanac for 1891 is embellished with a portrait of Blessed Margaret Mary, together with other engravings, and a variety of interesting articles. Price five cents. Address the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 114 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT: A copy of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for 1891. Try it.

THE Catholic Monthly is the name of a sixteen-page magazine recently started in Providence, R. I. The matter is good, paper good, and printing excellent. Only one dollar a year. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE wishes our young friend abundant success.

PASSAGE TICKETS and Drafts, AT PATRICK DONAHOE'S new store, corner of Essex and Washington streets. Entrance on Washington street (over Sage's trunk store).

LITTLE Willie C. Brian brings my milk. Though but a child he is noted for his wit. During the past week he spilled a neighbor's milk. Next day an older brother found it out and told his father, who called him to account. "Did you spill the milk, Willie?" — "Yes, sir." — "Why didn't you tell me?" — "Because you'd a licked me, then I'd a-cried, and what's the use of crying for spilled milk, anyway." It is needless to say that Willie was not licked.

THERE are 173 Catholic schools in Scotland attended by 37,375 children.

JOHN DILLON, M. P., was born in New York in 1851, and is a son of John Blake Dillon. He was educated at the Roman Catholic University, Dublin, studied medicine, visited the United States with Charles S. Parnell, in behalf of the Irish Land League in 1879, and was elected to Parliament in 1880, but resigned in 1883 on account of sickness. He was re-elected in 1885 and 1886, was several times suspended by the House of Commons for violent language, and was twiced imprisoned under the Coercion Act. In May, 1888, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having been concerned in "the criminal conspiracy known as the plan of campaign," but was liberated in September. He has recently visited Australia and America and collected a large sum of money for the nationalist cause. His recent escape recalls a similar adventure of his father's after the so-called rebellion of '48. He crossed the Atlantic in the disguise of a priest. During the voyage he was mercilessly importuned by a couple to perform the marriage ceremony. Finally he put an end to their entreaties on the plea that the faculties granted by his bishop were not valid outside his own diocese. John Mitchell also made his exit from Tasmania in clerical garb. His psuedo-reverence travelled a part of the journey with the Hon. Edward McDowell, the Attorney-General of the colony, with whom he refused to engage in conversation on the plea that he had to read his breviary.

A WOMAN whose husband was paying an election bet by pushing a wheelbarrow twenty-five miles, told the census-taker that her husband was a lunatic.

CATHOLIC prospects look brighter in Nicaragua. The president of the republic, who was a Freemason, having died, the people assembled to elect a successor. Five names were written on separate folds of paper and sealed, and among the five two were the names of good Catholics. Lots were drawn and one of those two came out of the urn: that of Dr. R. Sacasa, which was saluted by the people with enthusiasm. He told the bishop: "The form of my government shall be the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom. I will obey God rather than man!" He swore fidelity to the constitution, on the crucifix in the church of Manuaga, though this was not an established usage. His first acts have shown him to be in earnest; for he began by suppressing the subsidy which was paid to a bad paper, and he remodelled the staff of the College of Leon, which was not formerly composed of men that the Church would approve of.

Co-operation of Catholics Needed.

SPEAKING at the Catholic Young Men's National Union Cardinal Gibbons said: "Some few days ago I met one of my young priests who resides not far from here, and I asked him how he was getting along with his mission, and whether he was instructing those who were not of the household of the faith. He replied to me: 'Cardinal, I have only a few young men under instruction.' I said to him: 'Why, my dear sir, young men have souls as well as the most pious of the female sex'—a fact which he did not seem to realize. . . . When I see a body of young men like you, who take an active personal and loyal interest in all that concerns the welfare of our Holy Church; when I see a body of young men ready to co-operate with the pastors and with the bishops in advancing every good cause in the interest of religion and morality, I say that that parish and that diocese is singularly blessed in having the co-operation of such able and intelligent young men as you are."

Father Conaty.

C. T. A. NEWS: Those who have had the pleasure of listening to Father Conaty know with what sledge-hammer effects he strikes his blows at the drink traffic. Nothing so grieves him as the susceptibility of the Irish in the matter of intemperance, and his opinion of "the future of Irish-America" is tersely stated thus: "The public saloon blocks our way socially and politically." There is a great deal in that one sentence.

THE John Boyle O'Reilly memorial fund has reached some twelve thousand dollars.

Appeal for Aid Issued by the Delegates of the Parliamentary Party.

THE following circular has been issued by the delegates of the Irish Parliamentary Party :

The addresses already delivered by the Irish delegates and the other communications in the press have, it is hoped, made the American public somewhat familiar with the circumstances of the Irish struggle at the present hour.

The Irish people are now face to face with a determined and powerful attempt, organized by Mr. Balfour and a number of Tory and Liberal-Unionist capitalists in England and landlord syndicates in Ireland, to starve out the Irish organizations and the evicted tenants by simultaneously increasing the vigor of coercion and the number of evictions.

So resolute and merciless is this combination that at the very moment when, according to the government itself, large portions of Ireland are menaced with severe distress, wholesale evictions are being carried out.

The chief purpose of the mission of the Irish delegates to America is to counteract this last desperate assault by an appeal to the generosity of the American people for moral and financial support.

The amount of sympathy and interest already manifested in their mission has exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The very extent of this response has, however, increased the difficulties of the delegates. They now find it will be impossible for them to visit all the localities from which invitations are being received.

They know, however, from communications addressed to them that even towns which cannot be visited are anxious to contribute their share towards the funds of the Irish National Party. It is therefore suggested that in all such towns subscriptions should be started.

These subscriptions can be set in motion by branches of the National League and other Irish societies and organizations, or by committees specially constituted for that purpose.

The urgency and gravity of the crisis in Ireland will, it is hoped, be allowed to justify the delegates in earnestly requesting that every energy be put forth to make these subscriptions commensurate with the vast demands on the resources of the national party.

All subscriptions collected should be forwarded to Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P., and Alfred Webb, M. P., at the offices of the Irish National League, 43 Upper O'Connell st., Dublin, these being the two gentlemen appointed by Mr. Parnell as the treasurers for the funds raised in America.

The subscriptions will be acknowledged by receipt from the treasurers named, and also by publication in the Freeman's Journal and United Ireland, Dublin, and the Irish-American papers.

(Signed) JOHN DILLON, M. P.
WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P.
T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P.
T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.
T. HARRINGTON, M. P.
THOMAS P. GILL, M. P.

PASSAGE TICKETS and Drafts, AT PATRICK DONAHOE'S new store, corner of Essex and Washington streets. Entrance on Washington street (over Sage's trunk store).

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN, of San Francisco, has determined to have an ecclesiastical seminary of his own in that archdiocese, and has put his determination in practical shape by purchasing the fine ranch of David Porter, in Ross Valley, four miles from San Rafael, for the site. The buildings are to cost three hundred thousand dollars, and will be the first seminary of the kind on the Pacific coast.

THE Methodist ministers, recently convened at Baltimore, have decided that the "camp meetings" cause more harm than good, and recommend that they be abandoned.

THE superintendent of the dead letter office at Washington says that more than six million pieces of mail matter are annually sent to the dead letter office by reason of incorrect, illegible, or deficient address, insufficient postage, or insecure closing.

THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE of the London Illustrated News is decidedly one of the best ever issued. There are three beautiful colored pictures. For sale by all newsmen.

Irish Dramatists.

BOUCICAULT'S death reminds us that there have been no inconsiderable share of competent Irish dramatists. Of yore Ireland boasted of sons who could touch the lyre histrionic, and touch it adroitly. The mere enumeration of their names is a golden litany of genius. Three comedies which now hold the stage, and will hold it as long as the stage lasts, were the offspring of Irish brains. The Beaux's Stratagem, by Farquhar; She Stoops to Conquer, by Goldsmith; and The School for Scandal, by Sheridan. We have had Macklin (real name McLaughlin), Arthur Murphy Quin, a "wild Irishman," though not born within the emerald ring, Cumberlan, Steele, Coleman, Southern, Bickerstaff, O'Keefe, Robert Jephson, Charles Robert Maturin, James Kenny, Kane O'Hara, Sheridan Knowles, and later, in our own generation, Edmund Falconer (real name O'Rourke), of Dublin. John Tobin, we incline to imagine, but are not certain, was Irish. His Honeymoon was uncurtained only after his death, as poor dear Griffin's Gysippus was not introduced to the public by Macready until the Limerick man had been laid to rest in a Christian Brother's grave in the North Cork monastery. It is among the things not generally known that it was another native of Limerick, Andrew Cherry, the dramatist, who wrote The Dear Little Shamrock, Tom Moody, and The Bay of Biscay, three of the finest songs in the English tongue.

PASSAGE TICKETS and Drafts, AT PATRICK DONAHOE'S new store, corner of Essex and Washington streets. Entrance on Washington street (over Sage's trunk store).

OBERAMMERGAU. — The total receipts for the Passion Play performances amounted to six hundred thousand marks, or thirty thousand pounds sterling. The representations were crowded, and all the lodges in the village forestalled to the close. In 1880 the receipts did not reach half so much as in this last season, and the money taken, be it borne in mind, goes in the bulk to religious and philanthropic works. The actors — if the term can properly be applied to those devoutly joining in a pious function — are satisfied with a modest reward. The creatures who publish periodical reports of the company being engaged by American capitalists betray the grossness of their ignorance. These Bavarian Catholics are not engaged in a theatrical speculation.

The Pope and Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE has returned to Thurles from his visit to Rome. In speaking in the Cathedral at Thurles of his interview with the Pope in relation to Irish affairs he declared that throughout the long conversation that he had with Leo XIII. the latter showed the deepest sympathy with Ireland. The Pope said he knew that the Irish people must soon obtain their rights, and expressed himself as anxious for that consummation of the hopes of the Irish patriots. If he had issued any declarations concerning the Irish which may not have been altogether welcome to the patriotic party he had done so, he said, not to injure, but to serve the people.

IN 1881 Belfast, Ireland, had 208,122 inhabitants; Dublin, 249,662; Cork, 80,124. In 1871, Belfast stood at 174,412; Dublin, at 346,326. The decrease of the one and the increase of the other are remarkable.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY delivered his lecture on "Oratory and Orators" in Boston on the evening of December 29, before an appreciative audience. Mr. Dougherty closed his brilliant speech as follows: "But the orator sank when the printing-press arose. The orator can only speak to his audience of a few thousands, the press speaks to hundreds of thousands. The orator may move his audience, the press moves nations. Let us hope that the power which it wields may be used in behalf of justice, as that of the orators has been. They never deserted a noble cause; they preferred death to dishonor."

WILL some one give us the address of CATHERINE IVORY, who formerly lived in Millbury, Mass?

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has presented to each priest of the New York archdiocese a souvenir of his recent visit to Rome and the Holy Land. The souvenir is a rosary made of pearl beads and a silver chain. The rosaries were blessed by the Pope, and the Archbishop touched the Holy Sepulchre with them. Nearly five hundred of them have been distributed by the Archbishop.

Jubilee of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

IN Cincinnati, on the 4th of November, the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Sisters of Notre Dame in America was celebrated at the mother house of the American branch of the order in that city. In the thirty other houses of the Sisters in this country, the golden jubilee was fittingly commemorated. The ceremonies were impressive. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the presence of the Sisters, several hundred of their pupils, and a large number of prominent clergymen and laymen. A notable feature of the celebration was the exhibition of specimens of the work with pen, pencil, brush, and needle of the pupils of the Sisters throughout the country. A splendid volume of illuminated art, recalling the work of the middle ages in this direction, was in the exhibition. It is a white vellum manuscript of fifty pages, and is to be presented to the Pope in commemoration of the golden jubilee of the Sisters. The manuscript is elaborately illuminated and bound in covers, with designs by one of the Sisters. The pages are painted by seven Sisters chosen for the purpose from the houses of the order in the United States.

Greetings for Mr. Donahoe.

MR. T. H. MURRAY, in the Evening Telegram (Providence, R. I.): — Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the veteran Catholic journalist of Boston, regains a controlling interest in the venerable Pilot. This news will cause pleasure to Mr. Donahoe's friends throughout the country. He it was who, a half century or more ago, launched the Pilot on its successful career, and who later introduced Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly to Boston journalism. Mr. Donahoe is still the possessor of a keen intellect, a vigorous constitution, and the fire of true editorial genius.

From the Catholic T. A. News, Philadelphia: — The Boston Pilot has been purchased by Patrick Donahoe of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The new owner was the first proprietor of the paper, and under his able guidance it became known as one of the leading papers of the country. Mr. Donahoe will keep it in the front rank, as he is progressive and knows all about a good newspaper and the work of making one.

A GOOD example for temperance men who have been blessed with this world's goods has been set by Thomas Kirby, of Washington, D. C., who has contributed one thousand dollars towards the endowment of the Father Mathew chair. Who will be the next? asks the C. T. A. News.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will be published as usual. The Pilot will be a great help to the MAGAZINE and the MAGAZINE will help the Pilot.

Expenditure of Human Force.

WALE'S FIBRE AND FABRIC: The expenditure of force is a subject that concerns every individual, and should be a matter of study in our schools. Force properly expended benefits all, and the world is made better and richer by so much. All athletic force is a waste of human strength, from which no one receives any benefit. A small group of young men in a factory village will often expend force enough jumping of an evening to saw a cord of wood. Jumping will often injure a person for life while sawing wood injures no one. The expenditure of force in powder on the Fourth of July which is now worse than wasted, would remove many of the rocky obstructions to navigation on our coast, and certainly with less loss of human life. Depraved human appetites call for a waste of power in many directions, which, if properly utilized, would be a great benefit to mankind.

THE man without an enemy is as remarkable as a man without a friend.

THE Legislature of Maryland has at last seen fit to honor the memory of Leonard Calvert, the Catholic founder and first governor of the State, by the erection of a monument. The commissioners appointed to supervise the work have chosen a site at St. Mary's, which Dr. Shea calls "the cradle of Maryland."

No Support of Irish Landlordism.

"I WISH you to understand this has been contributed and is now sent you positively and expressly on the condition that it be scrupulously expended only for the suffering poor, to feed and clothe them, and that no part of the same go to any other purpose, or in any way reach the hands of the landlords. The sentiment of our American people is, they shall no longer help to sustain a system that is sucking the life-blood out of the poor. Let your children not fail to pray for their benefactors, who are mostly Protestants."—*Letter of Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, N. Y., accompanying his contribution to the Irish Famine Fund.*

THE Report of the Superior Council of St. Vincent de Paul, of New York, to the Council-General in Paris, is an interesting document, as it shows what share laymen are taking in charitable work. The work of over three hundred conferences is summed up in this document. They have six thousand members, and last year spent over one hundred and forty thousand dollars in charity. Four hundred members teach catechism. The work is increasing each year, and the popularity of the society growing.

I HAVE a little dog "Teddy" and a parrot, and they are both very intelligent and jealous of each other. Teddy does not like it when he walks into the kitchen and the parrot leans over the edge of the table and says distinctly, "Hello, Teddy."

EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE, of Baltimore, Md., the young training-school for missionaries among the negroes, has reopened with forty-six scholars present and five more expected.

A Great Bridge.

IT IS calculated that the new bridge over the Hudson at New York, which will be the greatest engineering feat of the century, will cost about forty million dollars. It will take ten years to construct it, and will be a third longer than the East River bridge and twenty feet higher, but unlike the former, it will be of the cantilever type. Storehouses will be located beneath the great structure. Freight cars will unload by means of chutes into these, and ships will load direct from them or direct to the cars. The Grand Union Depot, a part of the structure, will be a colossal structure of steel capable of accommodating all the trains that now enter New York and Jersey City. It will be large enough to hold twenty tracks side by side, and will be thirteen thousand feet in length.

Farmers from France Choose Canada.

COUNT DE COUSIN DE LATOUR FONDERE, Mayor of the town of Stamant Collin de Puy de Demche, France, with his son and his nephew, Baron Desurl de St. Julien, of St. Appail, near Cannes, who have returned from a visit to Manitoba and the North-West, say they were perfectly astonished at the immense resources of that far-off region, and especially Manitoba, as a grain and ranching country. Count de Latour Fondere is so enchanted with what he saw that he intends coming to Canada in the spring with his family to settle definitely. As soon as he reaches France he will report to certain companies who are interesting themselves in emigration. The idea is especially to get farmers from the Sura district. Already ten families are ready to come over, and he expects, after he has made his report, a great many more will desire to follow.

THE late John Boyle O'Reilly wrote: "I am a Catholic, just as I am a dweller on the planet and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other Church; they are all just way-stations."

Altar Wines.

BISHOP MCQUAID'S enterprise in founding and possessing a place for the making of altar wines, recommends itself at once to all Catholics. Everyone must feel that the holy wine of the Sacrifice should not become an article of commerce. The bread of the altar, as a rule, is made under the care of some religious, and is one of the duties and privileges of a life given to God. So, too, the wine which is used at consecration for the holiest of rites should be pressed under the supervision of ecclesiastical authority. The wines which come from such a press at once put aside the suspicion under which other products must almost of necessity rest. It would be well if every diocese could have the same facility for making its own altar wine.

A CHEAP though excellent reproduction of the Mosiac portraits of the Popes, from St. Peter to Leo XIII., preserved in the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome, has been printed by Messrs. Doyle and Whittle, of Boston. The miniatures are arranged in chronological order, and the names are given in the margin from the official list published in the "Gerarchia Cattolica." We refer to the advertisement of the publishers, Doyle & Whittles, P. O. box 1329, Boston, Mass.

Any of our present subscribers getting a new one and sending four dollars, will receive two copies of the engraving — one to each. The picture is 11x17, on thick card, and in every way fit for a parlor ornament.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE has no connection with the old building on Boylston street. His headquarters are in Liberty Tree Block, corner of Washington and Essex streets (over Sage's trunk store).

BY reason of recent reforms in the etiquette of the British Court at London, Cardinal Manning in all ceremonies takes precedence of every royal prince, save the Prince of Wales.

THE success of the Bismarck monument fund in Germany, which now amounts to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, seems to show that the best time to erect a monument to a man is before he dies.

SISTER CATHERINE (Miss Kate Drexel) will soon begin the erection, near Andalusia, in Bucks County, of a great convent building, or sister-house, of the order of Sisters of Mercy, the mother house of which is at Pittsburg. The institution will be for the instruction of girls, to qualify them for teaching among the Indians — a branch of educational and religious work in which Sister Catherine has shown a great interest.

A YANKEE girl was berrated by her friends for marrying an Irishman. After a deep sigh the girl replied: "Laws a-mercy, he's better than nothin'."

IT is a singularly odd notion that some persons seem to cherish that they are promoting Catholic literature by taking Catholic papers and magazines, and then neglecting or refusing to pay for them. Honesty as well as common-sense emphasizes this error of eccentric minds.

We copy the above from the Baltimore Catholic Mirror. The complaint of the Mirror is too common among all our Catholic publications. Prompt payment should be the rule. We have sent bills five times to hundreds of delinquents, without getting a response. Good friends, remit what you owe our MAGAZINE as soon as possible after reading this article.

PASSAGE TICKETS and Drafts, AT PATRICK DONAHOE'S new store, corner of Essex and Washington streets. Entrance on Washington street (over Sage's trunk store).

The Temporal Power.

IN a remarkable work recently published, that eminent German scientist and statesman, Dr. Stommel, a Protestant in belief, says: "The Pope is a temporal sovereign, not for the sake of sovereignty, but for his independence and dignity. He ought to be free from all bonds of the state — that is, he ought to be a sovereign. He who would limit the Pope to his spiritual power only, and place him on a level with the Patriarch of Moscow, has no knowledge of the Catholic religion. The Catholic religion is international, whereas the Greek is simply national."

The Pool of Bethesda.

AMONG the notes of the quarterly statement of the exploration fund is an account of fresh discoveries at the Pool of Bethesda. In clearing out the crypt of the church built at the south-east angle of the pool in the times of the Crusades, at the northwest corner, close to an opening which permits the water to be seen and drawn up, and surrounding a little door still obstructed, which doubtless affords a way of descent to the middle of the pool, were found very interesting remains of a mural painting, which singularly confirm the already numerous proofs of the authenticity of the Pool of Bethesda. Arab fanaticism has destroyed the heads and hands of the figures, but notwithstanding that, over the little door mentioned, there is visible the beautiful and well-preserved nimbus of a winged figure, which causes the water by which it is surrounded in the picture to be moved and agitated. This is an interpretation of a familar passage in ancient history, which describes how "an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water."

THE old order in agriculture from a farmer's point of view:

Man to the plow,
Wife to the cow,
Boy to the mow,
Girl to the sow,
And your rents will be netted.

The New:

Man tally-ho,
Wife piano,
Boy Greek and Latin,
Girl silk and satin,
And you'll soon be gazetted.

Catholic Columbian :

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has followed in the path of Harvard by inviting Bishop Keane to lecture in its Dean Sage Chapel. As the Gentiles have had their apostle, perchance the Rector of the Catholic University, is to become the Apostle of the Scholars. —— Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, was elected to stay at home after his present term expires. He will take his notorious Educational Bill with him to Salt River. —— If anybody thinks that the retention in office of Indian Commissioner Morgan by President Harrison had nothing to do with the result of the recent elections throughout the country, he may be mistaken. —— Don't marry a young man to reform him, young woman. If he won't break off his bad habits for your sake now before he gets you, he won't do it after you become his wife. If he says that he will do it then, don't you believe him. Tell him to change his ways. If he loves you, he will become worthy of you. If he doesn't love you, he'll make your life unhappy after you are his "for keeps."

Can a Politician be a Christian?

THE New York Herald lately addressed to a number of distinguished Americans the question whether a politician can be a Christian, and so far the concensus of the replies received is that not only can a politician be a Christian, but that, in order to be worthy of confidence, he should be. Cardinal Gibbons answered the question in these words: "As human affairs are constituted there must needs be parties and politics. There being politics there must needs be politicians. That in the true and larger and nobler sense of the words politics and politician, there is no hostility to the spirit of Christianity, but rather entire harmony with it; and that while there have been many noble Christians who were also great politicians, it is to be deplored that at present there seems to be so many politicians who are not Christians."

Warning to All.

How often do we hear these reports: Such as a man is slain, another is drowned, a third has his neck broken by a fall from some high place; this man died eating, and that man playing. One perished by fire, another by the sword, another of the plague, another was slain by thieves. Thus death is the end of all, and man's life suddenly passeth away like a shadow. Be thou, therefore, in readiness, and so lead thy life that death may never take thee unprepared.

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complexion." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

EVERY house should have a New England Piano.

EVERYBODY dines at Ober's, 3 and 4 Winter Place, Boston.

EVERYBODY should eat at Talbots and Tatro, 149 Court Street, Boston.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the King of Pain. Try it once, and you will never have Rheumatism.

THE American House, Hanover Street, Boston, is one of the finest Hotels in the city of Boston, which is well known by the travelling public.

MESSRS. MARINER & Co., Hatters, corner of Hanover and Elm Streets, Boston, are very popular. Just the place to buy Hats, Caps, and Umbrellas.

THE popular store for bargains at this season of the year is Baily & Co., 21 Tremont Row, Boston. "It is the Fair," and no mistake.

EVERY horseman should bear in mind that the Putnam Nail is the best horse-shoe nail in the world, and the safest to use. Don't use any other.

THE true medicines are the Renovia Specifics, sold by the Renovia Medical Co., 29 School Street, Boston, Mass. Next door but one to City Hall.

MESSRS. JOHN N. RIEGER & Co. are the oldest Billiard and Pool Table Manufacturers in Boston, 42 Pleasant Street.

THE Sleepers Eye Cigar cannot be surpassed; it is the best ten-cent cigar on this Continent.

MESSRS. A. SHUMAN & Co., of this city, are offering splendid bargains in Irish Tweed suits, made up from cloth manufactured by the leading Irish mills.

MESSRS. BROWN, HORTON & Co., 876 Washington Street, Boston, have a fine assortment of Furniture and Carpets to be sold on instalments. Call and examine.

WE call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Canton Knitted Mattress Co., in another column of our MAGAZINE. It is worthy of perusal and special attention.

THE Boston Wall Paper Co., 20 Summer Street, Boston, sells all kinds of wall-paper, window-shades, and drapery materials, at the very lowest rates, and keep the largest stock in the city to select from.

THE old and popular Blue Store Clothing House, corner of Washington Street and Dock square, has been recently fitted up and stocked with clothing and gents' furnishing goods, by Messrs. Isaacson & Co., where bargains can be obtained of everything in their line.

THE store of Messrs. Wm. S. Butler & Co., 90 to 98 Tremont Street, Boston, is always crowded, especially at this time of the year, with customers in want of upholstery goods, millinery goods, flowers, feathers, laces, ribbons, fancy crockery, glass ware, cloaks, corsets, jerseys, and every description of small wares, at great bargains.

THE Kansas Investment Company, 101 Devonshire Street, Boston, is one of the safest in the city to invest in. Interest payable quarterly, Boston Safe Deposit, and Trust Co., Trustee, Cash Capital, and Guarantee, one million one hundred thousand dollars.

MESSRS. J. P. MURPHY & Co.. 506 Washington Street, Boston, engravers on wood, execute everything in the way of magazine and book illustrations, portraits, machinery, buildings, landscapes, plates for color printing, labels, etc., in the finest manner at short notice.

MESSRS. THOS. O'CALLAGHAN & Co., 599 and 601 Washington Street, are still the leading carpet men of Boston, standard, foreign, and domestic. Everything in their line can be bought at reasonable prices.

ONE of the finest Furniture Houses in Boston is that of Messrs. Arthur McArthur & Co., on Cornhill No. 10 and 12. They are nice people to trade with, and straight forward in all their dealings.

THE only reliable and genuine sarsaparilla is that prepared by Dr. I. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists throughout the world.

MR. J. F. MURPHY, Merchant Tailor, 453 Tremont Street, Boston, manufactures fine suits to order, at reasonable prices. The Reverend clergy are respectfully invited to call.

COL. JOHN WARREN, 13 School Street, Boston, is handling large parcels of Real Estate. His late boom for Alderman has made him very popular. Success to him.

FOR stained glass, wood mantels, tiles, iron fire placings and fittings, go to Geo. R. Clark & Co., 48 Boylston Street, Boston.

IF you want bargains in Boots and Shoes call on Messrs. Norton Brothers, 1433 Tremont Street, Boston, near the Tremont crossing. They have the latest styles, the best goods, the greatest assortment, and lowest prices in Roxbury, or Boston proper.

BARBOUR'S Royal Irish Silk, or Linen Floss, in all colors for high art embroidery, and Barbour's Irish Linen Thread, has stood the test of over one hundred years without a rival. This is what we said last month; and, to convince the world, we repeat it again and again.

THOSE in want of Furniture would do well to visit the store of S. Lewis & Co., 145 Broadway, and 95 B Street, South Boston, before purchasing elsewhere. They have the largest stock of any dealers in South Boston, and their prices are so low, they will astonish some of our city folks.

THOSE of our readers in want of overcoats should read the advertisement on the back of this MAGAZINE. Messrs. Leopold Morse & Co., 131 to 137 Washington Street. Men's and Boys' clothiers. Always popular with the public.

WHAT we said in a late MAGAZINE of Dr. A. M. Dam, of 405 Columbus Avenue, Boston, still holds good. He is the most popular physician of the Back Bay terri-

tory. Dr. A. M. Dam is a graduate of the regular School of Medicine, University of New York, and can be relied upon in all his treatment of paralysis and heart disease. He has few equals.

THE leading house furnishers of New England, Messrs. W. H. Hervey & Co., 5 Union street, Boston, Mass., are entitled to a passing notice in our MAGAZINE. For years and years they have occupied the same premises, near Faneuil Hall, and one of the most extensive in the United States. They have acres of ground covered with furniture of every description; and a visitor, going through their establishment, would go astray without a guide; and they sell everything on easy terms or instalments.

The New Tariff on Eggs.

Some one has advised the Canadian Egg raisers to get the eggs from their hens when they command high prices in Boston and New York; and then they won't feel that extra five cents a dozen which the new tariff imposes.

We think we hear them reply, "Well, that's pretty poor comfort when the hens and pullets too, instead of laying are simply standing around looking and asking for more corn." Please keep in mind if you feed them much corn you won't get an egg, that is a certain fact.

If we could only get an egg a day or even every other day at this season we would soon get rich, says many a party who keep hens. John T. Porter, of Swathmore, Pa., offers hints to such that they might profitably try.

He writes I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass. "In the contest which began on the 1st of January last I began under many difficulties. I had never used Sheridan's Condition Powder and was pretty much out of conceit with any food or powder to make hens lay. My hen house was not well heated, but for all that I determined to give the matter a full vote and a fair count. I soon saw increase enough to encourage the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder, prize or no prize. The result proved I was the sixteenth winner. I kept on using the powder about three times each week after the contest, and find that during the first 23 days of this month my 22 Black Minorca hens did what I should have presumed an impossibility. I will make affidavit that under the influence of your Powder the product was 457 eggs. Now I am fully aware that this means nearly 21 eggs per hen in 23 days; but these are the facts nevertheless, and facts which would have made me the first prize winner, could it have occurred during the contest. I challenge the world to excel it, and am willing to enter the list with any who will agree for a prize of $200.00, and to use a given quantity per hen of your incomparable Powder. I would not be without it though it cost five dollars per lb." I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., will send free to any one keeping hens, full particulars of this year's premium offers on request.

PASSAGE TICKETS and Drafts, AT PATRICK DONAHOE'S new store, corner of Essex and Washington streets. Entrance on Washington street (over Sage's trunk store).

How to Raise Potatoes.

A LONDON correspondent writes:— It would be well if Mr. Morley and others who have gone to observe the real facts of the Irish potato crop included in their numbers some expert in the art of growing potatoes, which, there is reason to believe, is not profoundly studied in Ireland. For the production of butter and vegetables Ireland in undoubtedly well fitted by nature. The concluding paragraph of the report of Sir James Caird's commission, dealing with butter, which, I understand, was written by himself, is sufficiently conclusive on that point. A comparison of the care with which potatoes are grown in the Channel Islands and in Ireland would be instructive on the matter at present under consideration. The Jerseymen never plant a potato until it has sprouted in a shallow box kept through the winter months in their houses or sheds, and this rule applies to the plantation of thousands of acres of potatoes. They are very careful to protect the seed against disease by banking up the ridges and by stimulating growth at the right time with powerful manures. There are near Amiens very famous cabbage gardens, made upon bogland, and raised only a few inches above the ditches, by which the gardeners approach in boats. To the most successful of these cabbage farmers, an assistant to the Royal Commission on Agriculture, a thorough conservative as regards the English and Irish land systems, explained the nature of the bogs of Ireland, and how suitable they were for similar production, whereupon the Frenchman threw up his arms and exclaimed, "Oh, if I were young!"

English Catholic Mayors.

CARDIFF has now got a Catholic Mayor in the person of the Marquis of Bute, and Exeter has another in the person of Mr. Alderman Ware, who is the first Catholic ruler of that ancient city since the so-called Reformation.

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

A HAPPY YEAR; or, The Year Sanctified, by Meditations on the Maxims and Sayings of the Saints. By the Abbe Lasausse. Translated from the French by Mrs. James O'Brien.

From a hasty glance at the contents, we should judge this to be a most excellent book. Devotions for every day in the year. Three hundred pages, $1.00 net.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE FOREST. By J. V. Huntington, author of "Alban," and "Lady Alice." New Edition.

This is a new edition of a book written some forty years ago. The present edition is gotten up in good paper, printing, and binding, and sold for $1.25.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTIONS OF ST. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM. From the Italian of Canon D. Fanucchi. By Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN MURPHY & Co. have The Month for November.

Donahoe's Magazine.

FROM the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The current number of this American Catholic monthly contains some extracts and articles which are of particular interest to Irish readers, as referring to this country. There is, in the first place, a well written and scholarly review by Mr. Peter McCorry of "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum," the recently published work of the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert. The ninth chapter of the series of "Glimpses of Irish Industries" deals with the revival in Donegal of knitting, spinning, and weaving, old industries which have been put in operation mainly through the praiseworthy exertions of Mrs. Ernest Hart. The article gives some valuable information as to the progress which is being made in these branches of work in the North of Ireland. Another very interesting item is the sketch of Father Mathew's labors and career from the gifted pen of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, originally published in the Catholic World. His Grace, needless to say, has invested his subject with very great interest, and has put forward in the article a powerful and eloquent appeal to Christians to encourage and propagate the work of the great temperance apostle. The magazine altogether maintains its high Catholic standard.

Praise for Mr. T. H. Murray.

LITERARY circles in Providence, R. I., and vicinity, are discussing an article just contributed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray. It is entitled "Storied Rhode Island," and has aroused considerable interest.

Letters in praise of the article have been written by President Andrews of Brown University; Gen. Horatio Rogers, of the Rhode Island Historical Society; W. E. Foster, librarian of the Providence Public Library; Nathaniel Green, president of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati; President Lee, of Washington and Lee University, and others.

The article is a plea for the production of novels, tales, and sketches based upon events in Rhode Island history. The wealth of material at hand is pointed out, and several incidents, adaptable as central ideas, are dwelt upon. Mr. Murray is a Catholic and a well-known contributor to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The Rosary in the Family.

THE devotion of the Rosary ought daily to be practised in common by every Catholic family in Christendom. What a beautiful sight it is to behold all the members in a Christian family saying their prayers in common, and offering to our sweet Mother Mary acts of praise and thanksgiving by the recitation of the beads! The blessing of God is in that family, for its members are closely bound together by the spirit of Christian charity and concord, and individually enjoys peace of mind, which the world can neither bestow nor take away.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

VERY REV. FATHER CHARLES VINCENT, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Toronto, ex-provincial of the Order of the Basilians, ex-superior of St. Michael's College, and for many years professor of theology and French within its walls, succumbed to his long struggle with death on the 1st of November. Father Vincent was in his sixty-third year and was a native of France. He studied theology and the classics in the Basilian colleges at Annonay and Aubinas in the land of his birth. He came to Toronto, thirty-eight years ago with Rev. Father Soulerin, the founder of St. Michael's College, being ordained priest of the order of St. Basil three years later. He first filled the office of treasurer, and twenty-one years ago was advanced to the more important one of superior. He was made provincial of the order in 1865, holding it until the spring of the present year, when his feeble health compelled his retirement. His only known surviving relative is a sister, who is a nun in France.

FATHER SIMONCINO DOMPIERI, S. J., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and Boston College, departed this life on the morning of November 17. His long residence in this city and the good qualities of heart and mind which he possessed gained for him a large circle of friends and admirers, all of whom will read the news of his demise with keen regret. The deceased was seventy-five years of age on the 3d day of November. He was born in Italy of noble parentage. His family is known there as the De Dompieri, being one of the oldest of the Italian families. In Padua he received his education, and after his ordination as a priest he spent a number of years in Rome, acting as the ecclesiastical agent of the German bishops. Thirty years ago he entered the Society of Jesus. After coming to this country, he was stationed for a number of years at St. Mary's Church at the North End. For a long time, also, he was in attendance at the City Hospital. His connection with Boston College and the Immaculate Conception Church was of long duration, and up to eight years ago, when he was stricken with paralysis, he worked hard and faithfully to further the interests of both of these institutions. Father Dompieri had the reputation of being one of the most learned of the members of the Jesuit order. He was a good theologian, and as a linguist he had few superiors. Beside English, his knowledge of French, Italian, German, and Latin was most thorough, and he was also proficient in the Greek tongue. Since his paralytic shock he had been incapacitated for work, and his illness brought with it considerable suffering, which he bore patiently and resignedly. For some time past he has been confined to his bed, and for several days he had been unable to take any nourishment whatever. The veteran priest was noted for his intense devotion to his religion and the principles of the order to which he belonged. His piety is said to have been most remarkable. The paralysis affected his speech for several days previous to his death, and it was with difficulty that he could articulate. He rested quietly in his bed, with his crucifix clasped to his breast. On two or three occasions when he regained his voice for a moment he exclaimed: "I am so happy!" His death was expected daily, and when at last he passed away no symptom of pain evidenced itself in his peaceful countenance.

GEORGE A. HENSLER, S. J., son of Joseph F. Hensler, died of pneumonia at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. He was twenty-seven years of age, and for seven years had been a member of the Jesuit order. He had just completed his studies at Frederick, Md., and begun his career as a professor of the colleges of his order. Before entering the order, he was a prominent member of the Baltimore bar, and a popular orator of the Democracy in that city.

THE Rev. James H. Corrigan, for many years the president of Seton Hall

College, and a brother of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, died at the rectory of St. Mary's Church, Elizabeth, N. J., of which he had been pastor since his retirement from Seton Hall two years ago. Father Corrigan was born in Newark, in 1844. The Corrigans were one of the oldest and most prominent Catholic families in that city. Thomas Corrigan, the father, was a well-known business man, and educated three sons for the priesthood. James entered Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., and after being graduated went to Rome to complete his studies and be ordained, entering the American College. He fell a victim to Roman fever and had to leave the city before he could be ordained. He came back to New Jersey, entered Seton Hall, and in October, 1867, was admitted to Holy Orders. Father Corrigan has four brothers, being Archbishop Corrigan, the Rev. George W. Corrigan, of Paterson, Dr. Joseph F. Corrigan, of San Antonio, and William Corrigan, of Newark.

LAY PEOPLE.

N. Y. Irish American: The death of Justice John O'Hagan, Chief Commissioner of the Land Court in Ireland, which is announced this week by cable, removes from the stage of life the last of that galaxy of brilliant poets who made the pages of the old Dublin Nation luminous with their genius, in the days when Thomas Davis lived, and "Young Ireland" was a potent political entity in our native land. The American papers, in noticing his death, confuse him with Thomas O'Hagan, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, under one of Gladstone's administrations, and on his retirement accepted a peerage under the title of Baron O'Hagan of Tullahogue. The Baron, who has been dead for some years, was an eminent lawyer; but he was not a poet; nor was he ever recognized as one of the Young Ireland Party, — his legal instincts inclining him rather to adhere to the side of O'Connell. John O'Hagan was one of the most brilliant of the writers in the Nation at a period when that journal could show the greatest array of ability ever concentrated on the staff of a newspaper. But, after the death of Davis, and the failure of the '48 movement, he appeared to lose heart and even faith in the future of his country. He ceased to write the ringing lyrics that had once electrified the patriotism of his fellow-countrymen; and soon after, he accepted from the Whigs, whom he had so often denounced, a County Court Judgeship, from which he was subsequently advanced to the Justiceship of the Land Court, which he held at his death. The Irish papers stated, some time ago, that he was engaged in writing a review of the political history of the past century in Ireland. If so, it is to be hoped he had been able to complete it, as it would be a valuable contribution to the political literature of the time. But, so far as Ireland is concerned, from the moment he accepted office, under the alien government, John O'Hagan dropped out of the record as completely as Charles Gavan Duffy. Both are instances of complete self-effacement.

Two weeks Mission given by the Passionist Fathers at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, was a grand success. The women had the first week and the men the second. It was a pleasing sight to see the grand Cathedral crowded at the services at five in the morning and late in the evening. We have not learned the number of communicants, but there must have been six or seven thousand.

Alphonso XIII., of Spain, not being much skilled in the handling of fork and spoon, ate his chicken with his fingers the other day. His attendant remonstrated with his Majesty and said, "Kings do not eat with their fingers." The little fellow quietly replied, "This king does," and continued his meal in the same fashion.

The Boylston Manufacturing Co.

To those who are unacquainted with the Boylston Manufacturing Co., 853 Washington street, we will state that the firm is composed of Catholic gentlemen, whose publications are recognized as being authentic, and who are known in Boston as a reliable and reputable firm.

Important Meeting of the Bishops of Ireland.

DUBLIN, December 3 — A meeting of the standing committee of the archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church in Ireland was held to-day at the residence of Archbishop Walsh in this city.

The committee consists of four archbishops and six bishops elected to represent the several ecclesiastical provinces in Ireland. At the meeting the following address was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be communicated to the press for publication:

"The standing committee had deemed it a duty to communicate by telegraph with their absent brethren of the episcopacy, and have, up to this writing, the adhesion of the bishops whose names, with their own, are signed to the following address:

"The bishops of Ireland can no longer keep silence on the engrossing question which touches not Ireland and England alone, but every spot where Irishmen have formed homes. That question is, who in the future is to be the leader of the Irish people, or rather, who is not to be their leader?

"Without hesitation or doubt, and in the plainest possible terms, we give it as our unanimous judgment that whoever else is fitted to fill that highly responsible position Mr. Parnell is decidedly not.

"As the pastors of a Catholic nation we do not base this, our judgment and solemn declaration, on political grounds, but simply and solely on the facts and circumstances as revealed in a London divorce court.

"After the verdict was given in court we cannot regard Mr. Parnell in any other light than as a man convicted of the gravest offences known to religious society, aggravated, as it is in his case, by almost every circumstance that could possibly attach to it so as to give it scandalous pre-eminence in guilt and shame.

"Surely Catholic Ireland, so eminently conspicuous for the virtue and purity of its social life, will not accept as its leader a man thus dishonored and wholly unworthy of Christian confidence. And, further, as Irishmen who are devoted to our country, and eager for its elevation and earnestly intent on securing for it the benefits of domestic legislation, we cannot but be impressed by the conviction that a continuance of Mr. Parnell as leader of even a section of the Irish party must have the effect of disorganizing our ranks and ranging in two hostile camps the hitherto united forces of our country.

"Confronted with the prospect of contingencies so disastrous, we see nothing but inevitable defeat at the approaching general election, and as a result Home Rule indefinitely postponed, coercion perpetuated, the hands of the evictors strengthened, and the tenants already evicted left without a show of hope of being even restored in their homes."

The address is signed by Michael Logue, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland; William G. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin and primate of Ireland; T. W. Croke, archbishop of Cashel; John McEvilly, archbishop of Tuam; James Donnelly, bishop of Clogher; James Lynch, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Francis J. McCormick, bishop of Galway; John McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne; William Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross; Bartholomew Woodlock, bishop of Ardagh and Clon Macknois; Thomas Alphonsus O'Callaghan, bishop of Cork; James Brown, bishop of Ferus; Abraham Browrig, bishop of Ossory; Patrick McAllister, bishop of Down; Patrick O'Donnell, bishop of Raphoe; John Lyster, bishop of Achonry; Edward McGinnis, bishop of Kelmore; Thomas McGivern, bishop of Dromore; John O'Dougherty, bishop of Derry; Michael Cumerford, coadjutor to the bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Thomas McRedmond, coadjutor to Bishop Killaloe; Nicholas Donnelly, bishop of Cannea.

Boyle Bros'. Contribution.

BOYLE BROS., the well-known credit clothing dealers, 851 and 855 Washington street, Boston, subscribed one hundred dollars towards the John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial Fund.

WE copy from the Boston Daily Globe the following article on

The Irish Situation.

THE three-cornered fight between Messrs. Parnell, Gladstone, and McCarthy and their following has resulted in what is usually called a "draw." Mr. Parnell is not deposed. Mr. McCarthy has not, therefore, formally succeeded him, and Mr. Gladstone is left in an equivocal and lame attitude.

There are some useful lessons to be learned from this remarkable affair. The chief one is that, with a leader having the rare qualities of Mr. Parnell, the deposing business is far more easily accomplished on paper than in practice. The haste of some of the Irish leaders in peremtorily sitting down on Mr. Parnell makes it evident that they had not the least doubt that he would be disposed of as soon as a majority was found on the other side of the scales, and that all that would then remain to do would be to give him a formal dismissal.

It now appears that even the formal deposing of Mr. Parnell would have utterly failed to depose, in the face of the formidable and enthusiastic backing he commands in Ireland. The interesting feature of this leadership contest is that it has so rapidly sifted itself down to hard pan, and revealed the fact that the only real authority having power to depose Mr. Parnell lies in the Irish constituencies, which appear to be ready to re-elect him. From these there is no appeal. In other words, as in this country, power in Ireland ultimately resides in the people.

It is the general opinion of the English press that Mr. Parnell has virtually scored a victory. Those who sought to unseat him have failed to do so, in the manner and form contemplated, at least. As for Mr. Gladstone, he is left at a signal disadvantage. He has insisted that he would not define his Home Rule position until Mr. Parnell was deposed. But Mr. Parnell is not deposed, and he is therefore left morally obligated to state the Home Rule faith that is in him before he can collect his forces on any satisfying basis, either for an appeal to the English Liberals or to the Irish people. It is not difficult to discover that Mr. Gladstone comes out of this fight in very bad shape. That he must bid a long farewell to his ambition to be prime minister of England through Home Rule support is distinctly foreshadowed.

As for the cause of Ireland, which is paramount to all divisions among leaders, we fail to see any ground for permanent discouragement. Though Messrs. Parnell and McCarthy should figure as rival leaders in Parliament great possibilities for good lie even in this fact. Both the Tory and Liberal leaders will now bid against each other for their support, and the result may be greater concessions than either Mr. Parnell or Mr. McCarthy could secure single-handed.

At all events the Irish voice in Parliament has lost none of its essential strength. Better counsels will yet come between the now estranged factions, and, united upon a better basis than the uncertain one offered by Mr. Gladstone, the cause of Home Rule and better land conditions will go marching on to complete victory.

The Problem Solved.

WIFE (looking up from a book) — "This writer says that half the miseries of married life come from the fact that wives do not have a certain, regular sum per week to spend as they please." Husband — "True, and the other half of the misery comes from the fact that husbands do not have a certain, regular sum per week to spend as they please."

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

St. Peter's, Washington, D. C.

NATURE donned her most charming aspect to grace the dedication of St. Peter's new church, Capitol Hill, Washington, on Sunday morning, November 23; for although the autumn is far advanced and the trees have lost their foliage, never was the sunshine more glorious, nor the air more balmy. Thousands of eager worshippers directed their footsteps towards "the Hill," to be present at the solemn service, and at an early hour the beautiful new church was filled.

At ten o'clock the procession was formed, consisting of cross-bearer, acolytes, the reverend clergy, and his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. After passing around the outside of the church and intoning the usual psalms, they proceeded up the middle aisle to the sanctuary, where the Litany was recited; the procession then moved around the interior of the church, returning again to the sanctuary, the concluding prayers were recited and the dedication services were completed. The Cardinal was escorted to his throne on the gospel side of the altar, Rev. Fathers Gloyd and Duggan attending him as deacons of honor; and solemn pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. J. J. Kain, Bishop of Wheeling, Fathers Devine and Broydrick, formerly pastor and assistant pastor of the church, officiating as deacon and sub-deacon.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons preached upon the unity of the Church, a subject always interesting and instructive, but made doubly so by the choice and elegant language of our good archbishop, whose sermons never fail to charm and edify his hearers.

The last public ceremony in which Bishop Kain took part in St. Peter's old church was a memorable one, when Father O'Sullivan, the beloved pastor, was consecrated Bishop of Mobile, upon which grand occasion the Bishop of Wheeling preached a beautiful sermon, long to be remembered by the congregation.

St. Peter's has an interesting history commencing in 1820, being the second church founded in Washington. Very Reverend Wm. Matthews took a leading part in the enterprise of building a church in the eastern section of the city, and among those who assisted we find names ever familiar to Catholics of the vicinity: Carroll, Brent, Callan, Mattingly, Barry, Hoban, Queen, Spratt, and many others. Daniel Carroll was chairman of the committee, and donated the ground upon which the church was built.

The expectation of the founder of Washington City was that the public buildings would be erected upon the hill which is crowned by the Capitol; but owing to the shortsightedness of the owners of property in holding their land at exorbitant prices, or perhaps owing to the inexplicable tendency of great cities to grow towards the west, the intention of the designer of this beautiful capitol was thwarted, and the marble palaces presided over by the various members of the cabinet were located in the hollow instead of on the hill. This may be the reason why St. Peter's has never enjoyed the celebrity of being the "society" church; but its congregation is solid, substantial, and easy-going, comprising some of the oldest families in the district; and, as the Cardinal said at the conclusion of his sermon, "Though there are many richer congregations in the archdiocese, there is not one which has shown greater zeal and generosity upon all occasions."

The first pastor was Rev. James F. M. Lucas, in 1821; after four years he left the parish to become a Jesuit, and was succeeded by Rev. Matthew P. Deagle. Fathers Hoener, Schueber, and Velmans followed in rapid succession; and in 1834 came Father Van Horseigh, who remained until his death fifteen years later, and was idolized by his people. Fathers Lenagan and Knight were in charge successively until 1862, when Rev. Francis E. Boyle became pastor and had been at St. Peter's for sixteen years when he was removed to St. Matthew's in 1878. He died in 1882, sincerely mourned by his old parishioners and indeed by the whole diocese. Father J. O'Sullivan became pastor in 1878, and he was called seven years later to wear the mitre; he was followed by Rev. Geo. W. Devine, who

was transferred two years ago to St. John's, Baltimore, but not before he had won the love of St. Peter's people.

Rev. James O'Brien, the present pastor, has the honor and happiness of having erected one of the handsomest churches in the city in an incredibly short space of time. For many years the parishioners had been uncomfortably crowded in the old church, which, while it was endeared by holy and cherished memories, was too small for comfort, and not a very handsome specimen of architecture. Less than two years ago it was torn down, the congregation taking refuge in the schoolhouse at some distance for a few months, and returning to their old home as soon as the basement was habitable last spring. Now the whole church is finished and furnished. It is of the purest marble, and of handsome design. The inside trimmings are of the various tints of yellow and brown, the numerous windows and small pillars giving a very light, airy effect. The organ loft is exceedingly handsome, and constructed with a view not only to beauty but also to acoustic properties, in which the church excels. The large sacristy building is a model of comfort and convenience for the officiating clergy and the acolytes, affording also a roomy hall where meetings may be held by the societies connected with the parish.

The good people of St. Peter's are indeed to be congratulated upon their success in building their church which is a model of comfort, convenience, and architectural beauty.

AGNES HAMPTON.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A Magnificent Crayon Portrait.

THE crayon portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, just published by the Boylston Manufacturing Co., 853 Washington street, Boston, is the most life-like and artistic picture of the lamented poet-editor of any which has yet appeared. It is a reproduction, by a new art process, of Artist J. B. Troy's celebrated crayon-pastel which was copied from a life negative, the last and best Mr. O'Reilly had taken before his death. No picture ever published had a more universal sale than this will meet with. People of every class, race, creed, and color will purchase it, as Mr. O'Reilly was a friend to all mankind. We predict for it a wonderful sale, and its merits entitle it to find a place in the home of every Catholic Irishman in America.

Archishop Ireland on the Situation.

ST. PAUL, Minn., December 7. — Archbishop Ireland has returned to St. Paul from Chicago, where he had a conference with the members of the Parliamentary party. He said his visit was purely personal, and the statement that he represented the Catholic hierarchy in any way is a mistake.

He also authorized the statement that the hierarchy of America would take no official action whatever in the matter of the trouble now existing.

Archbishop Ireland said: "I am firmly of the opinion that Mr. Parnell should resign the leadership of the party. For him to retain control would only be to antagonize so large an element as would necessarily postpone the success of the Irish cause for a long time. If Parnell is patriotic and has the good of Ireland at heart he must see that, and step down and out."

The Weight of Earth Worms.

DARWIN estimated that worms, by swallowing earth for the sake of the vegetable matter it contains and forming castings, bring to the surface as much as ten tons of earth per annum on an acre. Worms are great promoters of vegetation by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it, and most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm casts, which form a fine manure for grain and grass. The earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, void of fermentation, and consequently sterile; this has occurred in many cases where the worms have been either accidentally or intentionally destroyed, and the fertility of the soil thus lost has only been restored when the worms had again collected and resumed their fertilizing work.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 2.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Patrick Donahoe, Founder of The Pilot.

HIS LIFE AN OBJECT LESSON IN COURAGE AND ENERGY.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE'S resumption of THE PILOT, which he founded and for forty years controlled, but which passed out of his hands at the time of his financial embarrassments, fifteen years ago, is an even without precedent, we believe, in the history of journalism. Many men have founded newspapers, brought them to success, sold them to advantage, and retired from journalistic life, or engaged in other enterprises. Others, like Mr. Donahoe, have been forced out of journalism by financial disaster. But none, so far as we know, except Mr. Donahoe, having sold or lost his newspaper, has ever returned to the control of it.

THE PILOT passed from Mr. Donahoe's hands in 1876, under peculiarly sad circumstances. It was the culmination of a series of disasters, beginning with his heavy losses in the great fire of November, 1872. He found himself in April, 1876, with nothing left out of the vast business, newspaper, book-publishing, bank, foreign exchange, of which he was once the head, except the passenger and foreign exchange agency. And he was already sixty three years of age.

The career of the man who at this advanced age could begin the world again, build up a good business, and amass the wherewithal to re-purchase, when opportunity offered, the journal he had founded, is surely worth telling.

For the pleasure and instruction of PILOT readers, old and new, we therefore give the appended sketch of the life of Patrick Donahoe.

Patrick Donahoe was born in Munnery, the parish of Kilmore, County Cavan, Ireland, March 17, 1815. He came to Boston in 1825. He went to school for a few years, and, while still a lad in his teens, got employment in the office of the Columbian Centinel. Here he became an expert type-setter, and acquired a general knowledge of journalism.

He set his heart on founding, in Boston, a paper for the Catholics of the United States. This was apparently the most impracticable of schemes, so great was the prejudice in old-time Boston against Catholics.

Bishop Fenwick broke the ice, however, by the establishment, in 1832, of a little paper, to which he gave the daring name of "The Jesuit." It was not a financial success, and, after a few years' struggling existence, was about to be discontinued, when Mr. Donahoe and Mr. Devereux came forward and bought it. They changed the name to the Literary and Catholic Sentinel; but it fared no better than its predecessor, and had to be abandoned.

Finally, in 1836, Messrs. Donahoe and Devereux began the publication of THE PILOT. The latter gentleman did not remain long connected with the enterprise. Mr. Donahoe bent all his energies to making THE PILOT a success. He made a personal canvass, not only of the New England and Middle States, but of the far West and South; never resting till he had built up for his paper a thoroughly national circulation, and expanded it from a small four-page to a large and handsomely-printed eight-page weekly.

THE PILOT for a long time had the field al-

most to itself. It became a household word in the Irish Catholic homes of the land, and was eagerly looked for, from week to week, by the poor immigrants, homesick for the news of the Old Land, which they were sure to find abundantly in its columns. For many years, too, it did effective missionary work, being almost the only medium of Catholic news and religious instruction in the hundreds of new settlements where the visits of priests were necessarily infrequent.

The "Old Subscriber," very numerous on THE PILOT books, and who holds a double handful of receipts dating back to the early '40's, tells many a pathetic story of THE PILOT'S travels in pioneer days among the scattered farm-houses of the great Western clearances, and of the hearty reception it met with every week in the little frontier town and the mining camp.

In the latest volume of Annals of the Sisters of Mercy, in sketch of the San Francisco foundations in 1854, we find this reference to THE PILOT: "Steamers came once a month; later, twice a month. No matter what hour of the night the steamer arrived, the newsboys went their rounds, shouting out in full capitals: 'Arrival of the Northern Star (or any other steamer)!' 'Here's your Boston PILOT! New Orleans Picayune! New York Herald!'"

Meantime, the founder of THE PILOT was rapidly amassing a fortune, and had become the foremost man of his race in New England. In addition to his newspaper, he established a large publishing house, whence the works of many notable Irish and Irish-American authors were issued. A bookstore and a great emporium of church furniture, organs, etc., were subsequently added.

Mr. Donahoe was a very public-spirited and patriotic citizen. No movement for the benefit of Boston or of America lacked his sympathy and generous help. When the Civil War broke out, he actively interested himself in the organization of the Irish regiments. He was treasurer of the fund for the equipment of the Irish Ninth; and when the regiment was departing for the field, he presented Col. Cass with $1,000 in gold for distribution among the men. He assisted in the formation of the 28th Massachusetts Regiment, and generously aided the soldiers at Camp Cameron, Cambridge, during the early days of the war.

An earnest Catholic, he was most generous to Catholic charities. He aided very largely in the building of the splendid Home for Destitute Catholic Children, on Harrison Ave., Boston; was a generous advocate of Catholic popular education; a steady benefactor to orphanages, asylums, etc. Indeed, scarcely a church in New England was built in his time without some gift from him; nor was any good cause in America or Ireland ever refused his assistance. The American College at Rome, and the Seminary at Mill Hill, Eng., for the training of priests for the colored missions, were among the foreign institutions he delighted to help.

Mr. Donahoe had many plans for the intellectual advancement of his people; among them, the opening of a picture gallery filled with the best that the great art centres of Europe could give. He had already a notable collection of valuable pictures made to this end, when his financial troubles began.

Mr. Donahoe has been twice married. Of the offspring of his first marriage, which took place in 1836, one son, Mr. Chrysostom P. Donahoe remains. Of the second, in 1853, are three sons and a daughter. Three of Mr. Donahoe's sons are with him in THE PILOT Office, and in his other enterprises; the other, Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, is organist of the Cathedral, and prominent in Boston's musical circles.

In 1872 Patrick Donahoe was, without doubt, the richest and most influential Catholic in New England, and in the front rank, both in means and influence, among the Catholics of America.

The granite block on Franklin St., in which THE PILOT offices, publishing house, etc., were located, was one of the handsomest buildings in Boston. He had a fine private residence on Boylston St., the scene of constant lavish hospitality; he had other valuable property, and from all sources a splendid income.

The memorable fire of 1872 came, destroying his splendid buildings, stereotype plates, book-stock, and other property to the amount of $350,000. He at once resumed business on Washington St., but was burned out again in May, 1873. Still full of courage, he built again, this time on Boylston St., moved into the new structure, and was burned out a third time. The insurance companies had nearly all collapsed in the great fire, so the usual help in rising from such losses as his was not to be had. He had endorsed heavily for friends. Through this dangerous form of generosity he lost a sum total of $250,000.

Then the panic came, and friends who had advanced money to Mr. Donahoe, to help him carry on his business, felt constrained to withdraw their assistance. Finally, the climax of his misfortunes was reached in 1878, when his bank, previously alluded to,

obliged to suspend payment. At the ime of its suspension, Mr. Donahoe was indebted to depositors $73,000. He put everything he possessed at the disposal of his creditors; but property had shrunk in value, and his had been heavily mortgaged in the interests of his business.

Here Archbishop Williams came to his relief, purchasing three-fourths' interest in THE PILOT. John Boyle O'Reilly purchased the remaining fourth. The Archbishop added to the editorial charge which Mr. O'Reilly had from Mr. Donahoe for some years previous the entire business management of the paper.

John Boyle O'Reilly threw himself with characteristic ardor into the work of the paper. The creditors were soon paid off in yearly instalments. The national fame and circulation of THE PILOT was maintained, despite the multitude of competitors springing up on every side to divide the field; existing features were developed and new ones created, and the distinction of the greatest name ever won by an Irish-American Catholic—a name great in America without reference to race or religious lines —added to both. No one is more anxious than Mr. Donahoe that the spirit of John Boyle O'Reilly shall be perpetuated in THE PILOT, and his memory duly honored in its pages.

Meantime, the veteran journalist, amid constant reminders of his old-time affluence, was beginning his business life anew. He resumed his foreign exchange and passenger agency in Boylston St., and in 1878 he established a monthly magazine, which, under the name of Donahoe's Magazine, has attained wide circulation and popularity. With characteristic courage, he personally established its circulation; going over the same ground that he traversed in his young manhood for THE PILOT many years before. He endured his altered fortunes manfully. No one ever saw an abatement in his cheerfulness and energy.

His attention to his duties, his interest in all Catholic matters, his confidence in God, and his hopeful views of life were increased.

Success had to come to such a man. Gradually his business developed, and he found himself again in the enjoyment of a competence; and better still, in the enjoyment of the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens.

The story of his resumption of THE PILOT has already been told in these columns. It only remains to add that there are tens of thousands who wish Patrick Donahoe prolonged life, and much happiness in his old field of labor.

Washington.

GOD wills no man a slave. The man most meek,
Who saw Him face to face on Horeb's peak,
Had slain a tyrant for a bondman's wrong,
And met his Lord with sinless soul and strong.
But when, years after, overtraught with care,
His feet once trod doubt's pathway to despair,
For that one treason lapse, the guiding hand
That led so far now barred the promised land.
God makes no man a slave, no doubter free;
Abiding faith alone wins liberty.

Weaklings there were, as in the tribes of old,
Who craved for fleshpots, worshipped calves of gold,
Murmured that right should harder be than wrong,
And freedom's narrow road so steep and long;
But he who ne'er on Sinai's summit trod,
Still walked the highest heights and spake with God,
Saw with anointed eyes no promised land
By petty bounds or pettier cycles spanned,
Its people curbed and broken to the ring.
Packed with a caste and saddled with a king —
But freedom's heritage and training school,
Where man unruled should learn to wisely rule,
Till sun and moon should see at Ajalon
Kings' heads in dust and freemen's feet thereon.

His work well done, the leader stepped aside,
Spurning a crown with more than kingly pride,
Content to wear the higher crown of worth,
While time endures, First Citizen of earth.

Revisiting Ireland.

A POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE.

DUBLIN, 1890.

THERE are many things of importance happening in Ireland at present, as in all other parts of the world, which would require the attention of those whose duty it is to note all passing events of interest.

But there is one overwhelming thought, one terrible event, one great crisis that overshadows all things else in Ireland just now, and will so continue for many a day to come. I allude, of course, to the condition of Irish politics caused by the great leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, its founder in fact, Charles S. Parnell. The facts in the case are now world-wide, and the effects are sure to become the same. It were simply an act of folly to deny the awful importance of this woful case, whose bearing upon the national life of Ireland is not to be computed at present; and it is equally as impossible to predict where or when the disturbed condition of this distracted country will end, or what the upshot will be in the future. From a close survey of the field, and weighing every important factor in a case that changes its attitude and character daily, I think it may be predicted that, in the end, Ireland will not have lost as much as under the circumstances might have been expected.

HOME RULE.

Home Rule for Ireland is a measure containing a vital political principle that will outlive men and parties. Home Rule is the governing power in these kingdoms at present, and Ireland is the battlefield for the first instalment. That is all; so that the greatest amount of evil that can possibly eventuate from the present disordered condition of Ireland is the postponement, only for a short time, of the Home Rule measure.

The people of Great Britain, that is, the great democracy of England and Scotland, are just as determined that Ireland shall be governed by her own legislature, as are the Irish people themselves. At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Scottish Home Rule Association, at Edinburgh, a resolution was unanimously adopted, in which recent events in Ireland were compared to a mere "shadow."

The resolution further spoke of the present congestion of the British Parliament preventing the business of the empire from being properly conducted, and that a devolution of powers covered by the words "Home Rule all 'round" had become an imperative necessity. Whether the Home Rule measures for the four divisions of the United Kingdom be passed simultaneously in rotation, is of no moment, continues the resolution, since none, for grave constitutional reasons, can come into operation till all are passed. I have always maintained that Home Rule for Ireland would change the face of all European governments. The same Rule for Scotland, England, and Wales would soon overthrow every government in Europe. To effect these things

is the mission of the American Republic, the advance of human government for humanity, rather than the government of the nations by a few titled aristocracy.

THE IRISH HIERARCHY.

The emphatic action of the Irish Bishops against Mr. Parnell's leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party, proves to any thinking man the impossibility of Mr. Parnell's retention of the power he is so bitterly trying to retain. This action of the hierarchy — probably the most national hierarchy, taking the bishops as a body, that ever reigned in Ireland — may not be accepted universally at the present moment; but it is already accepted by the majority of the people, and will very soon be accepted by the entire Catholics of Ireland.

Evidently there is a strong feeling evoked over all this business among the ever-faithful Irish in America. The less feeling and the more cold reason, the better in the long run. The action of the Irish in America will not influence the retention or retirement of Parnell from the leadership of even a fraction of his party.

PARNELL'S POLICY.

The policy outlined by Parnell is to retain as many of his followers as possible, at present about thirty, and then either at a general, or by-election, fight to the death against the re-election of his present opponents, and set up in opposition to them men of his own choice. Certainly, if all things were conducted fairly, this policy would be the means of obtaining a kind of plebiscit of the people, either for him or against him. But before the accomplishment of such a Plan of Campaign the country would be driven to destruction. Already the bitterness engendered by Mr. Parnell's desire to retain power and leadership has reached a point unequalled among any other people but the Irish.

"Undistinguished they live
If they shame not their sires."

VISITING TRINITY COLLEGE.

College Green, Dublin, is the heart of the dear old city. Standing directly opposite the old Parliament House, still and forever a pile of classic architecture, full of life and beauty, although its pillars are weather-beaten and wreathed in some places in grimy black. Trinity College stands to the right. Behind the spectator is a beautiful new building, the National Bank of Ireland, with which PATRICK DONAHOE has done business for over half a century — and what an amount of business!

Trinity College is one of the greatest buildings in the British empire. It is a series of buildings, plain and massive, the joints of the stones, some of which are over twenty tons in weight, are as close and as clean cut as on the day they were put together, centuries ago, I think. I know that the College was founded by that beautiful virgin — virgin, please, with a little v — Queen Elizabeth, with a view to stamp out the Catholic religion in Ireland. But the College and the virgin with the little v both failed. Passing between the statues of Edmund Burke

and Oliver Goldsmith (poor, dear old Goldy), both art studies, I approached the janitor's lodge.

"Can a fellow pass in here, please? I look over the college buildings, and examine that mighty Campanile in the centre of the Quadrilateral?"

"If you're a Fellow, sir, you don't require leave to pass in."

"Oh, excuse me. I'm not that kind of a Fellow; I'm another sort of a fellow."

"Well, you're a decent-looking fellow in any case, and you can pass in."

"Thanks."

An hour spent among those glorious buildings and gardens is a singularly suggestive hour; although I had visited Dublin twice before, and, when a mere boy, had had the honor of shaking hands with Daniel O'Connell in the great marquee in the yard of the prison where the Liberator and the other Repeal Travesters were imprisoned, yet I had never the opportunity of seeing Old Trinity, except from the outside, until a few days ago; hence the joy and satisfaction I would endeavor to impart to my readers.

Trinity College and grounds cover about forty acres. The buildings are all of the same class of architecture; I would call the style Romanesque. The examination halls and students' chambers are all alike from the outside.

THE LIBRARY.

This is now, and will ever be, the great source of attraction to visitors and scholars. The broad, wide stairs to the library are thickly ornamented with busts of leading men of the college, just as within the library itself. These are men who have distinguished themselves in the senate chamber, in the forum, in the halls of science, and in the highest positions of the Protestant church.

Mr. Gartland is the gentlemanly custodian of the library.

"Did you ever have any fire here, or were you ever in danger of fire from any outside source?" I enquired, as I saw the vast piles of tomes and works of enshrined MSS. and relics of art before me, that the ransom of a kingdom could not purchase, and nothing in the world could ever replace, if destroyed.

"No, sir; we never had any fire here, and don't intend to have any."

"But accidents, you know."

"No possibility of accidents, sir; we would not allow even a match to be struck here."

"Certainly, it is necessary to take every precaution in such a place as this."

There are two hundred and fifty thousand volumes of books in this library, many of them that could not be duplicated in the world again, if lost, and several thousands of these volumes here are the only remaining copies to be had. As for the MSS. works, these are, of course, beyond value and price.

Mr. Gartland was somewhat busily engaged when I first saw him; but with that gentlemanly, Irish instinct, that prompts our countrymen to understand a stranger, he graciously accompanied me over the whole library, and, oh! what a vista and what treasures were unfolded to my view.

I cannot well give the dimensions of the place. Call it two hundred and fifty by, say, fifty feet wide, and probably forty-five feet in height.

It is perfectly rectangular with arched, grained, and carved roof. From the windows on either side, directly opposite each other, run recesses of shelves fully forty feet in height, each recess being provided with a common builder's ladder for use by the students to reach the highest shelves.

There are at present fifteen hundred students in the College, but of these only some five or six hundred are residents, the remainder being scattered over England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, and America. Only a handful of Catholics are in this great number. Deo gratias!

The librarian then conducted me to the furthest end of the building and introduced me, somewhat suddenly, to the BOOK OF KELLS! Before I had well recovered my breath he pointed out the Book of Durrow!

My God! I felt like dropping on my one knee in veneration of those wonders of the early Irish Church.

I think my gentlemanly conductor noticed this, and (having received my card) said, "Mr. McCorry, just take your own time, as long as you wish, and examine those treasures at your leisure." 'Twas the voice of an angel granting something like a respite. I was alone, and in presence of the Book of Kells, and the Book of Durrow. Only a week or two before this, I had written a review of Bishop Healy's work, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum," in which those books were described, and which review has appeared in this MAGAZINE, in the October and November numbers of last year.

These wonderful Books are MSS. in the early Gaelic of the eighth century. An Irish archæologist says of them, in speaking of the initial letters of the chapters which I studied, and examined minutely, and with a special devotion, that it seemed as if the angels in heaven had descended on earth to paint them, and to draw them. They are wonderful creations! The colors, lakes, violets, greens, golds, blues, oranges, light-browns, azures, and chromatics, and semitones of other colors and hues, were as clear and as beautiful as on the day they were finished by the hands of Irish saints, eleven hundred years ago! Besides those books are the little shrines in which they were encased. These shrines are of oak, carved and ornamented with large Irish diamonds. As works of art they speak eloquently of Ireland a thousand years ago!

Let us move around those hermetically sealed glass cases, so full of history and antiquities. Here is a piece of papyrus only four thousand years old. Remember that proofs of the antiquity of these

articles is guaranteed. To write or make marks on the sappy Egyptian leaf, with a stylus, or, probably, the point of a thorn, and then put the leaf aside to dry was, undoubtedly, the first attempt at writing in the world.

Here, also, are the books of Malius, A. D. 697; and of Dinnan, A. D. 620; and a Codex of the fifth century. These are surely old enough to excite the student's attention. A copy of the Koran in Arabic, of the twelfth century, and a Samaritan Pentateuch, dated 1482, together with a Roman Antiphonarium of the fourteenth century, are worthy of notice. Here, also, is an autograph of poor Mary, Queen of Scots, lying alongside the first book printed by Caxton, and a bit of MSS. of sturdy old Dr. Johnson. The autograph of Oliver Goldsmith claims attention, as visions of Sweet Auburn float through the mind. The Office of Our Blessed Lady, printed at Lyons in 1499, is a very beautiful work, and contains a full-page painting of the Adoration of the Magi. This is a lovely work of art of that period. There is a copy here of the first German Bible, dated 1466, and a leaf of the first Latin Bible, dated 1455.

BRIAN BORU'S HARP.

This wonderful relic is always attractive to visitors in consequence of its antiquity and associations. The printed notices that I have seen of it failed to convey anything but a correct idea of the old instrument. It is enclosed in a glass case, and, when placed upright, would measure about two and a half feet. Of course it is stringless. The sounding board seems to be best preserved, the top and front being deeply worm-eaten. I should judge it to have been in this condition at the time it came into the custody of the College; but it is now in a state of good preservation and will withstand the ravages of time for many a day to come. The date of the Harp is A. D. 1400, and was actually played in the streets of Limerick by Arthur O'Neill in 1760. It was used for ecclesiastical purposes, and bears the monogram I. H. S. in gothic letters on the front. It carries the arms of O'Neill, and an Irish crown, such as is usually found on the head of the Irish Monarch, King Brian, in old pictures, and it is probably on this account that it is called Brian Boru's Harp. The front and top of the Harp contains, as ornaments, large Irish diamonds, rare, unique, and beautiful, some of them, I should say, eight inches in length, rounded in form, and about an inch in diameter.

There are about forty marble busts placed in front of the recesses where the great volumes are carefully arranged. These represent such men as Dr. Parnell, Goldsmith, Plunkett, Burke, Curran, etc., etc.

It is December; but out in the grounds the laurel-trees are green and beautiful flowers are blooming, and the evergreens are as delightful as in May or June. And this was the Alma Mater of Robert Emmet, of Tom Moore, of Isaac Butt, and many another brave and gallant Irishman whose name and fame have brightened the world for their existence.

THE KILKENNY ELECTION.

"Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are stout, roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the pretty young maids
Oh, they kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free.
Och! of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me,
Och! of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me."

You have some idea of political excitement in America during a presidential campaign, especially when some important issue is at hand to be decided by the result of the election. But as a rule the night before the election all excitement cools off, and election day itself is usually less marked than any day for weeks preceding. Immediately after election all excitement ceases. Bless you, all this is a state of repose compared with the Kilkenny election. The excitement consequent upon the result, permeates every pore of these kingdoms with an intensity not to be questioned.

From Gladstone and the Liberals of England down to the humblest bog-trotter in the Bog of Allen, all are arrayed into two hostile camps, Parnell and anti-Parnell, or Hennessy *vs.* Scully.

London is equally excited with Dublin, and Dublin with Kilkenny County. Telegrams are flying hither and thither like forked lightning in a thunder storm. Peelers (the Irish Cossacks), and soldiers are drafted from all quarters, and flying by steam power to the quiet villages of a county remarkable for its beautiful coal, and its handsome maids with coal black eyes.

The total number of registered electors for county Kilkenny is fifty-seven hundred, but emigration and deaths have reduced the number to forty-seven hundred. There are eight divisions in the constituency, and these were sub-divided into fifteen polling stations.

The death of the late member of Parliament for Kilkenny Marum, caused very little stir until his successor was about to then whoo! Marum's was the most coveted on earth.

One of the strangest incidents connected with the campaign that of a deputation of Kilkenny ladies waiting on Mr. P presenting him with a bouquet of white flowers, chiefly token of their admiration.

A Unionist paper commenting on this incident says: "were admirably chosen to suit the 'innocent heart,' of Parnell harangued last Friday. When the secrets of the heart,' which were so carefully concealed from Mr. Justice at length revealed, a censorious world will no doubt learn Fox' infinitely prefers 'the lilies and languor of virtue and raptures of vices.' Just at present, however, we sho for the roses as most appropriate."

But look out for the Address of the Castlecomber La

BALFOURISM.

Mr. Balfour wants the big sum of five thousand p which to relieve the famine-stricken peasantry of the sout of Ireland. Of course he will get it, but how he intends to

an inadequate sum "go around," is one of those inexplicable puzzles, the solution of which is known only to Balfour himself. Only fancy such a sum requiring an Act of Parliament before it can be awarded, and only fancy such a sum for such a purpose.

I remember twice this sum being "ordered" by the aldermen of New York for fireworks on a fourth of July. Three or four men-of-war have been ordered to carry seed potatoes to Galway, Connemara, and other places on the west coast of Ireland. Better to have those ships so employed than in battering down the cities of peaceful people like those of Alexandria.

There is a lameness and dilatoriness in the action of the British Government in affording relief to the famine districts that tallies well with the usual character of this government when the Irish people are concerned.

FORCE.

It were a proud and glorious thing to resist an oppressor by the eloquence of a rifle, or the logic of a bayonet; but when a man's house is filled with an armed force, and he himself is completely unarmed, such eloquence and such logic are lost, or become a mere sentiment accompanied with regrets.

The first day that Grattan permitted the disbandment of the Irish Volunteers, that day the grip of England on Ireland's neck was fastened like the fangs of a bull-dog on the throat of a sheep, and the grip has never been lessened since. Subsequent Arm's Acts performed the work of England, and to-day the greatest crime in Ireland is to possess arms. The nation that permits itself to be disarmed is unworthy of freedom, and no power can disarm a nation, no more than imprison it, unless the nation passively obeys an order to disarm.

Ireland's position. Wherever one moves here he is confronted by an armed force. Here are the "bloody Peelers," with their leggings, great coats, with heavy capes, and spiked helmets like those at Sedan, presenting a perfect picture of the Russian soldiers, whose sole duty is to inspire the people with dread. In every town, and at every railway station, are droves of soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery — horses alone wanted to complete the picture — moving, rushing from town to town, without apparently in view, but simply to keep moving. The Shropshire regiment at Kilkenny, and the Welsh Fusileers in this city are living specimens of this order of government by force.

You have learned before now the result of the Kilkenny election, which records the return of a member of Parliament, but you must await the aftermath.

PETER MCCORRY.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville: "We care not how perfect may be the teaching, how severe and careful the methods of training, how conscientious the supervision of those who manage the non-Catholic schools, the Catholic youth can never receive from them that knowledge which is his birthright; a right which not even God is justified in depriving him of."

Treatment of the Indians.

If there be such a thing as a national sin that cries to heaven for vengeance, and we believe there is, then this nation is surely guilty of such a sin in its treatment of the Indians. The record of the treatment of the aborigines of this country, from the beginning to the present time, is a record of cruelty, neglect, and injustice that may well make every lover of his country's honor blush with shame. At a convention of friends of the Indian, held in Worcester, Mass., some time during the winter of 1885-86, Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, used the following strong and vigorous language: "Our forefathers came here under the impression that every Christian nation was entitled to the possession of all barbarians that it could seize. They found the barbarians here so strong that they had to treat with them, and go through the form of purchase. They obtained permission to remain here, and from that day to this we have never met the Indian in good faith, fairly and squarely, as one honest man meets another in negotiating. When we found him too strong we waited only for an opportunity to break our agreement, and we never failed to do it. We have circumvented him, deluded him with promises, and burned his wigwams to gain possession of his heritage, and is it any wonder that he still remains a savage, and fails to embrace civilization and the faith?"

We are not now concerned with the question of Mr. Dawes' sincerity in making this bold charge against his Puritan ancestors and even against the government of his country; but certainly, whatever his motive may have been, and however inconsistent his own conduct may have been with his professed principles, his declaration contained a burning — a damning truth. The whole history of our dealings with the Indians has been a history of cruel inhumanity and wrong, and the worst of it is, it seems absolutely incurable. What is the difficulty? It would seem to be a very simple matter. These poor savages are the wards of the government, and the government appoints agents to look after their interests, to protect their rights, and to aid them by every means in their power in their progress to civilization. The grand fault that lies at the bottom of the whole difficulty is that everything connected with the government is prostituted in the interests of partisan politics, and these Indian agencies, which ought to be considered in the light of a sacred obligation, are not exempt from the common fate, but are assigned to political partisans as rewards for services rendered without reference to their character and fitness, but simply for the money that is in it. Now it is a melancholy fact, that so far from these agents having any sympathy with the Indians and laboring for their civilization, their whole end and aim, with few exceptions, seems to be to make all the money they can out of them, and it is a notorious fact that the Indians have actually been swindled out of millions of dollars. Time and again has it been reported to the government and the country that the poor Indians were actually starving, because the supplies to which they were entitled had been kept from them by these miserable pirates and land sharks, who are ready to sacrifice the lives of the

Indians as well as their own honor to the acquisition of pelf. They starve the Indians, and then when the poor savages resent the injustice these immaculate agents raise the hue and cry of Indian hostilities, call for the military to save their precious skins, and make the country ring with the frightful stories of the savage atrocities of the Indians.

That is the solemn farce, if it should not rather be called tragedy, that has recently taken place and is now being enacted among the Sioux and other Indians in the North-West. Numerous letters from priests on the ground assure us that the real cause of the dissatisfaction now prevailing among them is want of sufficient food to sustain life. General Miles declared that they have been as good as starving for the last two years. General Brooke, the commander of the Platte, says that neither Indian nor white man can live upon the rations dealt out to the Indians under the stipulations of the treaty. Agent Royer says they don't get all there is coming to them. A beef weighing eleven hundred pounds shrinks to seven hundred before it gets to the Indians, and the Indians are the losers. There is no recourse, no tribunal of justice for the poor Indians. Listen to what General Brooke has to say on the subject. We quote from Joseph W. Gavan's able letter from Washington, in the New York Freeman's Journal on the subject. "The Indians here," says the general, "don't get enough to eat. Their government allowance of rations is next to starvation allowance." "The Indians are slowly starving to death," says the special correspondent of the Omaha Daily Bee, "and this is the real, the way down, deep cause of the war."

The fact is, the government agents don't want the Indians to be civilized. It is for their interest that they should be kept in a state of barbarism. In their present condition they are a kind of bonanza from which enormous sums of money are made. It is also said to be for the interest of the white settlers around the Indians to get up a great scare, once in awhile, and have the army quartered in their neighborhood. It makes a market for their products, gives life to business, and enriches them at the expense of the government.

The universal testimony of all candid men who are acquainted with the subject is, that the Catholic missions are the only ones that have done, or seem capable of doing the savages any permanent good. The testimony of Senator Vest, of Missouri, on this subject is as honorable to him as it is reproachful to the government which in the face and eyes of his official, emphatic testimony in favor of the Jesuit missions, still persists in encouraging a policy directly opposed to those missions.

There are two classes of persons who hate the Catholic missions and would be glad to see them destroyed. First, the grasping, grinding agents, who know very well that those missions constitute the only barrier that stands in the way of their nefarious practices; and, secondly, the religious bigots and fanatics who are jealous of the growing superiority of the Catholic missions, and are ready to do all in their power to cripple them and destroy their influence. That these bigots have the countenance and encouragement of the government is evident from the fact that two notoriously anti-Catholic preachers, the Baptist Morgan,

and the Methodist Dorchester, have been appointed Indian commissioners, and although the late congress put the seal of its disapprobation upon their anti-Catholic scheme, they are still kept in office and continue to carry out their tyrannical, unconstitutional, and un-American scheme. If these professedly Christian men would turn their attention towards correcting the outrageous injustice and tyranny of the unscrupulous and grasping agents, turning them out and putting honest men in their place, instead of harassing and turning out the best friends the Indians have — the Catholic missionaries — they would do a much more honorable and praiseworthy work, and be entitled to the applause of all good, honest citizens.

It is a curious fact that these same agents, who hate the priests and nuns of the missions, know very well where their safety lies when trouble threatens their own precious skins and scalps. They are very glad to avail themselves of the influence and protection of these same priests and religious, as was well demonstrated by their appeal to Rev. John Jutz, S. J., to use his influence in quieting the exasperated redskins. But if Father Jutz, or any of the other disinterested priests and religious expect gratitude from these hypocrites and hardened wretches, they will be sadly mistaken. Indeed they know too well, from sad experience, that the moment danger is past, all favor is forgotten, and the course of open or secret persecution and hostility is renewed.

The more one thinks of the subject, the more does one's blood boil with honest indignation that this gigantic evil should be allowed to continue. As the government is really responsible for its continuance, and the government is supposed to represent the wishes of the people, what else can we do but bring the influence of popular sentiment to bear upon the administration, and if they do not respond, turn them out and put one in that will? One thing seems perfectly plain, that no consistent, loyal Catholic can vote for, or give countenance to, an administration which deliberately persists in sanctioning and encouraging this infamous system of injustice and oppression toward our poor, persecuted, down-trodden aborigines. Let them beware, there is a God of justice in heaven, and He does punish the nation for their national sins. In His sight there is no greater or more odious sin — none that calls down His wrath with greater vengeance — than that of the oppression of the poor. Listen to and take warning from one of the old prophets: "The people of the land have used oppression, and committed robbery; they afflicted the needy and poor, and they oppressed the stranger by calumny without judgment, and I sought among them for a man that might set up a lodge and stand in the gap before me, in favor of the land that I might not destroy it: and I found none. And I poured out my indignation upon them; in the fire of my wrath I consumed them, and I have recompensed their way upon their own heads, saith the Lord God."

Since writing the above, the sad news comes of the disgraceful massacre of the poor Indians on Wounded Knee Creek, and the serious wounding of that heroic and indefatigable missionary, Father Craft, who was doing such splendid work for the elevation of the Red Men. This is the crowning iniquity of the whole business. There has been

terrible mismanagement in the whole affair, and we must say the responsibility rests upon the government who have appointed agents who were unfit for their office, and who have brought about this terrible catastrophy. We are rejoiced at the announcement of the resignation of Commissioner Morgan, and only regret that it had not taken place sooner, that all this slaughter might have been avoided. H. L. R.

A Cardinal and a Hotel Man, and What Came of It.

A LONG while ago, when Cardinal Cullen lived, there was a sick call for a priest in Dublin. The sick person was at —— hotel, the proprietor of which was a Protestant. A stormy, wet, dark night it proved. As soon as the messenger got there a priest started. Through mud and slush he made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person and gave him the sacraments. Everything went off as usual thus far, but now the curious part began. The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little private proselytizing, invited the priest to come into his own sitting-room. After administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelizer let himself out. "To think, Father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of these bishops and cardinals? Is it not monstrous? I warrant now, that, while the Cardinal has sent you on this long tramp through the muddy snow, he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch." — "I think you wrong him." — "Why?" — "Because he is doing nothing of the kind." — "You don't tell me! But how do you know?" — "I know by the best of reasons. You have never asked my name." — "Your name! What is it?" — "Cullen — Cardinal Cullen." In a moment the hotel keeper was on his feet, hat off. "Will your Eminence forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for your Eminence?" — "Oh, no; I can go back as I came. I am used to such journeys." The Cardinal departed. A few days afterward the hotel-keeper went to a priest for instructions, and was finally received into the church. This incident is strictly true.

How to Get Old

Is the title of a little book published by the Austrian Society for the Promotion of Popular Culture. Questions were sent round to a number of aged persons whose names are well known, and something more than a dozen have sent answers, some of them elaborate ones. The society is much grieved to have had no answer from Mr. Gladstone; but it adorns its pages with the account of how the aged Field Marshal Count Von Moltke grew to such a venerable age. Of his youth it is remarked that it was devoid of joys; his nourishment was scanty, and his young days were spent far from home and friends. The question whether he attributes his great age to any special habits of life, he answers thus: "I think that moderation in all habits of life is good, and that one should never spend a whole day indoors, not even in rainy days." His one recreation from work, he says, was riding, which he did not leave off until his eighty-sixth year. He attributes his healthy old age to "God's mercy and to moderation in all things."

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

ABOUT THE BENEDICTINES.

In reply to an address presented to him at the Birmingham Oratory, on September 18, 1879, from the Congregation of English Benedictines,

THE CARDINAL said: My dear Right Reverend and Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, — I thought it a high honor, as indeed it was, to have received, in the course of the last six months, on the occasion of the Sovereign Pontiff's goodness to me, congratulations from several Benedictine houses; but now I am called upon to give expression to my still warmer and deeper gratitude for so formal and public an act of friendship, on my behalf, as comes to me to-day from the whole English Benedictine Congregation — a kindness done to me by the President-General in person, in company with other Abbots and high officials of the English body, and that with the express intention of preserving the memory and the interest they have taken in me, for later times. This, indeed, is a kindness which claims my heartfelt thanks, and it is the more gratifying to me, my dear Fathers, because, over and above the circumstances by which you have so studiously given emphasis to your act, it comes from Benedictines. The Holy Church at all times, early and late, is fair and gracious, replete with winning beauty and transcendent majesty: and one time cannot be pronounced more excellent than another; but I from a boy have been drawn in my affections to her first age beyond other ages, and to the monastic rule as it was then exemplified; and how was it possible to drink in the spirit of early Christianity, and to be enamoured of its loveliness, and to sit at the feet of the Saints, Anthony, Basil, Martin, Jerome, Paulinus, Augustine, and others, without a special sensibility and attraction to the grandeur of St. Benedict, who completes the list of ancient monastic saints, or without a devout attachment to his multitudinous family? And when I became a Catholic, and found myself a son and servant of St. Philip, I rejoiced to think how much there was in the substance and spirit of his Institute like that which I had attributed to the primitive monks. His children, indeed, have no place in the pages of ecclesiastical history. We have not poured ourselves over Christendom century after century; have not withstood a flood of barbarism, and, after its calamities, "renewed the face of the earth"; we take up no great room in libraries, nor live in biographies and in the minds and hearts of spiritual men; but, as children of a saint, we cannot but have a character of our own, and a holy vocation; and, viewing it in itself, we may without blame ascribe to it a likeness to a Benedictine life, and claim a brotherhood with that old Benedictine world; in the spirit of Cardinal Baronius, one of St. Philip's first disciples, who tells us in his "Annals," that by and in St. Philip's rule a beautiful apostolic method of spiritual life was renewed, and primitive times come back again. There are none, then, whose praise is more welcome to me than that of Benedictines; but it need

scarcely be said, my dear Fathers, that to have a vivid admiration of a rule of life is not the same thing as to exemplify it. I know myself better than you do; you think far too well of me, and I beg your good prayers that I may be more like that ideal of work and prayer which in your charitableness you identify with me.

ASKING, "IF THIS IS COLDNESS, WHAT IS WARMTH?"

In reply to an address presented by the Earl of Denbigh, on behalf of the Diocese of Birmingham,

THE CARDINAL said: My dear Friends, — Your most welcome address brings before me the memories of many past years. The greater part of my life — that is, more than half of the long interval since I was a schoolboy — has been spent here, and the words which you use about it come home to me with the force of both a surprise and a pleasure which I had thought no speakers or writers could excite but such as had the same vivid experience of those eventful years as I have myself. You are not so old as I am. How is it, then, that you recollect my past so well? Every year brings its eventful changes — some entering, others leaving, this perishable scene. Yet so it is that by the favor of good Providence I have lost old friends only to gain new ones, and the ever-fresh generation of Catholics — clerical and lay — attached to this see seems as ever handing down a tradition of what happened to me years before itself; a tradition always kind, nay, I may say always affectionate to me. Of course, I view that past under a different aspect from yours. To me it is filled up with memorials of special kindnesses and honors which you have done to me, more than I can recount or represent in these few sentences. I recollect, for instance, thirty-six years ago, with what kind anxiety Dr. Wiseman, then Coadjutor-Bishop, exerted himself when I was living near Oxford to bring me within the safe lines of Holy Church, and how, when I had been received by Father Dominic, of the Congregation of the Passion, I at once found myself welcomed and housed at Oscott — the whole College boys, I may say, as well as the authorities of the place, receiving me with open arms, till I was near forgetting that I must not encroach on their large hospitality. How many kind and eager faces, young and old, come before me now as they passed along the corridors or took part in the festivities of St. Cecilia's Day, or assisted at more directly sacred commemorations, during the first months that I was a Catholic, and afterwards when Dr. Wiseman had called us from Oxford to be near him. The first act of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Walsh, was to give us Old Oscott, since called Maryvale, as our possession; a munificent act, which Pope Pius confirmed in his Brief, though we felt it a duty on our coming here to restore it to the diocese. And when we had come here, and our position was permanently fixed, the same kindness was shown to me as before, and especially by our present venerated bishop. What are those instances which you mention of my preaching at St. Chad's on his Lordship's installation, and on other special occasions, but so many singular honors shown on my behalf?

As years went on in a troublous time, and amid the conflict of opinion, there never was a misgiving about me in my own neighborhood. I recollect with great gratitude the public meeting held by the Catholics of this place in acknowledgment of lectures which I had delivered during the excitement caused in the country by the establishment of the Hierarchy; and how, when those lectures involved me in serious legal difficulties soon afterwards, the Birmingham Catholics, and prominently some excellent laymen, whose memory is very dear to me, started and headed that general subscription to meet my expenses which reached so magnificent a sum. And again, years afterwards, when an affront offered to me had involved an affront to the whole Catholic priesthood, and I on both accounts had felt bound to take notice of it, I was, amid my anxieties, cheered and rewarded by an address of thanks from the clergy assembled in Diocesan Synod, as is kept in continual memory by the autographs on the walls of our guest-room of the kind priests who did me this honor. Nor was the bishop wanting to this great acknowledgment; he gave it a sanction as precious as it was rare, by proposing that each of the priests of his diocese should, in connection with the subject of their address, say Mass for me. And now, after all this, you crown your kindness when my course is all but run, by resolving that the Holy Father shall not raise me to the Sacred College without, by your cordial congratulation, having a share in his act of grace. What am I to say to all this? It has been put about by those who were not Catholics that as a convent I have been received coldly by the Catholic body; and if it is coldness, I wonder what warmth is. One thought more comes into my mind, and with it I will conclude. I have many times felt sorely what poor services I have rendered to you to gain such recompenses as I have been recounting. It is very plain that I have had the wages of a public life with the freedom and comfort of a private one. You have let me go my own way, and have never been hard upon me. Following the lead of the good bishop, you, in all your communications with me, have made allowances for our rule, for my health and strength, for my age, for my habits and peculiarities, and have ever been delicate, ever acted tenderly towards me. May the Almighty God return to his Lordship, and to all of you, a hundred-fold that mercy and that loving sympathy which he and you have shown so long to me.

ON AFFAIRS OF IRELAND.

In reply to an address of congratulation on his elevation to the Sacred College, read by Lord O'Hagan, in 1880, "on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland,"

His Eminence said: My Lord O'Hagan, I should be strangely constituted if I were not deeply moved by the address which your Lordship has done me the honor of presenting to me on the occasion of my elevation, by the grace of the Sovereign Pontiff, to a seat in the Sacred College. It almost bewilders me to receive an expression so warm, so special, so thorough, from men so high in station, ecclesias-

tical and civil — speaking too, as they avow, in behalf of a whole Catholic people; and, in order to this, giving themselves the inconvenience and fatigue of a long journey in the midst of their serious occupations. But while I reply to their commendation of me with somewhat of shame from the consciousness how much more I might have done in life than I have done, and how much better, still my reverence for them obliges me to submit myself to their praise as a grave and emphatic judgment upon me, which it would be rude to question, and unthankful not to be proud of, and impossible ever to forget. But their address is not only an expression of their praise, it also conveys to me from Ireland a message of attachment. It is a renewal and enlargement of a singular kindness done to me a year ago, and even then not for the first time. I have long known what good friends I have in Ireland; they in their affection have taken care that I should know it, and the knowledge has been at times a great support to me. They have not been of those who trust a man one day and forget him the next; and though I have not much to boast of in most points of view, I will dare to say that if, on my appointment to a high post in Ireland, I came there with the simple desire and aim to serve a noble people who I felt had a great future, deeply sensible of the trust, but otherwise, I may say, without thought of myself — if this creates a claim upon your remembrance, I can, with a good conscience, accept it. And here I am led on to refer to a special circumstance, on which you touch with much delicacy and sympathy, and which I can hardly avoid since you mention it, namely, the accident that in past years I have not always been understood, or had justice done to my real sentiments and intentions in influential quarters at home and abroad. I will not deny that on several occasions this has been my trial, and I say this without assuming that I had no blame myself in its coming upon me. But, then, I reflected that whatever pain that trial might cost me, it was the lightest that I could have; that a man was not worth much who could not bear it; that if I had not this, I might have a greater; that I was conscious to myself of a firm faith in the Catholic Church, and of loyalty to the Holy See; that I was, and had been, blessed with a fair measure of success in my work; and that prejudice and misconception did not last forever. And now my wonder is, as I feel it, that the sunshine has come out so soon, and with so fair a promise of lasting through my evening. My Lord and Gentlemen, in speaking so much of myself, I feel I must be trying your patience; but you have led me on to be familiar with you. I will say no more than offer a prayer to the Author of All Good, that the best blessings may descend from Him on all those who have taken part in this gracious act exercised towards one who has so faint a claim on their generosity.

In reply to another address from Ireland presented by the Bishop of Ardagh at the Birmingham Oratory, on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland, His Eminence made the following reply in writing to the Rector and Senate of the University:

My Dear Friends, — This is not the first time that I have had

the gratification of receiving from you a public expression of your attachment to me, and of your generous good opinion of my exertions in behalf of the University. Many years have passed since then; and now I receive your welcome praise a second time, together with the additional gratification that it is the second. And I notice further, with great gratitude, that whereas in most cases the sentiments which lead to such an act of kindness become, as time goes on, less lively than they were at first, you, on the contrary, use even stronger and warmer language about me now than that which cheered and gladdened me so much, and was so great a compensation of my anxieties, in 1858. And there is still another pleasure which your address has given me. Of course, a lapse of time so considerable has brought with it various changes in the constituent members, in the ruling and teaching body of the University. I consider it, then, to be a singular favor conferred upon me that those whom I have not the advantage of knowing personally should join in this gracious act with those who are my old friends. No earthly satisfaction is without its drawbacks, and my last remark naturally leads me on to one sad thought, which you yourselves toward the end of your address have suggested. A great Prelate has been lately taken from us, to whose simple faith and noble constancy in the cause of the University it is owing that the University maintains its place amid the many obstacles by which its progress has been beset. I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen. I used to say of him that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the Saints of the Holy City had been looking into it, and he into theirs. And I have cause to know from the mouth of Pope Pius himself, that on a very critical occasion he promptly, emphatically, and successfully stood my friend. That was in the year 1867. How sincere would have been his congratulations to me at this time! I am deprived of them; but by thus expressing my sense of my loss I best relieve myself of the pain of it. I cannot bring these acknowledgments to an end without tendering in turn my congratulations to you, that the serious loss which you have lately sustained by the elevation to the Episcopate of my dear friend your Rector,* who has labored for the University so long and with such devotion, has been so happily repaired by the appointment in his place of an ecclesiastic whose antecedents are a guarantee for its prosperous advance in that enlarged field which is now opened to its activity and its usefulness. And now, thanking you from a full heart for your indulgence and abundant kindness towards me, I will make no further claim upon your time.

ON YOUNG AUSTRALIA AND OLD ENGLAND.

On behalf of the Catholics of Australia, led by the Right Hon. W. Bede Dalley, a gold salver was presented to His Eminence by the Duke of Norfolk, at a meeting in Willis's Rooms, May, 1880.

His Eminence, acknowledging the gift, said: It has been a great and a most welcome surprise to me to find that I, dwelling in England,

* Monsignor Woodlock, now Bishop of Ardagh.

should have succeeded in gaining friends at the other side of the earth — friends so many and so warm, friends whom I seem to myself to have done so little to deserve, yet who have been so resolute in making known both their warmth and their numbers to the world at large. Besides the address, which high and low have with such wonderful unanimity joined in sending to me, they have made me a beautiful and costly and singularly artistic present, which speaks of their country, by virtue of the rich indigenous material of which it consists, and of their kind hearts in the flattering and touching words which are engraven upon it. And that these words may be the more grateful to me, the donors have been at pains to gain in the choice of them the aid of a well-known and highly distinguished scholar, who had known me years ago when he was an inhabitant of the great metropolitan centre in which my lot is cast. I must make a further remark. It is well known that in conferring on me my high dignity, the Sovereign Pontiff, in consideration of my age and delicate health, suspended in my case the ordinary rule, and condescended to allow me, by a rare privilege, to remain, though a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, in my own country, nay, in my own place in the Oratory; and this being so, I notice it as a happy coincidence that, as if in anticipation of his Holiness' indulgence to me, his Australian children have engraven on their gift — with a true instinct of what would please me as regards it, in looking on to the time when others must be owners of it — not only my own name, but the names of those Fathers whom, by search into one of my publications, they found to have been for so many years my intimate friends and brothers in the Oratory of Birmingham. There was just one other act of kindness open to them, and they have not let it slip. When the time came for my receiving their gift, they did not choose that it should be presented to me by the mere mechanical appliances of the steam-vessel and the railway-van, but it is now placed in my hands by a great person, by one whom I have been allowed to know, love, and take an interest in even from his very childhood, whom the Catholics of England recognize as their hereditary chief, and whose participation in this act of grace associates in my honor the fresh life and bright future of Colonial England with the grand memories of the past and the romance of the mediæval period.

TO BOYS ABOUT THE ROSARY.

Preaching at Oscott College, on Sunday, October 5, 1879, from the text "They found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger,"

THE CARDINAL said: I am not going to make a long address to you, my dear boys, or say anything that you have not often heard before, from your superiors, for I know well in what good hands you are, and I know that their instructions come to you with greater force than any you can have from a stranger. If I speak to you at all, it is because I have lately come from the Holy Father, and am, in some sort, his representative, and so in the years to come you may remember that you saw

me to-day and heard me speak in his name, and remember it to your profit. You know that to-day we keep the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and I propose to say to you what occurs to me on this great subject. You know how that devotion came about; how, at a time when heresy was very widespread, and had called in the aid of sophistry, that can so powerfully aid infidelity against religion, God inspired St. Dominic to institute and spread this devotion. It seems so simple and easy; but you know God chooses the small things of the world to humble the great. Of course, it was, first of all, for the poor and simple, but not for them only, for every one who has practised the devotion knows that there is in it a soothing sweetness that there is in nothing else. It is difficult to know God by our own power, because He is incomprehensible. He is invisible to begin with, and therefore incomprehensible. We can in some way know him, for even among the heathens there were some who had learned many truths about Him; but even they found it hard to conform their lives to their knowledge of Him. And so in His mercy He has given us a revelation of Himself by coming amongst us to be one of ourselves, with all the relations and qualities of humanity, to gain us over. He came down from heaven and dwelt amongst us, and died for us. All these things are in the Creed, which contains the chief things that He has revealed to us about Himself. Now the great power of the Rosary lies in this, that it makes the Creed into a prayer; of course, the Creed is in some sense a prayer and a great act of homage to God; but the Rosary gives us the great truths of His life and death to meditate upon, and brings them nearer to our hearts. And so we contemplate all the great mysteries of His life and His birth in the manger; and so too the mysteries of His suffering and His glorified life. But even Christians, with all their knowledge of God, have usually more awe than love of Him, and the special virtue of the Rosary lies in the special way in which it looks at these mysteries; for with all our thoughts of Him are mingled thoughts of His Mother, and in the relations between Mother and Son we have set before us the Holy Family, the home in which God lived. Now, the family is, even humanly considered, a sacred thing; how much more the family bound together by supernatural ties, and, above all, that in which God dwelt with His Blessed Mother. This is what I should most wish you to remember in future years. For you will all of you have to go out into the world, and going out into the world means leaving home; and, my dear boys, you don't know what the world is now. You look forward to the time when you will go out into the world, and it seems to you very bright and full of promise. It is not wrong for you to look forward to that time; but most men who know the world find it a world of great trouble, and disappointments, and even misery. If it turns out so to you, seek a home in the Holy Family that you think about in the mysteries of the Rosary. Schoolboys know the difference between school and home. You often hear grown-up people say that the happiest time of their life was that passed at school; but when they were at school you know they had a happier time, which was when they went home; that shows there is a

good in home which cannot be found elsewhere. So that even if the world should actually prove to be all that you now fancy it, if it should bring you all that you could wish, yet you ought to have in the Holy Family a home with a holiness and sweetness about it that cannot be found elsewhere. This is, my dear boys, what I most earnestly ask you. I ask you when you go out into the world, as you soon must, to make the Holy Family your home, to which you may turn from all the sorrow and care of the world and find a solace, a compensation, and a refuge. And this I say to you, not as if I should speak to you again, not as if I had of myself any claim upon you, but with the claims of the Holy Father, whose representative I am, and in the hope that in the days to come you will remember that I came amongst you and said it to you. And when I speak of the Holy Family I do not mean Our Lord and Our Lady only, but St. Joseph too; for as we cannot separate Our Lord from His Mother, so we cannot separate St. Joseph from them both; for who but he was their protector in all the scenes of Our Lord's early life? And with Joseph must be included St. Elizabeth and St. John, whom we naturally think of as part of the Holy Family; we read of them together and see them in pictures together. May you, my dear boys, throughout your life find a home in the Holy Family; the home of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Elizabeth, and St. John.

The Oldest College.

SOME discussion has arisen as to what is the oldest college in America.

Harvard University has (with most persons who have not troubled themselves to investigate) the credit of age and the honor of seniority.

But now comes Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago (a man who reads books and frequents libraries), and alleges that the Catholics have the honor. Laval University, Quebec, was the first American college.

Parkman, in his work, "The Jesuits of North America," concedes it. He says: "A year before the building of Harvard College the Jesuits began a wooden structure in the rear of the fort (Quebec), and there within one enclosure was the Huron Seminary and the College for French Boys."

In the "History of the Ursulines of Quebec," published by that venerable community, Laval College is stated to have been "opened in 1635."

Bancroft (Vol. III) says: "Its (Laval College) foundation was laid, under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living, two years before the emigration of John Harvard, one year before the General Court of Massachusetts had made provision for a college."

But the genuinely oldest college in America was founded in Mexico, two generations before Harvard — 1531, the college of St. Idlefonso, in the City of Mexico.

Let our school boys rehearse this fact, so that Catholics may have their just credit.

St. Elias.

PATRIARCH AND PROPHET OF THE ORDER OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

WHERE the skies are blue and cloudless,
And the birds sing glad and free,
And the streamlets leap in sunshine,
From Mt. Carmel to the sea.
Where the waving branches shimmer,
In the noontide's golden rays,
In his fragrant greenwood cloister,
Great Elias kneels and prays!

In the world below there's darkness,
Sin and treason stalk abroad,
And the faithless race of Israel
Has forgot its Father's God.
But the fearless Prophet braving
All the Powers of earth that be,
Keeps the torch of Truth still shining
On the Altar o'er the sea.

When amid the groves of Carmel,
In imploring Faith he bends,
Lo! the gates of Heaven open,
And the saving rain descends;
And the idols, crushed and fallen,
Lie around him on the sod,
For his prayer's a potent sceptre,
Waving o'er the heart of God!

Holy Father, Saint and Founder!
From that mystic land of calm,
Where thy fiery heart is waiting
For its crimson crown and palm!
Where the ear of God is list'ning,
To thy lightest, lowest tone,
Ever lift thy potent pleading
For the Mount that is thine own.

Watch thy loved and chosen Order,
Bid it keep the eagle's flight,
Till the day when thou shalt meet it,
Living still, and young and bright,
Till the day when thou shalt lead it,
To its heavenly throne above —
Mantled in thy zeal and fervor,
Crowned with Teresa's love!

The foregoing poem is one of many gems from the gifted pen of Miss Cassie O'Hara, of Dublin, Ireland. In 1882, on the occasion

of the tri-centennial of the death of St. Teresa, the Archbishop of Salmanca offered a handsome prize for the best poem in the English language on St. Teresa de Jesus, glory of Spain and of the Carmelite Order. Many competed for the prize, but it was awarded to Miss O'Hara's beautiful tribute. Washbourne afterwards published the "Teresian Prize Poem" in elegant style. Miss O'Hara is an ex-pupil of the Presentation Nuns of Ireland.

The Adoration of the Magi.

THE "Desired of Nations" has appeared amongst men; the prophecies have been fulfilled; the "seventy weeks of years" have run out; and the "heavens have rained down the Just One"; but His unconscious people come not to welcome Him. Vain and useless in their hands were those sacred books in which were indicated the signs and circumstances of His coming. In vain had Isaias forewarned them: "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising."

Refused a place within the city (for Jesus and the world can never find room together), His mother and reputed father betook themselves to the outskirts of the town, and there, in a wretched hovel, sought shelter from the wintry blast. There born, Jesus "was in the world, . . . and the world knew him not. He came to his own, and his own received him not."

Such is the place and such the condition in which He has chosen to appear, and hither men must needs come and wait upon their Saviour. The Jews have already been there in the persons of the shepherds, and it only remains now that the other great division of mankind — the Gentiles — come to pay Him homage.

And whom shall the Gentiles send to represent them? Behold, they are at hand. No mean personages; for they are kings and wise men. They come from the far East, to show us that the grace of God is confined to no place, and that "His wisdom reacheth from end to end." Thus are fulfilled the words of Isaias: "The Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the glory of thy rising."

But let us observe those illustrious visitors as they enter Jerusalem. Their appearance, their numerous retinue, and the magnificence of their equipage, bespeak their rank. Here again we are reminded of the words of the prophet addressed to Jerusalem: "The multitude of camels shall cover thee, and the dromedaries of Madian and Epha: all they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and shewing forth praise to the Lord."

All Jerusalem is in commotion at their story, for they tell of a wondrous star which lighted them on their way. They inquire for the King who has just been born, and openly declare they have come to offer Him gifts and to adore Him.

Benighted people of Jerusalem! strangers have come to adore your Lord who is in the midst of you, and whom you know not! Truly "darkness hath covered the earth, and a mist the people."

Failing to find the information which they seek, they naturally turn to the king's palace; for where should a king be found but in the palace of a king? So, at least, they, in their earthly wisdom, thought, for they had yet to learn that Jesus, the King of kings, was to be found in a stable.

Undiverted by the gaiety of the court, and intent upon their great design, they rest not there; but being informed of the prophecy concerning Bethlehem, they quit the palace, as thousands since have done, in search of Jesus. And so, they having left the crowded city, again the star appears, — a beautiful emblem of the Christian's hope which shines never so brightly as when away from the pursuits, the pleasures, and the busy haunts of men. Conducted by its light, they arrive at the stable.

There the star has stopped. But can it be that this is the palace of that mighty One, of whose greatness they had formed such grand conceptions? of whose coming the prophecies of the Jews have spoken, and the traditions of the Gentiles have said such wondrous things? Can it be that this wretched hut is the abode of Him whose birth has brought them from afar, despite the inclemency of a winter sky? whose advent has been heralded by the stars of heaven, and for whose presence the psalmist in longing ecstacy cried out: "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens and wouldst come down! The mountains would melt away at thy presence"? Yes, it is; and these wise men believe it, and they are not scandalized at His lowliness.

"And entering into the house," says St. Matthew, "they found the child, with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored him: and opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

As we look upon that remarkable group, our astonishment is excited on the one hand by the marvellous faith of the distinguished worshippers; and, on the other, by the infinite abasement which the Almighty has imposed upon Himself in the manner of visiting His people. These wise men have come to seek a king, and they have found Him the king of poverty — His palace a stable, His throne a manger, His courtiers an ox and an ass!

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

A Lesson in Physiology.

A PUPIL in one of the public schools of this city complied recently in the following manner with a request to write a composition on the subject of a physiological lecture to which the school had just listened: "The human body is made up of the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, when there is any. The thorax contains the heart and the lungs. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five: A, E, I, O, and U, and sometimes W and Y."

A Tale of the Great Famine.

Part III.

Meantime the famine spread to every corner of the kingdom. "Outrages" became common. Horses were shot under the cars laden with corn for the markets; in the desperation of hunger people lost their heads; they had not yet sunk with the apathy of a despair into which the golden light of hope never penetrated to dispel its gloom. That came later, when the awful famine-fever broke out.

The emigrant ships were crowded. People fled the country in thousands. Phil MacMahon sold his farm and departed without leave-taking, much to the discomfiture of Jim. He tried to comfort himself by thinking Phil would not wrong him. "Though he likes her, I know," he said to himself, "he won't belie me, but tell her I cannot go out yet." But for all that he clenched his hands fiercely, when he remembered the old admiration and certain coquettish passages in which Katie figured in the time that now seemed so far away in the past, and so dim from the intervening misery. He spent the night of the day on which he heard the news with Paddy Daly, and returned to his sad home under the influence of drink.

The workhouses, at this time newly built, were filled to overflowing. Starving crowds besieged their closed doors, and could not be admitted. Many died by the wayside, the coroners at the inquests bringing in the appalling verdict of "Death from starvation." In a mountain home of wild and beautiful Connaught a little boy, with his last, faint breath, appealed to his mother. "Give me three grains of corn, mother," were his dying words. When the poor, worn little body was laid out, the mother examined his tattered clothing. In the pocket of his ragged waistcoat were found the three grains of corn he had asked for!

The piteous cry recorded at the inquest rang through the world, stirring human hearts to their depths. One of America's sweetest poets, Mrs. Sigourney, heard it, and her pathetic appeal went to the souls of millions. Then — glory to her forever and ever! America sent her warships, the stars and stripes floating proudly from their masts, laden with food and raiment for their starving Irish kindred.

But the help came too late for many. The famine-fever was sweeping through the country decimating whole districts. Mrs. Joyce and her two children were down with it when the news came to Jim Lillis that Kate Maguire was married to Phil MacMahon.

He laughed recklessly when he heard it. "She liked him always, I suppose," he said, "or they wouldn't marry so soon after he went out. What a fool I was! He is a good, hard-working boy, and she"— He did not ventilate his opinion of her, but true to his duties continued to assist his mother in nursing the Joyces to convalescence. None of them were taken. They had been assisted by the Blakes all through the terrible time that followed Matt's departure. But now the Blakes

also were feeling the pinch of poverty in consequence of the nonpay ment of rent. No one class in the country can suffer alone.

It was hard upon Jim. He tried to bear up bravely, but the thought of his early love as the wife of another man was a stinging blow.

"She did not forget me," he said, "until Phil went out. He'll give her a good life and I am glad — no, I am not glad." He looked at the cold hearth, round which the sad, silent woman and sick children gathered; they had sold every disposable article of furniture, even the feathers from their beds — there was nothing left. He had been tempted over and over again by Paddy Daly, who he knew was connected with a gang of sheep-stealers since the time he pretended he was hurt by Silverstar. Daly had used that as a cloak to shield him from suspicion, whilst he took part in every desperate deed that was perpetrated in the neighborhood.

The evening was bright. The blessed sunlight crowned the hills with crimson glory; purple and green lights mingled harmoniously in the sky, flushed with tiny cloudlets. Nature is always beautiful, however man suffers.

Jim stood up from his supper of porridge and weeds. A hard look came into his face.

"Johnny," he said to the little boy, "rouse yourself, and I'll get you something you'll like. You can't drink that stuff." The child had some porridge in a mug.

"Will you, Uncle Jim? I can't swallow this. 'Tis choking me."

"What would you say if I got you a bit of meat?"

A faint color came to Johnny's thin cheeks.

"You couldn't, uncle. But if you get me a little bit of bread" —

Jim started up and left the cabin. A desperate feeling took possession of him. He was yielding to the temptation, that had often assailed him of late, to accept Paddy Daly's offers of relief. Jim knew the receiver would soon become the thief; it was the first step in the downward course. Blame him not, O you who have not been tempted! Give him your truest pity, you who sit each day to a plentifully spread table! Think what you would feel in his place, as he sat haggard and ragged under the lone hawthorn tree, where he often kept tryst in bygone days with Katie, now the wife of another man. His mother, his sister, and her children hungry — his thoughts were maddening. He hardened his heart.

The larks filled the soft air with quivering music, as they soared high from the heathy uplands. But what recked he of the beauty of sight or sound around him? He groaned aloud:

"They'll die of the starvation before my eyes," he thought, "if I don't do it. 'Tis a mean, skulking thing to take the meat from him without going with him to get it. I won't do it. I'll go with him and be a — a — sheep-stealer." The words came out with a jerk "If *I* died first; but I won't die. O Katie! 'twas well you had nothing to do with me." The tears stood in his hot eyes.

A quick, light step ran along the path; a sweet, glad voice called

him. He looked to see could he hide in the bracken before Grace Blake would be near enough to discover the shameful thoughts he believed were branded upon his face; but in a moment she was standing by his side waving exultingly an open letter above her head.

"Good news, Jim! Great news! I have an American letter for you. Guess from whom?"

"Maybe Matt's alive?" he stammered hastily, as he stood up.

"So he is, Jim, and doing well now. Poor fellow! he was very sick. But the letter is not from him," the young lady laughed joyously; but seeing the mute appeal in his eyes continued more soberly: "'Tis from Katie Maguire. She has paid your passage and sent you money for an outfit."

"Phil MacMahon's wife!"

"Phil MacMahon's wife!" repeated the young lady scornfully. "Not she, indeed. That was a mistake; he is married to her sister Sarah."

He staggered, a dark flush came into his face. "Thank God," he said, "thank God I am not a thief. Miss Grace, we never ate a bit of the stolen meat. If the letter came to-morrow I could never, *never*, face her." He clasped his outstretched hands. "Oh, glory be to God, and to you, Miss Grace! — my darling Miss Grace — for bringing it to me to-night."

"Poor fellow!" She gave him a keen glance. "Thank God, I did not delay good news; no one ever should. There," handing him the letter and several notes; "I got it on my way to town. The order was for me; so I cashed it in the bank. I did not delay. Wasn't it lucky? Poor Jim!" The girl's voice trembled as she turned from him, and her eyes were wet.

"Wasn't she true, Miss Grace? *They*'ll have a good supper to-night."

"Of course she was true. Read your letter, Jim. I told Mary Joyce the good news as I passed the house. Good-evening and good-luck, Jim."

The young lady left him to read his letter, which he did, with many tears and utter thankfulness to the merciful God who had kept his hands clean. He was interrupted by the advance of Daly, and stood up to meet him. He staggered from agitation and weakness. Paddy whispered: "I left what you know under the hazel bush at the bounds; you can bring it when 'tis dark; and don't want again whilst I can help you, you omadaun, to hold out so long."

"For God's sake, take it away. Bury it. Did I ever say I'd take it — did I, Paddy Daly?"

"You did not," he answered angrily. "But will you see your people die for want and I able to give you a bit to put the life in them? I don't want you to put your neck in the halter. There's plenty to do it without you — and doing it too. What letter is that you stuck into your bosom when I was coming?" he asked suspiciously.

"Katie wrote for me, and sent me money. 'Tis Sarah is married to Phil," he answered, with a sob in his voice. "Here's the letter, Patsy."

Paddy whistled. "By gor, it was in the nick of time. And I'm glad of it, old comrade, for you are such a fool, that you would never forgive yourself or me either — though if this didn't come to-day, you'd have taken it to-night, you know you would."

"I am afraid I would," he said humbly. "Nobody knows what they'll do till they are sore tempted. And, mind, Paddy. I'll send for you the very minute I'll make out the money. See if I don't."

"What! Send for a sheep-stealer! But you were always a soft fool, Jim." There was a flush on the sheep-stealer's face, a tremble in his voice, as he spoke.

"See if I don't," repeated Jim. "Try and keep yourself safe until I do. I must go now to get their supper. Glory be to God and his Blessed Mother, I'm the happy boy this night."

The family who had risen that morning in such dire and hopeless poverty went to rest with joy and thankfulness in their hearts. "'Tis far off that God sends," often comes true. No one can know the moment the Lord will lift the load of care from shoulders that, perhaps, are just sinking beneath its weight.

Next mail brought a letter from Matt also, with a remittance, and instructions for the disposal of the little farm at once. His health was re-established, and he had good, permanent employment. In a few weeks, during which they all had recovered strength and spirits, comfortably clad, and hopeful, they parted from their native land. If there was some natural regret, it soon vanished, for were they not going to their own?

Jim had a long talk with Mr. Blake the evening before his departure.

"Never fear, sir," he said. "Things will soon begin to mend in old Ireland, and with your honor, please God." (Do we not always think so when they mend with ourselves? We then wear rose-colored glasses and see the world through them.) "In a couple of years you'll be getting hundreds for Silverstar's foal. And see the luck of his being a colt; and then every year you'll be getting more. She will be as good to you as an estate, and less trouble; but sell 'em out of the halter, for fear anything would go amiss in the training. Her temper might break out in 'em."

"Her temper was bad" — Mr. Blake shook his head sorrowfully. "But for her temper the like of her was not in the world; and she is as gentle as a lamb now, Jim. Yes, it was lucky she kicked against the traces. One of her foals may win the Derby yet. They'll be well bred enough for it," etc.

After a prosperous voyage, Jim and his party joined the waiting husband and sweetheart. Katie was not long so designated, but was made a wife within a week of their arrival.

The potato plague began to wear out, fresh seed had been imported, yet not so entirely as to banish fear, when the warm fogs of July crept over the luxuriant crop. The farmer watched for the fatal speck which denoted the blight — watches for it still, even after forty years, amongst the rich, dark foliage of the floury Champion, which has superseded the old varieties.

Though none of Silverstar's progeny ever won, or tried to win, the blue ribbon of the turf, they helped materially to put Mr. Blake over his embarrassments year after year. For many years he had one of her offspring to sell at Spancilhill or Cahirmee, for which he got the top price at those great horse fairs; and Jim Lillis, in his letters to his old master, never forgot to make inquiries for them.

Jim, true to his promise, sent for Paddy Daly, and got him out a few months after himself. Paddy worked steadily for a time, then took the gold-fever and was lost sight of in the newly discovered Californian mines.

Sweet Grace Blake was happily married, Katie sending her the wedding ring. Matt and Jim often spoke of their old farms, throwing such a glamour over them, their children wondered how they could endure to leave their beloved homes on Irish soil; the men smiled at each other and valued the comforts that surrounded them, having learned the certain truth, that what seems misfortune often proves to have been a blessing in disguise when surmounted. Anyway, Matt never regretted the day he made his home amid the free and fertile fields of America.

The End.

Dangerous Breathing.

Professor Preyer, one of the most distinguished physiologists of Germany, and specially noted for his experiments on the process of respiration, remarks in a recent article on hygiene: "It is one of the many inconsistencies of civilized men and women that whereas neglect of cleanliness in clothing or food is considered unpardonable, they do not hesitate to breathe air which reeks with filth of the worst description." What is the source of these atmospheric impurities? There are several sources. One is the devitalized air, charged with carbonic acid gas, that is constantly exhaled from every pair of lungs. Professor Huxley says that "to be supplied with respiratory air in a fair state of purity, every man ought to have at least eight hundred cubic feet of space to himself, and that space ought to be *freely accessible*, by direct or indirect channels, to the atmosphere. Now if we consider that "a cubical room nine feet high, wide, and long, contains only 729 cubic feet of air," we understand how shamefully most human beings are oxygen-starved in their small, crowded, unventilated rooms. But the most objectionable impurities in the air we breathe in our rooms are the millions of particles of dust which float around in it. Those people who breathe through the mouth draw dust constantly into their lungs, where it remains permanently; for Professor Tyndall has shown that the exhaled air is absolutely free from dust particles. Professor Reclam asserts that city people at the age of thirty have in their lungs a whole gramme of calcareous dust which they can never again get rid of, and which may engender dangerous disease. Few people know that their skins as well as their lungs need a constant supply of oxygen. The skin as well as the lungs *breathes* and purifies the blood, as is shown by the fact that the arterial blood which goes to the skin does not turn venous and dark elsewhere, but remains red and pure.

The Stage Irishman.

It may be safely concluded that the beasts in New York's Central Park will not from this out be given Irish names. Donahoe's Magazine has put a stop to the disgrace, and now the Gotham papers and the Central Park officials are furnishing all sorts of explanations and excuses. According to the New York Sun and the New York Herald, "Miss Murphy" arrived fully christened, while a wise park employé says many of the animals bear such names as Tip, Tim, Tom, and Fan. This may be so; if it is so, it is eminently right and proper; but we have not heard that any of them were named Strauss, or Cohen, or Pulitzer, while they have undoubtedly been named O'Toole, O'Brien, McGinty, Crowley, and Murphy. The letter of Dr. William O'Meagher, sent to Mayor Grant complaining of the abuse, was at first treated in a humorous spirit by the press. One newspaper implied that the writer was a crank to notice such a thing; but when it was found he belonged to the gallant Sixty-ninth Regiment, and fought in the war; that he was once a deputy coroner, and, apart from that, he is a gentleman of social and professional standing, they treated his protest with respect. Hence we shall hear no more of Miss Murphy.

And now that one abuse has been corrected through your columns, shall we not hope a few others of a kindred nature may share the same fate? There is the stage Irishman, for instance, who should also go. The stage Irishman likes "swate" punch, and falls "ashlape," and cries out "Howly Biddy," whereas the real Irishman never does so. Shakespeare says the stage should hold the mirror up to nature; but this is certainly not done in New York, or in any other American city for that matter. The Irishman off the stage never mispronounces the word sweet, or any other word in which the double e appears. He pronounces neat as if it were written "nate," it is true, and so with other words containing such diphthongs; but that is because they were so pronounced in England a hundred years ago, when the Irishman was, unfortunately, obliged to use a foreign tongue. He spoke the new language correctly, but being conservative, he has, if uneducated, retained the old vowel sounds. This stage travesty is the more to be regretted as Irish-American actors and Irish-American audiences who patronize them are the principal offenders. W. J. Scanlan made a professional tour of Ireland last year, but learned nothing; for though, through the length and breadth of the Green Isle he never heard such a word used, when he came back he caused the stage Irishman to fall "ashlape" as soundly as ever. Playwrights take pains to write Scotch and English provincial dialects correctly, and actors to learn and pronounce them correctly; but it appears anything is good enough for the Irish, and, consequently, we daily see men from Germany who cannot speak good English sit down and write humorous stories for the magazines and newspapers in the Irish vernacular — heaven save the mark! Everything in that line goes, for the Irish have grown either very good-natured or very apathetic. The publication in all America

that, above others, offends in this respect, is Puck, and yet one may see it lying on the table of hundreds of Irish-American liquor-dealers in New York City. It is Puck that out-punches Punch in its hideous caricatures of Irish men and women, and makes them talk like savages just learning English. It is really shameful, but I repeat, "What are we going to do about it?"

It does no harm to call attention to these things, and it may do good. JOHN C. FLEMING.

Quiet, but She Gets There.

THE quiet girl never wears high colors on the streets; you do not see her flaunting in brilliant plaids, when they happen to be the style; when high hats are "in" she does not pile hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky; she does not wear an exaggerated bang when the bang is in vogue, nor the biggest bustle in town, nor the longest train to her tea gown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign. But because she does not chatter and giggle and make herself conspicuous in horse-cars or at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions and all subjects, and profess her admirations at every hand's turn, it must not be supposed that she has no ideas or convictions or enthusiasms; that she moves along like a star in the heavens, which obeys the laws of gravitation without selecting its course, or objecting to its orbit. She is quiet because she has no power to make herself heard, to change her conditions, or because she is maturing that power. In the meantime it is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing-machine, remembers the birthdays, listens to the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.

Potency of Water as a Diuretic.

THE most powerful diuretic, according to Dr. Brunton, is water — its action in this respect, drank by a healthy man, being very marked, and it appears impossible to explain its limitation by a mere increase in blood pressure, whether local or general; it has the power of increasing tissue change, and thus multiplying the products of tissue waste which result from it, but it removes these waste products as fast as they are formed — and thus, by giving rise to increased appetite, provides fresh nutriment for the tissues, and acts as a true tonic. In persons who are accustomed to take too little water the products of tissue waste may be formed faster than they are removed, and, thus accumulating, may give rise to disease. Many gouty people are accustomed to take little or no water, except in the form of a small cup of tea or coffee daily, besides what they get in the form of wine or beer; a large tumbler of water drank every morning, and especially with the addition of some nitrate or carbonate of potassium, will prevent a gouty paroxysm.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER XII.—FISHERIES.

Decline of Irish Fisheries.—Value of Herrings.—Vast Hauls of Fish.—Waste of Turbot.—A Hamper full of Sprats in one dip.—Inedible Fish.—Their Uses.—Difficulties of Transportation.—Prohibitive Charges.—Examples.—Fish Depôt on the Galway Coast.—Live Cod.—Remarkable Instance of Railway Charges.—Ruin of Fishing Fleets.—Herring-Curing Trade in Scotland.—Water Carriage of Fish.—Suicidal Policy.—Railway Monopoly.—Necessary Improvements.—What is done in America.—An Ambitious Fish.—The Old Puritan and the King.—Testimony of Fisheries' Inspector.—Want of Boats.—A Fragment of the Past.—English Firm at Dungarvan.—Funds Voted by Government.—Fishery Boards.—Sir Thomas Brady.

THE agricultural population of the interior of Ireland is separated from that of the coast by nearly continuous and lofty chains of mountains, within whose valleys, or near whose base, the towns are few and scattered. Yet no individual, let him locate himself as centrally as he will, can be more than fifty miles distant from the coast, so that the produce of the ocean can be served up to his table as healthily as he could enjoy it on the coast, with all the advantages we possess in days of railways, steamships, and telegraphs. All authorities unite proclaiming that the Irish coast continues still the resort of vast shoals of fish. For the last thirty years, the history of the Irish Fisheries is a record of almost continuous decline in the number of boats and crew. In the Isle of Man, with its small population, one out of every nineteen is a fisherman, while, in Ireland, there is only one in every two hundred of the population. The decline is not due to the scarcity of the fish. Herrings regularly visit the eastern and other sides of the island; mackerel are found in the south, and the waters of the west coast abound with cod, turbot, haddocks, soles, dorys, brill, skate, conger, oysters, lobsters, shrimps, and nearly every sea fish which is edible. In 1855, the price of herrings in Galway was from 14s. to 17s. per thousand. These were as large as bream or mullet, fourteen of which weighed one stone. They appear in December, and generally remain about ten weeks; herrings will not come into shallow water till August; and much of this important fishing is lost, as the fishermen's nets are not suitable for deep water. The winter herrings are the most valuable on this coast. They sell in Dublin and England from 6s. to 7s. per hundred, for bouting, which means drying by smoke without being cut open. Cornish, Scotch, Manx, and French boats habitually visit the Irish coast, while the native boats are not twenty-nine per cent. of those at work in purely Irish waters.

The best stations are Howth, Ardglas, and Kinsale. At Ardglas station, the Irish boats are less than fourteen per cent., and in the mackerel fishing at Kinsale, only a small proportion of the total number of craft which come from the various ports and share the spoil are Irish. Kinsale, once famous for its line fishing, is now the great station for mackerel. This begins in March and ends in June, and, as in the case of the herring fishery on the east coast, the strange boats from Scotland, Cornwall, France, and the Isle of Man take the largest proportion of the fish. Dublin is the headquarters of the deep sea trawling; about fifty smacks, from thirty to forty tons burthen, work

this station all the year round. The most important and profitable fishing is that of herrings. The season opens in June and continues till October. A little curing is done at Howth, but most of the herrings caught on the east coast are shipped by steamer to English and Scotch ports, as a better market can be obtained on the English side of the channel than at Dublin and the inland towns. At Arklow, oyster fishing gives some employment to a number of men and boats. Between Waterford and Kinsale, various kinds of fishing are practised. There is also excellent line fishing in Dingle Bay.

Kinsale is the most important of the southern stations. In 1875, there were no less than seven steamers employed in transporting fish to England. Mackerel are packed in boxes holding one hundred and twenty fish, with layers of ice between; 121,533 boxes were sold at Kinsale, the produce of one year's fishing. The prices of the boxes ranged from £3 10s. to 2s. at the end of the season; the total realized by the various fishermen who landed this fish at Kinsale being £73,523. Great swarms of herrings haunt Bantry and Berehaven. If the Irish fisheries were properly organized and efficiently worked, they would rival Scotland in their annual take. In 1886, the value of the Scotch fisheries was estimated at £1,510,634, giving employment to over one hundred thousand people; owing to the decline of the Irish fisheries, her annual loss cannot be less than two millions sterling. Cod and ling may be caught during ten months of the year in Ireland, in the early season near the shore and later on in the deep sea. Ling is very plentiful; a row-boat with eight men was known to take fifty dozen in nine days and several other fish besides. Large vessels, in one shot of their long lines, often take as much as two tons of fish. In the season of 1885, a single canoe took as many as three tons of fish. Turbot, the epicure fish, which fetches a high price at Billingsgate, is so abundant that the fishermen often cut them up to bait their long lines; an extravagant waste, enough to make an alderman's eyes weep and his teeth water. The practice is mainly owing to the impossibility of getting a price for the fish on the spot. As it is, turbot is so plentiful that forty large ones will hardly fetch 23s. A good deal of haddock can be captured on the west coast, off the island of Boffin, where they grow to a great size; the Dublin Bay haddock is also much prized. With well boats, these might be kept alive and transported to London in prime condition, where they would fetch a good price. In the same locality black soles are plentiful, while hake and plaice are so numerous as scarcely to meet with a sale. Between August and Christmas, sprats congregate in some of the southern and western harbors in such numbers that people take them up in hampers, which they fill at one dip. Along the indented coast of the west and also in the south, lobsters are found in great perfection; ten thousand a week could be shipped for from 4s. to 6s. a dozen. In 1854, the Midland and Great Western Railway transported over one hundred tons of lobsters; crabs are literally thrown away, and prawns and shrimps are rarely noticed.

If a large fish depôt was established in Galway, in connection with

the railway line to Dublin, the cargo could be rapidly transferred to the London market, in twenty-four hours from the time when the fish were actually swimming in the water. In such places as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham the supply would arrive sooner. There is every reason to believe that the supply of fish to the provincial towns is less than the demand. In 1839, five tons of fish a week was sold in Birmingham. In 1852, it was increased to twenty-five tons: the amount of fish consumed since has increased with the growth of the population, but the supply is infinitely below the demand. To London, however, the great bulk of fish would be sent, being the most certain of a return. Galway possesses special advantages for becoming the headquarters of the fishing trade on the west coast. It has a fine bay, thirty miles long and seven broad; here, every kind of fishing might be carried on throughout the year, in its respective season. There are capacious docks with any amount of storage and buildings for curing houses; a cheap market for provisions and a railway within six hours of Dublin, eighteen of Birmingham and twenty of London. Mention has only been made of the edible fish on the Irish coast, but, besides that, there is a source of immense profit from inedible fish which must not be omitted. A vast quantity of oil and gelatine for fish glue can be acquired from certain descriptions of fish, now useless. The sun-fish, or basking shark, is found every year in great numbers on the distant banks along the west coast; they may be seen in packs of thirty-five or forty, often close to the shore in fine weather. A sun-fish is twenty-five feet long and eighteen in circumference; the liver weighs thirty hundred-weight and contains one hundred and twenty gallons of fine oil, second in quality to sperm. The carcass contains four or five tons of gelatinous matter, no doubt of some use, but now thrown away. This creature does not require much skill to capture, being of a sluggish nature and presenting its most vulnerable part to the harpoon. Sprats also afford much oil and are to be had in great abundance. The supply of coarse fish is immense, and their size so large as to make an important item in the formation of guano. According to the calculation of an eminent French chemist, fish guano can be procured at a standard price of less than thirty per cent. of the amount paid for that which comes from the islands of the South Pacific, so eminently serviceable for agriculture.

Ireland's greatest difficulty is in bringing the fish which might be caught, to the English market. The charges made by the respective railway companies are so exorbitant that they have proved entirely fatal to the public interest. The following examples speak for themselves. The carriage of mackerel, from the west of Ireland to London, is £5 a ton, and sometimes the fish is sold for less than the railway carriage. The cost of a hundred-weight of mackerel was 10s. and has been sold as low as 8s. The ordinary weight from the North Wall to London is 7s. per hundred-weight and the amount of delay incurred in the transit has given rise to serious complaints. And yet, the Great Western Railway Company has admitted receiving as much as £20,000 in three months for the traffic, during the run of the mackerel fishing. In

consequence of the delay referred to a large portion of the supply now goes to Liverpool and other towns in the North of England, and not to London. A haul of thirty thousand mackerel in one day is no unusual occurrence in the south of Ireland; for this supply there is no market outside the vicinity. If the approaches to the English markets were widened and the railway rates reduced, so as to allow of a reasonable margin for profit, three times the quantity of fish could be sent to the London market. On one occasion, a few boxes of lobsters were sent from the west coast by private speculation; the charge, however, for road, rail, and water carriage left only a return of 2d. to the fishermen. The best lobsters may be had from 10s. to 12s. a dozen, and crabs for 3s. a dozen. An enterprising English firm, possessing shell fish depôts in Norway and Normandy, has lately established another at Finvarra, on the Galway coast. A little cove is walled in with concrete, having holes to admit spring and high tides, thus a dock for storing and feeding crabs and lobsters is formed, into which no fresh water trickles. A sharp cutter sails round the coast and collects the fish at the various places and carries them to the feeding station. This dock can be emptied at low tide and the fish packed off to market. The object of this store is to prevent glutting the English market. This is only a recent venture; it is to be hoped that it will lead to further imitation, as the supply of crustacea is abundant.

The herrings caught off the Irish coast are of an oily character, the very class which, if exported, would find a ready market in Germany and Russia. At present, Irish herrings are sent to Liverpool to be cured and then sent back to Ireland. The people of Dublin will not believe in Irish-cured herrings. It not unfrequently happens that fresh herrings are sold in Cork for a shilling a hundred, while smoked herrings, imported, are sold at the rate of sixpence per pound.

The finest live cod can also be obtained during the season, for the sum of 6s. to 9s. a dozen. What prevents this nutritious food from being placed before the London public, is the heavy charge for carriage. If a reduction could be accomplished, the poor would be able to obtain as much sustenance for 2d. as they can now get for 2s. The Great Western Railway Company charges 65s. a ton for fish, and 8s. 4d. a ton for coals, 30s. for potatoes, and 75s. for sprats and herrings; the transport of herrings and mackerel from Cork being 85s. a ton. Here is a strange fact and one worthy of public attention. A barrel of salmon, from one thousand miles north of California, was delivered in London at £1 a barrel. When such is the case, it is monstrous that a barrel of herrings from Glasgow to London should cost 7s. 8d. The carriage for fish is thirty per cent. more than for vegetables and equally perishable food. A Yarmouth fish merchant stated that, during a period of thirty years, he had seen several fishing fleets in the North Sea break up, owing to the excessive rates charged by the railway companies.

In 1882, the number of men engaged in fishing were as follows: Forty-three thousand in England, twenty-five thousand in Scotland, and twenty-seven thousand in Ireland. A large proportion of the boats in

which fishermen pursue their calling are miserably deficient in size. In England and Scotland, three-fifths, and in Ireland nine-tenths of the boats are from one to four tons burthen. If the herring fisheries of Aberdeenshire have yielded more than the total agricultural land of the country, in 1880 producing £900,000 worth of herrings, the Irish coast fishing ought to be equally productive. In Scotland there are about five hundred firms engaged in the herring-curing trade on the east coast, including Orkney, Shetland, and Barra and Lewis. The capital invested is from £720,000 to £1,000,000. In Ireland the curing trade is almost *nil*.

The carriage of fish from the North Sea to Billingsgate, by steamer, is about £1 a ton, while fish conveyed by land and steamer from Ireland costs about £4 to £5 a ton. For the same sum, goods could be forwarded to Australia and sent back again, and then leave a surplus. The consequences are serious to the suffering poor of London and the provinces. From Stornoway, every year, ship-load after ship-load of fish goes to the Continent, nearly all of which would come to London if the rates of carriage were lower. The Scotch find that the cost of bringing herrings to London is 5s. to 10s. a barrel if sent by rail, while they can ship to Hamburg or any of the German ports for 1s. 6d. a barrel. They therefore send to the Continent every year ten tons of fish to every six which they send to the inland markets. About ninety thousand tons of fish reach Billingsgate every year by land, while about forty-two thousand comes by water. Those transported by water are in a better condition than those by land, and the carriage rate is considerably less. Here is an excellent opportunity for promoting a healthy competition between the water and land carriage of fish. That from the north of Scotland is heavier still; the charge is from £9 to £10 a ton; for nearer distances £2 10s. a ton. The first charge equals a penny in every pound of fish which reaches the market, and the second rate equals a farthing in the pound. The policy of the railways is suicidal, when it is considered how valuable fish has become as the food of the nation. The quantity consumed by the United States of America, in one year, is valued at twelve millions; in England at eight millions; Scotland three millions and Ireland half a million. Surely such valuable food should be carried at the lowest rate. Fish food is most sustaining; the mid-day meal of a German soldier on duty often consists of only three salt herrings.

There are two railway companies which hold a monopoly of traffic from the Irish fisheries and charge what they like. Government interference in the conduct of private enterprises is not desirable as a rule, but there are exceptional cases when non-interference is to be deplored. It is positively criminal of the authorities to allow a railway monopoly to increase the price of the people's food, especially when every winter thousands are out of employment, and the pressure of the nation on its food supply is every year becoming more burdensome.

If the Government will take steps to remove the barrier to the development of the Irish fisheries, it will, undoubtedly, increase the food supply of the United Kingdom, and help to check the turbulent feel-

ings of revolt which are smouldering in the breasts of millions now living on the brink of starvation. Money could not be better spent than in developing an industry which has been proved to be of the greatest value. What are wanted are steam fishing boats, improved carriers, moderate railway rates, sufficient harbor and pier accommodation, and, above all, state-aided technical education in those branches of the craft and trade connected with net-making, boat-building, and the curing and preserving of fish. In asking the attention of the Government to the development of Irish fisheries, nothing unusual is demanded. The Congress of America does not allow the cultivation of fish to be left in the hands of private enterprise. In support of this industry they have voted a sum of $1,000,000. They also import carp from Germany, and stock the waters of their lakes and rivers, as well as a large number of fish-ponds. In America, there have been five hundred million white fish collected and hatched at one station, for a sum of £300. These are kept in ponds, and artificially propagated to supply a sufficient quantity to stock the smaller waters of the interior. At the close of 1882, carp had been introduced in over eighteen thousand different localities, scattered over all parts of the United States. It is interesting to learn that the carp, feeling probably that, being in a large country he is expected to advance, has accordingly risen to the occasion and increased his size in the waters of Florida, in eighteen months, more than in the sluggish German element in four years. Fish culture was an early industry of America, and a reply of an old Puritan to King James showed the spirit in which it was undertaken: "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade, 'twas the Apostles' own calling."

In France they also stock their waters; they possess about 4,600 miles of lakes and ponds; in Austria, also, artificial fish culture is not neglected, and lately the Australian rivers have been stocked. The inland waters of the thirty-two counties of Ireland cover an area of 574,887 acres, and their present products are confined to comparatively a few tons of salmon or eels. There is thus in Ireland a portion of water which might yield a harvest in value over £800,000 annually. The amount of State aid administered is not commensurate with the importance of the subject, but when help has been given, the results have justified the experiment. In 1883, £900 was allowed the county Cork; not an excessive sum, when that county alone shipped to England in fourteen weeks no less than a quarter of a million pounds of fish for food. That Irish fisher-folk are handicapped by excessive charges in the transportation of fish may be gathered from the testimony of the Inspectors of Fisheries. In June, 1881, two consignments, consisting respectively of nineteen and thirty boxes of mackerel (each box contained one hundred and twenty fish) were sent from the county of Cork to Dublin, at a charge of £5 2s. 1d. and £7 14s. respectively, and the balances remitted to the senders were 11s. 11d. in one case, and 1s. 6d. in the other, making a total of 17s. 11d. for 5,880 fish, or about three of these fine fish for a farthing. This is how the Irish fisheries decline. Since 1846, the number of boats and men has steadily diminished. In 1856, the former

numbered 11,069, the crew 48,774. In 1866, boats 9,444, crew 40,663. In 1876 the reduction was more marked, the number of the crew did not exceed 23,693.

In 1882, the estimated value of the Irish salmon take was considerably above half a million sterling, a great advance on Scotland. The herring fishery of the latter country, however, exceeds two millions a year. It would be as correct to state that the prairies of Texas are cultivated, because a few Indians hunt across those immense plains, as that there are fishermen on the Irish coast, because a few miserably equipped boats creep along the shores. What makes this more sad is, that the Irish herring is much better in quality and fetches a higher price than the Scotch herring. Of all classes of fish the herring is the most remunerative. None of the fishermen on the Donegal coast attempt to fish for herring in the deep sea, for want of proper boats. The great fishing banks from the north to the south lie about fourteen to twenty miles beyond the coast, and have rarely been touched by the Irish boats.

The Claddagh fishermen are the most active and energetic on the west coast. The language and manners of this singular colony have undergone no change since the days of St. Endius, now fourteen hundred years ago. They remain an isolated fragment of the past, carried to the present on the current of time. The craft they now employ on the waters is actually inferior in construction to the "currach" used two thousand years ago. Timber and hides are superseded by osiers and canvas, while the mast has altogether disappeared.

Ireland has shown great want of enterprise in the development of her fisheries, while golden opportunities have been presented. Latterly there has arisen a great demand for cured mackerel in the American markets; the supply at present is monopolized by two English firms. A sum of £116,804 was paid for fresh mackerel caught along the south coast. Scotland has cultivated the herring fisheries to such an extent as largely to add to her prosperity. The Scotch herring fishery is superior to that of England and Norway, but the Irish is superior to both; its advantages have, however, not been utilized. The herring sets earlier in Ireland, and the fish is in better condition. If Irishmen only cured their own fish on the Scotch system, they could easily ship them to Hamburg and the German ports, where they would fetch the best prices. In this they could compete with the Scotch through the season, as the Irish herring is larger and well fed. For the last ten years the Scotch herring has been small and poor, and the reckless system of curing has brought it into ill esteem in the German markets. This fish can also be disposed of in the Mediterranean ports at even greater profit. Instead of exporting, Ireland at present sends nearly a quarter of a million sterling abroad every year for cured fish. This takes place while enormous quantities of herrings are thrown overboard for want of a market. To show how profitable curing might become, an English firm set up a station at Dungarvan and the profits of a week's work more than covered five

week's expenses. The resources of the Irish seas are not confined to herrings; a profitable trade may be done in pilchards, which visit the coast in great abundance. Youghal is doing a good trade in sardines, and the little port of Baltimore cured in the Cornish fashion fifty-four hogsheads of pilchards, which were sold in Geneva at the rate of £4 14s. per hogshead.

There is no trusting the Government for support; the Royal Commission on Public Works recommended that it should grant £400,000 to build fishing piers round the coast. At present we have over one hundred and eighty piers, built from public funds from time to time; many of them are practically useless and only demonstrate the worthlessness of Government contracts; nearly £80,000 has been literally wasted on the Donegal coast alone. There are two funds in the hands of the Board of Works from which assistance can be obtained. There are the Productive Loan Fund and the Sea and Coast Fisheries Fund, money left over from the Famine Relief Funds of 1822. From these sources sums were administered for thirty or forty years, some for the whole of Ireland and others for certain parts to which they were previously allotted. Scandalous jobbery was the rule. Since 1883, a step in advance has been taken by the Government; a bill was passed, voting £250,000 from the funds of the Disestablished Church, and giving the Inspectors of Fisheries power to administer the funds in existence.

The laws supposed to regulate the fisheries are in a very unsatisfactory condition. There are three Fishery Boards at work for the United Kingdom, each framing laws to suit its particular wants, and totally ignorant as to what effect its special regulations may have on the whole kingdom. In Ireland, the supervision, since 1868, has been transferred to the Lord Lieutenant and carried out by means of three inspectors, to each of whom the supervision of a district is entrusted. There is no organized statistical department; returns are made by collectors of customs and coastguard officers which invariably contradict each other. This is highly unsatisfactory, but it is all the inspectors have on which to base the statistics given in their annual reports. A single Fishery Board should be established for the whole kingdom, separate from the Board of Trade. The latter, like a huge octopus, has seized too many works in its tentacles, invariably giving scant satisfaction to any. The Fishery Board should be allowed to make its own laws, grant advances of money, have supervision of harbors and piers, and report doings to Parliament, without the interference of the Board of Trade, which has not on its staff a single practical fisherman or any one who knows the common rudiments of the craft. The present Fishery Board has the advantage of possessing the services of one inspector, Sir Thomas Brady, who knows every rope in the concern; an active, energetic public servant, an Irishman who understands the people and is warmly interested in their welfare. Officers of this stamp, if opportunity is granted them, can raise and improve the fisheries, and not allow this magnificent resource to be monopolized by other countries. It is to be hoped that the grants and

loans now at their disposal may be wisely administered and that the press of the country will give due publicity to their actions. The suggestion of T. A. McKey, a thoughtful writer in the Southern Industry, is worth attention on the question of reviving this industry. He advises that local committees of business men should deal with this subject, by forming companies and employing the vast amount of money lying idle in the Irish banks; that Irish people should pilot the movement and not depend on English enterprise. If strong committees were formed, securing the confidence of the people, abundance of means would be forthcoming; capital can be procured by combination of practical men. From small efforts, the industry would advance and expand. It must, however, be clearly understood before any such action can be undertaken, the question of land and sea carriage must be definitely settled; without this every attempt must prove a failure. If this industry fails, it is due to the want of enterprise of Irishmen, and particularly those who possess capital. The fishing industry is more easily developed than any other, as no large plant is necessary, there are no customers to solicit, no connections to make. The wealth is all at our own doors; the foreigner has hitherto come and gathered the harvest, while Ireland looks on unmoved. It is high time that the country should wake up to its opportunities and drop forever the beggar's whine.

The End.

Origin of Know-Nothingism.

In the early part of the year 1855 Know-Nothingism was obtaining a strong foothold in the South, and particularly in the State of Maryland. Many prominent Whigs had espoused its principles, and the secret societies where its tenets were promulgated were increasing with great rapidity. Into these secret societies Democrats in large numbers were being drawn, until it became a matter of great concern to the leaders of that party how to stop this wholesale desertion from their ranks.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Geo. H. Richardson, then a prominent Democrat in Worcester County, Maryland, anxious to prevent his political brethren from uniting themselves with this new party, concluded to address a letter to the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, asking from him such an expression of his opinion as could be used to deter Democrats from joining the Know-Nothing organization, to which Mr. Wise replied as follows:

ONANCOCK, Va., June 28, 1855.

GEO. H. RICHARDSON, Esq.: *Dear Sir* — At my earliest convenience I reply to yours of the 15th inst., by saying briefly that I am fully convinced the Know-Nothing organization had its origin in Old England. It is a foreign influence, sent over here to abolish slavery or dissolve our Union. This is its aim and origin in New England and the North. Seeing its potency in all the slave-holding States, the Whigs generally of the South have seized on it for political purposes. And the worst of its evil everywhere is its priestcraft element, which seizes on Protestant bigotry to pollute our churches and corrupt our political powers. No sensible Democrat will be caught in its snare, and the sound and conservative will alike eschew it. With thanks for your kind congratulations, I am respectfully yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

Prevention of Noise.

To those who carry on any operations requiring much hammering or pounding, a simple means of deadening the noise of their work is a great relief. Several methods have been suggested, but the best are probably these: First, rubber cushions under the legs of the work-bench. Chambers' Journal describes a factory where the hammering of fifty copper-smiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion. Second, kegs of sand or sawdust applied in the same way. A few inches of sand or sawdust is first poured into each keg; on this is laid a board or block upon which the leg rests, and around the leg and block is poured fine dry sand or sawdust. Not only all noise, but all vibration and shock, is prevented; and an ordinary anvil, so mounted, may be used in a dwelling-house without annoying the inhabitants. To amateurs, whose workshops are almost always located in dwelling-houses, this device affords a cheap and simple relief from a very great annoyance.

American Inventions.

Fifteen of the greatest inventions of the age are American: First, the cotton gin; second, the planing machine: third, the grass mower and reaper; fourth, the rotary printing-press; fifth, navigation by steam; sixth, the hot-air engine; seventh, the sewing-machine; eighth, the India rubber industry; ninth, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; tenth, the sand blast for carving; eleventh, the gauge lathe; twelfth, the grain elevator; thirteenth, artificial ice-making on a large scale; fourteenth, the electric magnet and its practical application; fifteenth, the telephone.

Medical Uses for Eggs.

For burns or scalds, nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and, being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on those organs to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

A Message to Erin.

We send thee a message, dear land of our fathers,
We send thee a message across the blue sea,
From hearts that are strong 'neath the pine and the maple
We greet thee *Mavourneen*, dear Erin *Machree:*
From the lowliest cot and the stateliest mansion
A blessing we waft to thy fame-storied shore,
In the sunshine of faith and a patriot's devotion
We wing our heart's message to each Irish door.

Through the long hours of night and the heat of the noontide
We pray and we dream and we watch for thy sun, —
We watch for thy glory thro' rifts in the cloudlets,
To ring out our joy when thy battle is won;
For ours is no love that grows cold thro' to-morrow,
Ours is no hope to be quench'd in a day, —
We are pledg'd to thy cause should long centuries await us,
To light thy green banners with Victory's ray.

We have watched the brave deeds of thy patriot children
Whose hearts beat so long against Tyranny's chain;
In field and on scaffold, in life and in prison,
They suffer'd and died for thy glory and fame :
Then Erin *Mavourneen*, we send thee this blessing,
A token of love from thy exiles afar,
God grant it may shine from the sky of thy future
With the halo and splendor of Freedom's bright Star!

Ottawa, Canada. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Was Washington an Irishman?

THE following article from the Washington Post proves that the father of our country was of Irish descent, notwithstanding some of his admirers would prefer to leave the impression that he was of English extraction.

Will you permit me the use of a small space in your columns to ask Mr. Richard M. Conway, of Virginia, if, when criticising the historian (?) Lossing's pedigree of George Washington, he has not left himself open to the charge of disingenuousness where he says, "Major William Ball migrated with his wife, who had been Hannah Atherton, from Yorkshire, England, to and settled in Lancaster County, Va., A. D. 1650." To most readers of Mr. Conway's critique the inference would be that William Ball was an Englishman. This, however, is not so; William Ball was born in the Province of Leinster, Kingdom of Ireland; and Ball's Bridge, in the county of Dublin, was so named after the Ball family, who lived in Ireland generations before William Ball migrated from there first to England and afterwards to Virginia. I can only account for the lapsus in Mr. Conway's correction of Lossing on the hypothesis that he is one of those who believe that it is more honorable to trace up an English rather than an Irish extraction for the worthies who established the Independence of the United States. Were it otherwise I hardly think Mr. Conway would have neglected to give the nativity of Major William Ball, the grandfather of Washington's mother, and of her father, Col. Joseph Ball.

The Dark Ages.

WHAT'S in a name? In the subject of this paper, quite a good deal. At the outset it might as well be stated that there is a serious difference about the name itself. Many excellent authorities would prefer to style the period about to be examined "The Middle Ages," rather than "The Dark Ages."

A very convenient and oftentimes successful means of discrediting an institution or a system is to fasten upon it an ugly name. If the name remains and becomes firmly fixed in the popular mind it is not an easy task to remove the false impression that it conveys. History furnishes abundant proofs of the truth of this statement. Prejudice and passion have frequently gained their desired ends by such unworthy methods. It is needless to cite instances, since they are of almost daily occurrence. This method of attack is a most deadly weapon in the skilful hands of unscrupulous persons. It has been used with an unenviable success in many notable cases by the adversaries of the Catholic Church. Let us take this instance of "The Dark Ages."

The first question that presents itself is this: Are those ages properly called dark? Rather is not the name due to prejudice? Again, one might fairly enquire, was the darkness absolute or merely relative?

Before entering upon the main question, which is not as much as hinted at in the name, yet is uppermost in the minds of many, — the responsibility of the Church for the foul and evil deeds done in the darkness, — it may be well to dispose at once of the preliminary questions.

There need be no difficulty in admitting, though the name is chiefly due to religious rancor, that the centuries between the fall of the Western Empire (476) and the Renaissance were, relative to the ages that preceded the one event and those that succeeded the other, dark or unenlightened. The causes that led to the darkness are difficult to discover. They may be summed up in the following: the irruption of the barbarians from the North, and the invasion of the Saracens from the East; the introduction of the feudal system; the limited number of books; and the great, almost insurmountable difficulty of spreading knowledge prior to the time that the art of printing was invented. These were the main causes of the intellectual and moral darkness that settled over the face of Europe during this period.

Were it not that the Church is charged with being responsible for the condition of European society during those ages, there would be little, if any, controversy on the propriety of the name. Historians of great weight, those who have written in an unfriendly spirit as well as those who were disposed to deal rather leniently with the record that is left us of the "Dark Ages," are agreed that the Catholic Church fought during those ages, against great odds, the battle of freedom and Christian civilization. Instead of censure, she is deserv-

ing of all praise; instead of adding to the darkness all her efforts were put forth to dispel the gloom. Never did the Church so signally vindicate her claims to be the light of the world and the saviour of society than at this very period.

Let us look for a moment at the state of things after the downfall of the Roman Empire. We shall thus be enabled to see the nature of the great work and its extent that the Church had on hands. We shall thus be able to understand, in some measure, how fierce and desperate was the fight that Christianity had to wage against barbarism.

Like a rotten colossus the mighty structure of pagan power and pagan civilization crumbled to pieces when the shock of barbarian invasion burst upon it. Chaos covered the face of Europe, and out of that chaos the Church had to mould a new and better order of things. The material with which this vast work was to be done was poor indeed. There was the debris of a fallen empire, and the rough, untamed hordes of Northmen. It was into that rude mass the Catholic Church breathed the spirit of her divine founder; the result was the modern nations of Europe.

To be sure it was a slow and tedious process; a hard and stubborn fight; difficulties were encountered on every side; the outlook at times was very dark and discouraging; it almost seemed as if the hour had come when the powers of darkness were to succeed; when vice was to take the place of virtue; sin and evil were everywhere to abound; that the Lord had forgotten His Church; that the end of the world was at hand. But after long and patient waiting the light of the new era began to appear; order came out of the chaos; and the triumph of the Church was complete.

The course of the Church during this period is well compared by Archbishop Spaulding to that of the ark of old, riding triumphant amid a second deluge of waters, and bearing in her bosom the sacred seeds of civilization; which, when those dark waters should subside, she was again to scatter broadcast on the surface of the earth.

From the fifth to the eleventh century the Church labored unceasingly for the conversion of the new races. She saw them enter, nation by nation, within the pale of Christian civilization; her gentle spirit softened their fierceness and thirst for bloodshed; their savage, uncouth manners were improved; fraternal charity and the principles of the Christian religion were instilled into their minds and hearts.

Here it will not be out of place to cite the language of non-Catholic writers as to the influence of the Church, and it was the only influence at work during those ages. "Though seemingly enslaved, the Church," says a writer in the North American Review (July, 1845), "was in reality the life of Europe. She was the refuge of the distressed, the friend of the slave, the Aper of the injured, the only hope of learning. To her chivalry owed its noble inspirations; to her art and agriculture looked for every improvement. The ruler from her learned some rude justice; the ruler learned faith and obedience. Let us not cling to the superstition which teaches that the Church has always upheld the cause of tyrants. Through the Middle Ages, she was the only friend and advocate of the people and the rights of man."

And another Protestant reviewer of this period writes: "From the fifth to the ninth century, the barbarian element of force and violent movement were predominant, because horde followed horde, as wave follows wave, and one race of the conquerors had scarcely established itself in a country when it was forced to make room for another. But amid all these changes and convulsions, the Church remained firm and unshaken; like a gallant ship in the stormy ocean, it rode proudly over the billows, and, though it sometimes bowed before a sudden burst of the tempest, it instantly rose again in all its pride and all its security. For four centuries it alone maintained the struggle against barbarism." And this writer sums up by saying that "In the eleventh century the papacy fought the battle of freedom and civilization." (The Foreign Quar. Rev.)

That the Church put forth strenuous efforts to keep alive the sacred flame of science and to promote the instruction of youth is evident to the close student of history. No one pretends that during the Dark Ages knowledge was as widely diffused among the masses of the people as in latter times. Too many obstacles were in the way. Feudalism was rampant; the chase and war were the regular occupations of chiefs and their followers. It is scarcely necessary to say that such avocations are detrimental, if not entirely fatal to the pursuit of knowledge, science, and art. Nor need we wonder if under those circumstances trade and commerce were almost unknown. The nobility of that period despised the very idea. It was rare to find a noble who was able to write his name. Just as in this age wealth and the desire of riches occupy an undue share of men's thoughts, so did war and the pursuits of a barbarous people predominate in the Middle Ages. As a consequence, ignorance and nobility, as then understood, were combined in the same person. We need not be surprised if men went so far as even to boast of their want of learning. Deeds and legal instruments of this period are found which terminate thus: "And the aforesaid lord has declared that he did not know how to sign his name, owing to his being a nobleman."

Surely it must have been an herculean task for the Church, and no other power was capable of doing it, to mould and change a state of society like this. It required centuries to do it. But the work was accomplished in the end. It ill becomes us who live in a more enlightened and progressive age to grow impatient of the slow process, or to be too ready to censure the Church which was, in truth, the saviour of society during the darkest period of the Dark Ages. We are too prone to judge the past by the present; not to make sufficient allowance, nor properly estimate the conditions and circumstances of the time. And we commit a greater folly still if we were to accept as the truth the prejudiced opinions of writers who were blinded by passion, and whose aim seemed to be to blacken the character of the Catholic Church. As well might one give credence to a blind man discoursing about the beauties of color, as to take for granted the assertions of prejudiced historians for the true facts of history.

To establish the fact that the Church was then, as now, the earnest advocate and promoter of education among the masses, it is

only necessary to refer the reader to the acts of various councils, the letters of popes urging the clergy to devote all attention to the instruction of youth. This is admitted by Hallam, who is by no means disposed to be friendly or even fair in his judgments of things Catholic. Schools were in existence in the eight, ninth, and tenth centuries — the darkest period in every country of Europe. Charlemagne founded public schools in France ; Alfred, the Great, in England. The schools and colleges of Ireland were so well known, at this time, for their learning and piety as to merit for her people the proud title of the "Insula doctorum et sanctorum." Veregil, who became bishop of Salzburg; Shell, abbot of Kildare; Dungal, lecturer at Pavia, and others no less noted, were Irish scholars trained in native schools. The famous John Scotus Erigena, an Irishman, left the great school of Clonard to take up his residence in the monastery of Cologne. Irish missionaries bore the light of Christian faith and the lamp of science into the darkest and most remote corners of Europe in those days.

Nor were France and Germany without their schools. Flourishing seats of learning were to be found in the former at Rheims, Chartres, Tours, and Dijon; the abbey of Fecamp and the monastery of Bec were widely known. It was over this school of Bec that Lanfranc and his more illustrious pupil, Anselm, presided. Both became archbishops of Canterbury. In Germany there were prosperous schools at Liege, Fulda, Hildesheim, and Paderborn. Italy and Spain, because those countries suffered most at the hands of the invaders, were not so well provided for.

The Church succeeded in diminishing the evils of serfdom ; she got rid of the horrid superstition that forced the accused to submit to the ordeal of fire and water to purge themselves of guilt; she established the right of asylum for fugitives; and above all, as the great means of weaning the minds and hearts of men from the atrocities of what was almost constant warfare, and thus prepare them for the cultivation of the arts and virtues of peace, she established the "Truce of God." It was in those dark ages gothic architecture made its first appearance; and it was then the foundations of some of the most splendid gothic churches of Europe were laid, a living refutation of the charge that the Catholic Church was the ally of medieval darkness. Missionaries were sent forth in those same dark ages to spread the truth of the gospel among the inhabitants of northern Europe.

Now, if all this was done, — making full allowance for the great difficulties that stood in the way, — it constitutes a record of which the Church need not be ashamed.

Lord Tennyson, in a fitful mood, calls our own times dark :

"For these are the new dark ages of the infidel press."

Most persons refuse to accept the qualifying word as applicable to this present age. And may not some persons be permitted to believe that, in the light of true history, the "Dark Ages" are not quite as black as they are painted in the popular mind ; and that the Church Catholic was then, as it is now, and always shall be, the light of the world? This is the verdict of history rightly interpreted. Who can gainsay it?

Pittsburg, Pa., St. Mary of Mercy's Church. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Washington in 1789 in New York.

Some few things known to me personally are, at the present time, when Washington's journey to New York in 1789 is being so much talked about, so interesting to the whole people of our country that I believe it will be well to ask of you a small space in your widely read magazine for their publication, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times.

In 1850 I was a resident, as substitute, in the Pennsylvania hospital. When writing my name in the book kept for that purpose, and writing it as I usually have done — Walter F. — the old steward, Father Clap, as we called him, then eighty-two years of age said, "Thou must write thy name in full." When Franklin was written he exclaimed "Walter Franklin! When I was a lad I saw Gen. Washington and Lady Washington come up to the river in a boat and walk on a carpet to Walter Franklin's house, where they were to stay, in New York." My mother was the daughter of Walter Franklin, and she told me, when I spoke of this to her, that her father's father was Thomas Franklin, who came from New York and married in Philadelphia the daughter of Samuel Rhodes, and the Walter Franklin, in whose house Gen. Washington resided in New York, was an elder brother of Thomas. A few years ago a letter written by Kitty Franklin Wistar, the daughter of Mary Franklin, who was married to Casper Wistar, of Brandywine, giving an account of the preparation of the Franklin house for Washington's reception at the time of his arrival in New York was shown to me, and I give here a copy of this part of the letter. It is dated New York, 30th of the fourth month, 1789:

"Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of Gen. Washington; an elegant barge, decorated with an awning of satin, twelve oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons, went down to E Town (Elizabeth-town) last fourth day to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee House wharf covered with a carpet for him to step on where a company of light horse, one of artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive him. They paraded through Queen street in great form, while the music, the drums, and ringing of bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to look at it — the best of furniture in every room — and the greatest quantity of plate and china that I ever saw before; the whole of the first and second story is papered, and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets — the house really did honor to my Aunt and Lady Kitty; they spared no pains nor expense in it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it; accordingly, they pitched on their wives as likely to do it better. I have not done yet, my dear; is thee not almost tired? The evening after His Excellency's arrival a general illumination took place, except amongst friends and those styled Anti-Federalists, the latter's windows suffering some thou may imagine. As soon as the

General is sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks is to be displayed, which is to be expected will be to-morrow. There is scarcely anything talked of now but General Washington and the Palace — and of little else have I told thee yet, though have spun my miserable scrawl already to a great length, but thou requested to know all that was going forward."

The "Uncle Osgood" of this letter is the person who married Walter Franklin's widow. This, probably, caused the statement in Todd's story of New York that Washington went to the Osgood mansion.

One of Franklin's daughters was married to De Witt Clinton and another to General Clinton, and, in a letter dated 1788, we read: "Washington often had the Franklin children at his home while he lived there. One of these, the late Mrs. George Clinton, told the writer that she had often seen him take out his handkerchief before getting into his carriage and pass it over the horses, and if it was in the least degree soiled the groom was reprimanded."

Farewell to Killarney.

FARE thee well, then, Killarney, thou fairest of spots,
With thy mountains so green, and thy moss-covered rocks;
Thy lakes and thy dells and thy wood-bedded shore,
Impress me this moment as never before.

How oft in the twilight I've wandered along
Thy mossy green banks, and sung a sweet song;
Sometimes with the maid who was dearest to me,
Charming young Kittie of the town of Tralee.

But now that loved voices are hushed evermore,
I must hie me away from my own island shore;
And ere crossing the deep and dangerous sea,
I must bid one farewell, fond Killarney, to thee.

Boston, 1890. MARY ADELINE HASTINGS.

How to Give up Bad Habits.

UNDERSTAND the reason, and all the reasons why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, or a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.

Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

MY SISTER'S SECRET.

FOR nearly half an hour my sister lay white and cold, seemingly lifeless, while we all knelt beside her, chafing her hands, bathing her face and temples, doing everything that could be done to restore the consciousness which had so mysteriously, so startlingly, deserted her.

And at last the livid lips moved; the still bosom heaved a little, a faint color began to steal slowly into the marble-like cheeks.

"Thank God, she is recovering!" Launce Ronayne murmured brokenly. "What, under heaven, is the meaning of this?"

"Ah, what indeed!" Aunt Anne said. "Will you believe it, Launce, an unaccountable presentiment chilled me for five or ten minutes before that odd occurrence? I am not exceptionally superstitious, I hope; but I felt there was danger of some kind, or trouble of some kind, drawing near."

"Pshaw! Nonsense, Miss Carroll," Launce cried impatiently. "You'll find it was really nothing serious at all. It was the swaying trees without, seen vaguely in the firelight, which startled Marion, or some such thing as that. Why, what else could it be?"

"I hope so, my dear. I hope so," Aunt Anne faltered. "I know very well that poor Marion was always most excitable, — a bundle of nerves, I've often called her."

Our aged housekeeper, Nell Connor, had joined us, and was holding a lamp in her withered hands. By this time we had lifted my sister upon the sofa, and Nell's piercing black eyes beneath the shaggy white brows were fixed in a dismal stare upon Marion's pallid face.

"Poor child! Poor child!" croaked Nell; "she seen a spirit surely — God between us and harm to-night!"

"Hush, Nell," I said; "don't talk so. I hope papa did not hear her cry."

"No, *eroo;* he is fast asleep, thank God. Sure, I was just fixing the quilt nice an' cosey about his shoulders, when I heard the screech. Good Laws! Miss Alice, dearie, it put the heart across in me. I thought I'd fall with the fright of it, when I was comin' down the stairs."

Marion unclosed her heavy eyelids at last, and now consciousness seemed to have returned. She moaned and shivered and clasped her trembling hands convulsively across her heart. In a moment Launce

Ronayne was kneeling beside the lounge, stooping over that pale, terrified face.

"Marion, dear," he whispered softly, "what frightened you? Won't you tell me?"

At the sound of his voice my sister started a little and shrank aside from him. Her heavy eyes rested upon his for a moment, and such a look of anguish dwelt in their depths as I had never seen there before.

But, surely, she was not fully conscious, thought I. Surely, Launce Ronayne's kindly, tender voice and face could never cause my sister to shrink back like that; could never awaken such an expression in her eyes.

"Leave me, leave me!" she gasped brokenly, turning away her head and closing her eyes again; "leave me, for the love of God!"

"Marion, you do not know me!" he persisted, and my heart bled for him as I noted the expression of his dark, shocked face. "It is I, Launce. Do not be frightened, dear. Something scared you; but now all is well again."

He endeavored to take her hands in his, as the words passed his lips; but she snatched them from him and suddenly burst into violent sobbing and weeping.

"Go, go, I implore of you!" she gasped, her head still averted. "I know too well what I am saying. If you ever loved me, Launce, you will, in mercy, leave me now."

He started, as though he had been struck, and sprang tremblingly to his feet. Instantly Aunt Anne hastened forward, her kindly face full of sympathetic concern.

"Do not notice her, boy! It is evident that she has not fully recovered yet. Such a shock as that cannot so easily be overcome. She will be herself again when you see her to-morrow."

"I hope so," Launce murmured; and, despite our efforts to induce him to remain longer, he and Nora took their leave almost at once, and hurried away from Kildoona in the storm and darkness of the November evening.

In the meantime Marion had grown calmer, and was sufficiently recovered ere long to be assisted up stairs to her room. Leaning heavily on my arm and grasping the oaken balustrade, she ascended the stair and slowly crossed the lobby to her bedroom. Then she sank upon her bed and bade me faintly to lock the door. A dreadful shivering had seized upon her, and an odd catching of the breath.

"A glass of water, Alice — quickly!" she gasped, and she snatched it eagerly from my hands and drained it in one draught. "I am better now."

So a fit of hysterics was warded off, and for a few minutes my sister sat perfectly still, her hands clasped in mine, her head resting against my shoulder.

"Alice," she said feebly at last, "tell me all that happened? What did I say — or do?"

I told her in a few words. In truth, I had very little to tell.

"I said nothing, then? You are sure?" she persisted, with a strange anxiety which filled my heart with foreboding. "Did no words of any kind escape my lips — either before I fainted, or afterwards?"

"No words, Marion. No words," I repeated, looking searchingly into her eyes, "which could explain to us, in the remotest way, the *cause* of your mysterious terror."

She sighed, a long heavy sigh of relief, and lapsed again into silence. My heart was bursting to know the mystery of all this. I could conceal that anxiety no longer.

"Marion," I said earnestly and, perhaps, reproachfully, "don't you think you are treating me somewhat unkindly? Why are you so reticent? Why not tell me fully the real cause of your agitation? What did you see when you looked through the window? A ghost or a living being, which?"

She trembled all over as I put the questions to her, and again that painful catching of the breath was audible; and I almost regretted my words.

"Oh, do not ask me! — do not ask me!" she shivered, nestling closer to me in a wild kind of way, while her fingers, now burning hot, closed convulsively around mine. "Forget that it ever happened, Alice, darling. Do not suffer this hideous scene to stand like a spectre between your heart and mine. It may have been all fancy! Time will tell. God grant that it was so. Oh, God grant it!"

As the words passed her lips, the horror of that mysterious occurrence seemed to strike upon her afresh. The dreadful catching of the breath intensified. It was too late now to fetch her another glass of water. Ere I could spring to the carafe on the dressing-table, Marion had broken forth into strong hysterics, a paroxysm as violent as it was brief.

All that night I lay awake, watching and fearing for her. Next day she was calmer; at least outwardly so; but I, who knew her every mood so well, I, who had studied her changeful character and ways with such loving sympathy, divined clearly enough that this apparent calmness was but a mask to hide the feverish excitement within.

She touched no more on that odd scene in the fire-lit parlor last night; and when Aunt Anne and Nell Connor came in presently and asked, with very natural curiosity, for an explanation of the occurrence, Marion strove to pass the matter off by murmuring vaguely that it was "a fancy of hers — nothing more" — and that such things had better be forgotten forthwith.

We had to content ourselves with this unsatisfactory reply. It was useless to press the matter. Marion's lips were sealed.

All the morning my sister's looks and movements puzzled me. I noticed her gazing through the windows, starting at the slightest sound in the house, gazing suddenly back over her shoulder at times, as though she expected to behold some one, or something, of which we knew nothing.

Shortly after breakfast, as Marion and I sat in one of the window-

seats of the Elm Parlor, we heard the sound of hoof-falls on the drive without, and lo! here was good Father William O'Brien, almost a daily looker-in at Kildoona, since my poor father's ill-health had taken a more decided change for the worse.

He rode along slowly beneath the leafless trees, the November sunshine all around him; for the storm of the night before was over, and the sky was as blue as the vivid blue Atlantic below, a mighty heaving plain streaked with white foam, its sunlit breakers thundering in majestically upon the brown and purple-gray rocks along the coast.

Father William joined us presently in the parlor. He was a fine old man, a genuine *Soggarth Aroon* of the old school, kindly, generous, affable, with the sunny smile of a child and the fearless heart of a lion. I fancy I see again now that tall, slightly-stooped figure of the old clergyman, the noble face, with its earnest, deep-gray eyes, its handsome nose and mobile mouth, the lofty furrowed temples, the silver hair falling light as floss silk almost to the shoulders. There he stood in his long-skirted, black cloth riding-coat, his knee-breeches and cloth leggins, as was the fashion of that period, his soft wide-leafed black hat in one hand, his silver-topped riding-whip in the other.

Dear, kind, true-hearted Father William! Unfailing friend of the past! The memories of your sunshiny smile and blessed words of counsel and comfort still sustain me, even now, after the long, weary lapse of years.

Scarce were our preliminary greetings over, when Aunt Anne came bustling in. Father William's visits always cheered her.

"And how does Maurice seem to-day, Anne? quiet as usual?"

"Just the same, sir; no change, either way. He was talking again this morning of — of poor Richard."

Aunt Anne's voice fell, and she glanced anxiously toward us. Dear, sensitive heart! she feared to pain us by this allusion to our outcast brother.

"Talking of poor Richard, was he?" returned the old clergyman, in a lowered voice. "And what did he say, Anne?"

"Oh, only the old words over again — regretting bitterly that bygone quarrel; longing for the poor boy's return to Kildoona. I do believe, Father William, that my poor brother can never die in peace until he beholds Richard here once again."

"And why are there no steps taken forthwith to recall the boy? It is monstrous to suffer the matter to rest in silence for one day! Surely Richard can be found; if, indeed, he is not ——"

"Of course he can be found — he must be found!" Aunt Anne struck in hastily, ere the old clergyman could utter the dreadful word "dead." "Yes, Father William, your advice shall be taken without further delay. My brother's sentiments on that matter are known to all the country-side by this time. Every one has heard of his regrets and wishes. Every one would be overjoyed at the return of the wanderer."

"Then the wanderer must return!" said the clergyman decisively, — and how my heart leaped and my pulses throbbed, as I heard his

words — "Come, Anne, let us go up to Maurice. I shall have a word or two to say to him on this matter."

Aunt Anne and Father William withdrew, and Marion and I were left alone in the parlor. But at this moment I heard footsteps on the avenue without, and the sound of cheery voices.

"Launce and Nora!" I exclaimed. "How early they are coming!"

Marion startled and the faint color fled from her cheeks. She rose quickly from the window-seat, then stood trembling, and looking in a wild, haunted sort of way into my face.

"Alice," she gasped at last, "make some excuse for me; say anything. I cannot see Launce Ronayne to-day!"

"Not see Launce?" I echoed incredulously, Marion's odd words and manner toward Launce last night recurring to my mind afresh, and with ten-fold significance now. "Surely, Marion, you do not mean this?"

"Yes, yes; I do mean it!" she cried excitedly. "Ah, they are at the very door! — say I am in bed — say I am ill — say I went for a run on the hills; say anything you like! — But I cannot see Launce to-day, I tell you, I *cannot!*"

She was gone, as the words fell from her trembling lips. She fled from the room, leaving me to face this most unpleasant situation, as best I could.

To be continued.

Paste This in Your Prayer-Book.

HAVING entered a pew, move along. Do not block up the end of the pew as if you did not intend to have any one else enter it, or as if you were holding it for special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but move along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know that they are welcome. If a pew capable of holding six has five already in it, don't file out in formal procession to let one poor scared woman go to the furthest end, but move along, and let her sit down at the end next to the aisle. It is not necessary now for a man to sit at the end ready to rush out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once.

JUDAS MACHABEUS sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem to have prayers said for the soldiers who fell in battle. The reason he gave for doing so was that it was "a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." The souls of those dead soldiers must have been in some place where prayers could aid them, or else the prayers would be useless. But prayers are not needed for those who are in heaven, and they are of no use to those in hell. Therefore, there must be some other place besides heaven and hell, where prayers are of use to souls departed, and that place is called purgatory. Our Divine Lord says in St. Matt. v. 26, "Amen I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence (the prison) till thou repay the last farthing." This prison is purgatory, for if it were hell there could be no release from it. "Out of hell there is no redemption."

My Visit to La Trappe.

THE last soft light of the setting sun had fallen on the earth, casting a rich glow on the yellow corn-sheaves, and lengthening the shadows of the orchard trees, as my driver and I hurried over the dusty Kentucky road into the lovely valley of the abbey of Gethsemane. Already, we could hear the sweet sounds of the monastery bells breaking upon the quiet evening air, and in a few moments we arrived at the great iron gate of the porter's lodge. The monastery was not visible on account of the high wall which encompassed it, seemingly built as though to resist a siege. Before my driver had time to alight from the vehicle, the great gate swung open, and an aged monk, who filled the office of porter, advanced to meet me; he grasped my hand and in the kindest manner bade me welcome. After I dismissed my driver, the old monk led me along a winding path, then up a flight of stone steps into the reception room of the monastery. The whole place, as I viewed it in the dim twilight, seemed the loneliest of human habitations and bearing an indescribable air of antiquity. The reception room was almost bare. A rough table and two plain chairs in the middle were the only furniture. Over the table there swung from the high ceiling a single, low, lurid point of light, that failed to reach the shadows of the recesses. The few poor pictures of saints and martyrs on the walls were muffled in gloom. The air was dark and noisome, and the silence was that of a vault. In a few moments through the dim doorway there softly glided in the figure of the aged abbot, like a presence rather felt than seen. He advanced to the little zone of light, the iron keys clanking at his girdle, his delicate fingers interlaced across his breast, his gray eyes filled with a look of kindness and parental love. His whole face was that of a saint — it had in it those fine subtle lines that are the material net-work of intense spirituality brooding within; he was a figure picturesque to contemplate and profoundly interesting to study.

I fell on my knees and asked his blessing, I could feel my heart throb with emotion while the venerable old abbot pressed both his hands upon my head; when I stood up I was so overcome I could not speak. How far distant the world and its temptations seemed from me! All wordly thoughts vanished from my mind. I felt that I was standing in the presence of a saint. He placed his hand upon my shoulders saying, "I see that you are very tired, supper is awaiting you in the guest-house, after you have taken it, retire, sleep well, and come to me in the morning." After saying these words he left the room, the guest-master entered and with a very sweet smile requested me to follow him. He led me through a long winding corridor, then into the monastery garden, along a narrow path to the guest-house; the old lay brother in charge met me at the door, fell on his knees and kissed both my hands; this act was performed with an air of sincerity and humility which my pen cannot describe.

After supper the guest-master assigned me a room which I was to

occupy during my visit. It was a very small room, but neatly arranged, a table, a chair, a crucifix, and a small iron bed completed the outfit.

Though tired from the long journey, I could not sleep, I was longing for daylight to appear in order that I might see the beauty, so deeply picturesque, of the monastery grounds. The holy influence of the place had completely possessed me from the moment my eyes rested on the abbot. Three long weary hours passed by, and the monastery bell tolled twelve. I arose softly; already the westering moon poured its light through the window and flooded the whole room. I opened the casement, looked out into the garden; beneath lay a bed of roses which filled the air with their sweet odor. All was as still as death around me, save that now and then some dreaming bird would awake its happy mate with a note prophetic of the coming dawn. On the dim horizon stood the domes of the forest-trees marking the limits of the valley.

The clock struck half-past one, and almost like magic the chapel grew bright with a number of lights. It was not a great distance from my room and I could see clearly through the long plain glass windows into the choir. Presently I saw the spectral figures of the monks moving slowly in a long line up the wide aisle, to begin the service of matins and lauds. The sight was a most impressive one. When the clock struck four they left the chapel to begin their labor in the fields. The sun was gradually appearing in the East. All nature seemed clothed in her most brilliant attire. The picture the monks produced, going about their different occupations was one that an artist would love to sketch. In the distant woodland I could see an old monk driving the gentle monastery cows to pasture. Beyond the summit lay the homestead of a gentleman farmer. Over the placid stream, and across the fields, to the forests around, floated the sounds of the sweet monastery bells.

At six o'clock the guest-master knocked on my door and announced that breakfast was ready. I hastened down stairs, glad enough that the hour was fast approaching for me to meet the abbot once more. The old lay-brother waited on me with the greatest kindness and attention, observing the strictest silence all the while. After breakfast I found the good old abbot awaiting me in the garden. He led me first to the monastic chapel; it was simplicity itself, a rudely carved wooden altar stood in the centre of the sanctuary. The choir stalls were made of carved oak. On one side stood a large pipe-organ which was used to accompany the chanting of the Divine Office on the eve of great festivals. After saying a short prayer at the foot of the altar we returned to the garden where the monks were all hard at work. All appeared cheerful and happy; they raised their heads and made a low bow to the abbot as we walked slowly by. Down we went through a dark passage-way which led to the dim sepulchre of the monks. Here lay the white-cowled dust of many a heroic soul mouldering till the resurrection morn — many a heroic soul who had fought the good fight to subdue the devil and the flesh, lived and struggled, and suffered and died, leaving his life as an heroic pattern for others, who

in the same hard way should wish to win the fullest grace of Christ-like character. Here while their mortal remains lie mouldering, their virtues exhale heavenward, like gracious incense. We prayed together before the great vault for the repose of the departed brethren. By the time we returned to the monastery grounds the sun had well risen; it was a perfect day. Nature seemed to be in an ecstacy. The sunlight never fell more joyously upon the unlifting shadows of human life. The breeze was heavy with the odor of monastery roses. On the broad branch of a tall maple, two piping flame-colored orioles drained the last bright dew-drop from the chalice of a leaf. The minute music of insect life filled the liquid air, and from the honey-suckles came the murmur of the happy bees. The good old abbot told me that he must now leave me for the remainder of the day to myself, and promised to meet me at the same hour next morning. When he had left me, I sat down on an old rustic bench in the midst of nature's joyousness.

I felt that I was living in an entirely different world from that which I had left the day before. Every time I raised my eyes to the monks at work I could fancy that I faintly heard the chorus of saints and martyrs echoing backward most solemnly to the very passion of Christ. With such and like thoughts I spent the hours of the first day. At three in the afternoon the monastery bell again tolled and the monks all assembled in the choir for the service of vespers. I followed too, and never will the impression which that hour's devotion made on me depart. The voices of the monks as they sang the *Salve Regina* seemed to pierce the vaulted roof and ascend like sweet incense to the throne of the Heavenly Queen. I have seen many gorgeous ceremonies in lofty basilicas and grand cathedrals, but none spoke to me so much of heaven and of heaven's joys, as the chanting of the Divine Office at La Trappe. When the monks had all left the chapel and I remained alone kneeling before my God in the Blessed Sacrament, the questions would frequently arise in my mind, "Is this the glorious nineteenth century? Can there be in this age of pride and luxury, souls who have renounced all to lead such hard lives of mortification and penance? Yes, basking in the sunshine of God's love they have chosen the better part, and are filled with a joy which is unspeakable — a joy the world has never known."

During the remainder of my stay at the monastery I followed the general routine marked out for the guests. I found much pleasure in conversing with the abbot, walking through the gardens, watching the monks at their work with their long white garbs folded up to their knees, and tied with hempen cords. On the morning of the third day the guest-master announced the arrival of my driver, and I prepared myself to return to that cold and selfish world, which contrasted so deeply with the holy and peaceful life led in the monastery. When I reached the gate I found the abbot and guest-master awaiting to bid me good-by. They both shook my hand warmly, invited me to return again, assuring me that I would always be received with open arms. I entered the vehicle, the great iron gate of the monastery closed, and I was once more in the world of conflict and sorrow.

In this life from earliest childhood, we are trained by merciful degrees to brave its many sorrows. Sometimes they come upon us as though they would crush or overwhelm us, but the recollection of some past experience, when God overflowed our cup of joy with this consolation, fills us with the hope that He will come again, and we are strengthened to bear the cross bravely. O home of peace and abode of saints, five long years have passed since I stood within thy sacred walls, and yet it seems as if it were but yesterday. I can see the face of thy saintly abbot, hear his voice echoing in my ears, guiding me on through the darkness of this world, shielding me from every temptation, whispering sweet words of hope, and then after all this his parting words come to my mind, "If you wish to be truly happy, hide yourself beneath the shadow of the cross." THOMAS A. DWYER.

Washington, D. C.

The Old Year's Blessing.

I AM fading from you, but one draweth near
Called the Angel-guardian of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces coldly you forget,
Let the New-Year's Angel bless and crown them yet.

For we work together; he and I are one;
Let him end and perfect all I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires, though as yet but seeds;
Let the New-Year make them blossom into Deeds.

I brought joy to brighten many happy days;
Let the New-Year's Angel turn it into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness, if I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience, and the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow, through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant into future strength.

If I brought you plenty, all wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel turn them into Alms?

I gave Health and Leisure, skill to dream and plan;
Let him make them nobler; — work for God and Man.

If I broke your Idols, showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the Knowledge into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation, let sin die away
Into boundless Pity for all hearts that stray.

If your list of Errors dark and long appears,
Let this new-born Monarch melt them into Tears.

May you hold this Angel dearer than the last, —
So I bless his Future, while he crowns my Past.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

He Laid Out Washington.

WASHINGTON was long known as the city of magnificent distances. In our time it has grown so that the magnificent distances have disappeared, and noble public buildings and private dwellings render it one of the finest of our cities. Yet how few think of the man who with a grand faith in the future planned that city and designed its first public buildings! Who can even tell his name? Certainly not one in a thousand. Yet the man who planned our national capital was a Catholic, a distinguished officer who came to this country to give his sword and his military knowledge to the cause of American freedom, who served to the close of the Revolutionary war with honor and distinction. Even among Catholics the name is almost unknown, his portrait hangs on the wall of no public building in the city which owes so much to his genius.

Peter Charles L'Enfant was born in 1755, of a family in France, which could show its armorial bearings to entitle the young man to enter the military school. There his ability in mathematics, architecture and construction led to his being admitted to the highest course of training. He left the military college a thorough military engineer. Entering the army with the commission of lieutenant he prepared to scale the slow and difficult ladder of promotion in the army. But when the American colonies raised the standard of revolt he watched their course with keen interest. As soon as they proclaimed the doctrines of freedom, and declared themselves an independent nation, young L'Enfant resolved to give his services, his skill as an engineer to the cause. He came over with Lafayette in 1777, and almost immediately received a commission in the Continental army. On the 18th of February, 1778, he was made Captain of engineers, and was a remarkably active and able officer. In the attack on Savannah he displayed the utmost gallantry and was left on the field desperately wounded. On his recovery General Washington appreciated his merits so highly that he placed him on his staff to profit by his ability as an engineer. On the 2nd of May, 1783, he received the commission of Major. After the war he employed his knowledge and ability on various engineering and architectural works at Fort Miffin.

The selection of a district for the seat of government was a subject of long discussion and debate, but when the present District of Columbia was fixed upon, Major L'Enfant was selected to lay out the city of Washington, and to select the position. He drew the plans also for some of the public buildings and sketched many others as part of his projected arrangement of the city.

In 1812, this able veteran of the Revolution received the offer of a professorship of engineering in the Military Academy, West Point, but he declined the position.

His strength gradually failed, and he found a home at Melwood, in Prince George's county, Maryland, the manor of one of the grand old Catholic families and died there piously June 14, 1825.

Night Terrors in Children.

MANY adults know from their own experience how distressing actual terror is. A perilous exposure has, perhaps, called it out so strongly that the very remembrance of the adventure is exceedingly painful. Some men have been completely prostrated by the feeling. Not a few sufferers from cerebral disease have been tormented with terrors only less horrible than those experienced by the victim of *delirium tremens*. It is well known that a night of terror has not unfrequently blanched a stalwart sufferer's hair to absolute whiteness. Many a sudden death has been due to sudden fright.

Now, night terror is not uncommon among children, and their sufferings from it are quite as real, and perhaps quite as great, as those of the grown men and women to whom we have referred, and the practice of dealing harshly with them, because of the unreasonableness of the fear, and sometimes even of punishing them with a view to breaking up the habit, or with thought of expelling a fancied trouble by a real one, cannot be too strongly condemned.

Says the Medical and Surgical Reporter: "Whoever has experienced these terrors in his own person, or studied them in his own children, must feel deeply that they are a very serious affliction, and call for the greatest amount of wise and kindly sympathy, and the most discreet management. In most cases they are associated with some chronic or temporary ailment. Indigestion, a catarrhal condition of the air-passages, which interferes with respiration, swelling of the tonsils, or of the substance of the walls of the air-passages, and congestion of the membranes of the brain, constipation, or an over-filled bladder are among the causes which give rise to night-terrors. In treating them, of course, it is necessary, first of all, to ascertain, if possible, the presence of such exciting causes, and to remove them." A bright light in the room is often exceedingly helpful, as thus the real, through the medium of sight, crowds out the imaginary. How often even strong-minded men find a similar relief from imaginary fears! Sometimes, an assuring word from one whom the child fully trusts, with her presence for awhile in the room, may be sufficient to allay his fears and soothe him to quiet slumber. Sometimes his mind may be relieved by diverting it, as the Reporter suggests, by producing his toys, or games, or picture-books, or by playing on a musical instrument.

Diseases of Animals.

NINE-TENTHS of wild animals in confinement are said by a medical writer to be subject to heart disease, but all animals have their peculiarities. Elephants, says Popular Science Monthly, are subject to many diseases, the most common and fatal of which is rheumatism. Monkeys and baboons generally die from bronchial affections and heart disease, and suffer much from typhoid fever. Animals of the feline race are most subject to dysentery and heart disease, and their prey, deer, antelopes, etc., are most liable to the same afflictions. Animals of the canine tribe are the healthiest, but too many wolves must not be kept together or they will eat one another.

How Presidents Jefferson and Madison Appreciated Convents.

A VERY interesting fact in the history of our church in these United States is an event which followed the cession to our Union of the Territory of Louisiana. This took place in 1803. There was at the time of this transfer a large community of Sisters of the Ursuline Order in the city of New Orleans. Feeling that the coming under a government new to them might happen to be critical to their property, these sisters, eleven in number, having a prosperous academy with about one hundred and seventy pupils, wishing to continue the same, thought it prudent to address a letter to Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, informing him of their desire to remain in charge of their property and academy — to remain in Louisiana under the Union. Bishop Carroll sent a copy of the letter of Sister Theresa of St. Xavier Farjon, the Superior, to President Madison, then Secretary of State, that he might be informed of the Sisters' intention and wishes. Mr. Madison sent to the Bishop the following reply:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
"July 20, 1804.

SIR, — I have had the honor to lay before the President your letter of the 14th of December, who views with pleasure the public benefit resulting from benevolent endeavors of the respectable persons in whose behalf it is written. Be assured, sir, that no opportunity will be neglected of manifesting the real interest he takes in promoting the means of affording to the youth of this portion of American dominion a pious education, and of evincing the grateful sentiments due to those of all religious persuasions, who so laudably devote themselves in its diffusion. It was under the influence of such feelings that Governor Chalborne had already assured the ladies of this monastery, of the entire protection which will be afforded to them, after the recent change of government. I have the honor to be, sir, with very great respect, etc.,

"JAMES MADISON."

The Mother Superior wrote also directly to President Jefferson, on the same subject to which they received the following reply, which is happily in delightful contrast with the conduct of the State of Massachusetts towards the same useful and respected body of religious teachers in 1822:

The President of the United States to Sœur Therese de St. Xavier Farjon, Superior, and the Nuns, etc. I have received, holy Sisters, the letter you have written me, wherein you express anxiety for the property vested in your institution by the former governments of Louisiana. The principles of the constitution and government of the United States are a sure guarantee to you that it will be preserved to you sacred and inviolate, and that your institution will be permitted to govern itself according to its own voluntary rules, without interference from civil authority. Whatever diversity of shade may appear in the religious opinions of our fellow citizens, the charitable objects of your institution cannot be indifferent to any; and its futherance of the wholesome purposes of society, by training up its young members in the way they should go, cannot fail to ensure it the patronage of the government it is under. Be assured it will meet with all the protection which my office can give it. I salute you, holy Sisters, with friendship and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Washington at His Inauguration

Was dressed in a full suit of dark brown cloth manufactured at Hartford, with metal buttons with an eagle on them, and with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and plain silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day and worn in a bag and solitaire. Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, one of the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, thirteen years before, was dressed in a full suit of black cloth and wore the robe of office. Just before the oath was to be administered it was discovered that no Bible was in Federal Hall. Luckily Livingston, a grand master of Free Masons, knew that there was one at St. John's Lodge in the City Assembly rooms near by, and a messenger was dispatched to borrow the Bible, which is to-day the property of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, the third oldest in the United States. Secretary Otis of the Senate held before him a red velvet cushion, upon which rested the open Bible of St. John's Lodge. "You do solemnly swear," said Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States?"—"I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States." He then bowed his head and kissed the sacred Book, and with the deepest feeling uttered the words "So help me, God!" The chancellor then proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The instant discharge of thirteen cannon followed, and with loud repeated shouts and huzzas the people cried, "God bless our Washington; long live our beloved President!" The President bowed to the people, and the air again rang with acclamations. Washington followed by the company at the balcony, now returned to the Senate chamber, where he took his seat, and the senators and representatives their seats. When Washington arose to speak all listened "with eager and marked attention." After delivering his address, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, the speaker, the two Houses of Congress, and all who attended the inauguration ceremony, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Church. The same order was preserved as in the procession from the President's house to Federal Hall. The Military "made a good figure" as they lined the street near the church. The services in the church were conducted by the chaplain of the Senate, the Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, bishop of the Episcopal church of New York. After prayers had been read and the "Te Deum" sung, Washington entered the state coach and was escorted home.

The Last Rose of Summer.

THIS exquisite bit of music verse (if we except "Home, Sweet Home") has worn better than any other English ballad. The music was taken from a Sicilian air and ingrafted into the opera of "Martha." The words are by Tom Moore, and are among the most delightful and contain the most delicate sentiment of any written by that writer.

Youghal.

YOUGHAL has the most lively and varied history dating from the earliest times. Here the Phœnicians landed, here Christianity was preached by Saint Declan whose primitive oratory remains at Ardmore, thirty years before the coming of Saint Patrick. The early saint's name, unknown elsewhere, is still cherished in the country, and you will find many little Declans in the National schools, and in the Ardmore fishing boats. From the third century there was always a church on the site of Saint Mary's Church at Youghal, and on the light-house rock you will see three broad steps cut out of the solid rock which date from the same period, telling that even then a beacon burned above these waves for the safety of mariners. The records of the history of Youghal became very distinct from the thirteenth century which laid the foundation of the great family of the Munster Geraldines by Maurice, grandson of the Maurice Fitzgerald, who came to Ireland with Strongbow. In 1462, the second year of Edward IV of England's reign, the town was incorporated in the interest of Thomas the VIII Earl of Desmond called the Great Earl, the same who rebuilt the Saint Mary's Church, the Warden's House, and the College of our Lady, intending the foundation of a university. The town was governed by a Provost and Burgess: this had a grant of custom called *Coquet* for the repair of walls, etc. The account was rendered to two Burgesses, and not to the King's Exchequer. The provost, or suffrain, was to have cognizance of all pleas, fresh force, debts, etc., to any sum; power to punish regraters and forestallers by fine and imprisonment, and all fines went to the corporation. No stranger was to expose goods without the license of the Chief Magistrate, on pain of forfeiting the goods. Bread, weights, measures, markets, pleas of land, were all regulated by the Chief Magistrate. No minister or sheriff of the king was to have jurisdiction in the town except the Lord Chief Justice, Chancellor, or Treasurer were present. If the Suffrain, Burgesses, and Commonality were to be impleaded the trial was to be conducted by a jury of townsmen.

Nothing in our history is more interesting than the story of the rise and fall of the lordly and war-like Desmonds, who, though they represented in the beginning Italian, Norman, and English blood, as Gheraidim, Gerauls, Fitzgeralds, Geraldines, became the beloved *Garaeth*, a race of Irish princes, one in sympathy and affection with the people whom they ruled. Their power passed, and after them came Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Cork, and Cromwell. The Earl of Cork, who came to Ireland as a young adventurer named Boyle who gained all Raleigh's (*i.e.* the Desmonds) estates, and who died in the College House during the siege of Youghal in the great rebellion, writes on January 18, 1630, to his son's tutor, Mr. Marcome at Geneva:

"On St. Stephen's day my son Kinalmeaky was married in King's Chapel in Court to Lady Elizabeth Fielding, daughter of Count Denlugh. The king gave her in marriage, the queen presented her with a jewel worth £500 which the king put about her neck."

Under the same date we find in the annals of Youghal that the town at this period contributed £27 yearly to the maintenance of the army. Only £5 13s of this was paid by the Earl of Cork's tenants, they being privileged tenants, and the North and South Abbeys were exempted from paying taxes or quartering soldiers.

Lord's quaint account of Youghal in 1874 gives us minute particulars of the state of the town and its society in his day. He tells us that the town is an English mile from north to south. From Mouse street, next the hill on the west to the river, is at the widest part nearly a quarter of a mile. Until lately it consisted of one street, of old and new houses intermixed. The place has undergone great improvements, and is now twice the magnitude it was twenty years ago. A great part of the ground has risen out of the sea, and vast quantities of Slabb and Shand are taken in by the corporation, and by private individuals who have built spacious stores and cellars, and other buildings. John Swayne, an eminent merchant, Alderman Roger Green, and John Smith, Esq., are engaged in quaying in two large lots of ground hitherto covered with water.

At this time the great Town Walls, ranged around the west, on the top of the hill, almost the entire length of the city, and flanked with old towers had grown weak and were in a state of decay. The ruinous gate had lately been taken down. On the side of the hill, beneath the walls, were ranges of pleasant gardens, mostly stored with fruit trees of various kinds, lying open to good exposure and ripening early. These gardens were remarkable for a profusion of myrtles, of which there were plantations in great abundance.

In Youghal in these days there were churches of every persuasion, Protestants, Presbyterian, Quaker, — the Methodists about to build.

The "Roman church" only was a poor place. Lord wonders that the better off Catholics do not build a church such as are to be found in other parts of Ireland, and speaks of the crowds hearing Mass outside of the small chapel, in all weather.

In Lord's time the clock-tower, now such a striking feature of the town, had lately been erected, while John Swayne was mayor, and Roger Green and James Pratt were bailiffs. The market-house on the quays was a very plain buiding with five arches, and over it the town Council met, and the Court of Record was held. The Custom-house was very poor, the barracks tolerable, a square and gateway, to contain half a regiment of foot. Youghal was esteemed agreeable quarters by the army. At the array of 1746 there were a thousand Protestants fit to bear arms in the place. The fish market was near the water, a large square building with high walls, which was originally a fort or blockhouse. At this time guns were mounted on a platform fronting the harbor. A good meat market was in Post-Office Lane, and the Mall, a walk along the sea under rows of trees, was crowded every evening with ladies and gentlemen. The Mall House was in the centre of the Mall, a place where newspapers and billiards were provided for gentlemen. Before this time wells with walls were in the middle of the street, causing great inconvenience to carriages, etc.,

Mayor Hugh Swayne removed the wells and supplied pumps. The streets, quays, etc., were better paved and cleaner than in most great cities. The cleaning of the streets was farmed by the corporation to the best bidder, and was let for £10 or £12 a year. Theatricals, drums, and assemblies were held in the town two or three times a week, and public breakfasts were a feature of social life. A "tolerable set of players" found occupation in entertaining the inhabitants who were of a sociable and sprightly disposition. Trade was on the increase, and butter, pork, beef, tallow, and hides were exported.

Woollen and yarn were made up and sent to Bristol and other places, but the corn trade was the most extensive trade of the town. Wheat, barley, and oats were shipped for the northern parts of the Kingdom, and sometimes for foreign markets. Earthenware and bricks were manufactured, the latter inferior to none, but the former not so high class as the Dutch. The strand was thought well adapted for the manufacture of salt, and a premium was offered for the prosecution of this branch of industry.

The making of coarse woollen cloth employed several hands in the town of Youghal, and in the town of Carrick numbers were busied in producing satteens, friezes, and flannels. The manufacture of carpets was suggested as an industry suitable for Youghal.

In 1698, the maritime strength of the town of Youghal as compared with that of Cork is noted by Captain Smith. Youghal contained forty seamen, one hundred and fourteen fishermen, forty-six boatmen, of whom, by the way, only one hundred and thirty-five were "Papists." Cork numbered in all, only one hundred and eighty-three sea-farers.

London, W. ROSA MULHOLLAND.

An Impertinent Assertion.

WITH the consummation of conceited assurance many would-be English oracles declare that the Irish people are incompetent of governing themselves. This opinion finds many sharers among their unenlightened and non-thinking countrymen, who, reared with a distaste to everything Irish, or pertaining to the Irish, are easily induced to implicitly believe in the proclaimed ignorance and semi-barbarity of their Celtic brethren.

Poor, untutored Celts! Couldst there but rise from amongst thy midst men of culture, men of brains! Men of the type of thy Saxon sympathizers! Men with minds, broad, expansive and great, whose trenchant foresight would readily perceive the possibilities of the future, and whose wisdom would pilot thy people along the path which leads to peace and prosperity. No, these are qualities totally English, or Scotch, or French, or German, but essentially anti-Irish.

Atheism has its deluded forces. Bellamy, with more reason, has his army of followers and believers in his socialistic prophesies. So, there exists in civilized and uncivilized England, and elsewhere, people who are as positive of the inability of the Irish to govern themselves properly, and in a decorous manner, as they are that a good meal is the best way to satiate hunger, or that rain is wet.

These good people could not be convinced that the greatest lights that ever illumined the British Commons with their eloquence were Irishmen; they never knew, or have forgotten, that the greatest British general was of Irish birth; and these are wholly ignorant of the fact that the only prosperous and progressive period in Ireland's history, since her saintly homes were invaded and ravaged by the half civilized Saxon, was during the short time that the affairs of the country were directed from College Green. I may be too lenient when I ascribe the position of these opponents of Home Rule to lack of a sufficient knowledge of facts. Perhaps I would approach nearer to the truth were I to say that they are blinded by fanatical prejudices, instilled into their hearts, in childhood, by bigoted parents, and strengthened and made deeper and more bitter by the perusal of the vile productions which have emanated from the diseased intellect of unprincipled vilifiers of virtue and patriotism who have presumed to pose as chroniclers of past events.

The Irish people are impulsive and sometimes rash, but they possess abilities equal to those of any nation and superior to the majority. For centuries they have been persecuted and oppressed but never crushed. They have been starved and hunted; deprived of their churches and educational establishments, and adherence to their religion was constituted a crime — yet, despite all the demoniac arts of successive tyrants, their churches are rebuilt, their universities and schools re-opened, and, as a nation, and as individuals, they still glory in their catholicity. Thus have they proven their bravery, perseverance and constancy, and in almost every land throughout the universe can be found living and uncontrovertible proof of the greatness of Erin's sons as statesmen, orators, poets, authors, soldiers and men. The whole standing forth a convincing, unanswerable argument to prove the shallowness of the minds of those who state, as a sad, lamentable fact, that the Irish people are incapable of looking after Ireland's affairs, and that they require the guiding supervision of a kind, considerate, far-seeing people, such as the English are, to assure their continuous civilization and to make happiness possible. O'NEILL.

Mo treal, 1890.

What Some Protestants Thought of Catholicity.

IN the archives of the Dominican Order at the Convent of Santa Maria, Rome, there are many curious and ancient manuscripts. Among the most interesting at the present time is a letter from the apostate, Martin Luther, to his mother, who did not apostatize. She wrote an inquiry to him, however, in reference to the "religion" he was about to establish. Here was his reply: "Remain a Catholic. I will neither deceive nor betray my mother." Melancthon, when his mother asked him on her deathbed what faith she ought to die in, said: "The new faith is the easiest to live in, but the old one is the safest." Learned Protestants, such as Leibnitz, Claudius, Schiller, Goethe, Novalie, Wolfgang, and Menzel seem to have anticipated the consolations which the Catholic religion would have given them. They longed for it, but had not the resolution to brave public opinion, or rather a torrent of prejudice.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

How the Gates Came Ajar.

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
That the little child angel May,
In the shadow of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day;
How she said to the stately Warden,
Him of the key and bar,
"O angel! dear angel! I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping —
She is lonely and cannot see
A glimpse of light in the darkness,
Where the gates shut after me.
Oh, turn once the key, dear angel,
The splendor will shine so far."
But the angel answered, "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the blessed —
Sweet Mary the Mother of Christ —
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and the touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Unloosed was the golden bar,
And lo! in the angel child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

"And the Key, for no further using,
To my Blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary the Mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now there's never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Saviour's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar.

Six Thousand Matches a Minute.

The new lucifer match machine, invented by Mr. Norris, of Troy, in the State of New York, promises wonders, according to report. It is surely nothing short of a wonder that, by this mechanism, matches are even now being made at the rate of three thousand a minute, and that the quantity is to be doubled by the latest improvement of Mr. Norris's apparatus. Then there is a machine already in use whereby match-boxes can be turned out complete at the rate of three hundred and fifty a minute.

Fairy Tales.

I.—Princess Finola and the Dwarf.

A LONG, long time ago there lived in a little hut in the midst of a bare, brown, lonely moor an old woman and a young girl. The old woman was withered, sour-tempered, and dumb. The young girl was as sweet and as fresh as an opening rosebud, and her voice was as musical as the whisper of a stream in the woods in the hot days of summer. The little hut, made of branches woven closely together, was shaped like a beehive. In the centre of the hut a fire burned night and day from year's end to year's end, though it was never touched or tended by human hand. In the cold days and nights of winter it gave out light and heat that made the hut cosey and warm, but in the summer nights and days it gave out light only. With their heads to the wall of the hut and their feet towards the fire were two sleeping-couches — one of plain woodwork, in which slept the old woman; the other was Finola's. It was of bog-oak, polished as a looking-glass, and on it were carved flowers and birds of all kinds, that gleamed and shone in the light of the fire. This couch was fit for a princess, and a princess Finola was, though she did not know it herself.

Outside the hut the bare, brown, lonely moor stretched for miles on every side, but towards the east it was bounded by a range of mountains that looked to Finola blue in the daytime, but which put on a hundred changing colors as the sun went down. Nowhere was a house to be seen, nor a tree, nor a flower, nor sign of any living thing. From morning till night, nor hum of bee, nor song of bird, nor voice of man, nor any sound fell on Finola's ear. When the storm was in the air the great waves thundered on the shore beyond the mountains, and the wind shouted in the glens; but when it sped across the moor it lost its voice, and passed as silently as the dead. At first the silence frightened Finola, but she got used to it after a time, and often broke it by talking to herself and singing.

The only other person beside the old woman Finola ever saw was a dumb dwarf who, mounted on a broken-down horse, came once a month to the hut, bringing with him a sack of corn for the old woman and Finola. Although he couldn't speak to her, Finola was always glad to see the dwarf and his old horse, and she used to give them cake made with her own white hands. As for the dwarf he would have died for the little princess, he was so much in love with her, and often and often his heart was heavy and sad as he thought of her pining away in the lonely moor.

It chanced that he came one day, and she did not, as usual, come out to greet him. He made signs to the old woman, but she took up a stick and struck him, and beat his horse and drove him away; but as he was leaving he caught a glimpse of Finola at the door of the hut, and saw that she was crying. This sight made him so very miserable that he could think of nothing else but her sad face that he had always seen so bright, and he allowed the old horse to go on without

minding where he was going. Suddenly he heard a voice saying: "It is time for you to come."

The dwarf looked, and right before him, at the foot of a green hill, was a little man not half as big as himself, dressed in a green jacket with brass buttons, and a red cap and tassel.

"It is time for you to come," he said the second time; "but you are welcome anyhow. Get off your horse and come in with me, that I may touch your lips with the wand of speech, that we may have a talk together."

The dwarf got off his horse and followed the little man through a hole in the side of a green hill. The hole was so small that he had to go on his hands and knees to pass through it, and when he was able to stand he was only the same height as the little fairy man. After walking three or four steps they were in a splendid room as bright as day. Diamonds sparkled in the roof as stars sparkle in the sky when the

"It is time for you to come."

night is without a cloud. The roof rested on golden pillars, and between the pillars were silver lamps, but their light was dimmed by that of the diamonds. In the middle of the room was a table, on which were two golden plates and two silver knives and forks, and a brass bell as big as a hazelnut, and beside the table were two little chairs covered with blue silk and satin.

"Take a chair," said the fairy, "and I will ring for the wand of speech."

The dwarf sat down, and the fairy man rang the little brass bell, and in came a little weeny dwarf no bigger than your hand.

"Bring me the wand of speech," said the fairy, and the weeny dwarf bowed three times and walked out backwards, and in a minute he returned, carrying a little black wand with a red berry at the top of it, and, giving it to the fairy, he bowed three times and walked out backwards as he had done before.

The little man waved the rod three times over the dwarf, and struck him once on the right shoulder and once on the left shoulder, and then touched his lips with the red berry, and said: "Speak!"

The dwarf spoke, and he was so rejoiced at hearing the sound of his own voice that he danced about the room.

"Who are you at all, at all?" said he to the fairy.

"Who is yourself?" said the fairy. "But come, before we have any talk let us have something to eat, for I am sure you are hungry."

Then they sat down to table, and the fairy rang the little brass bell twice, and the weeny dwarf brought in two boiled snails in their shells, and when they had eaten the snails he brought in a dormouse, and when they had eaten the dormouse he brought in two wrens, and when they had eaten the wrens he brought in two nuts full of wine, and they became very merry, and the fairy man sang "Cooleen dhas," and the dwarf sang, "The little blackbird of the glen."

"Did you ever hear the 'Foggy Dew'?" said the fairy.

"No," said the dwarf.

"Well, then, I'll give it to you; but we must have some more wine.

And the wine was brought, and he sang the "Foggy Dew," and the dwarf said it was the sweetest song he had ever heard, and that the fairy man's voice would coax the birds off the bushes.

"You asked me who I am?" said the fairy.

"I did," said the dwarf.

"And I asked you who is yourself?"

"You did," said the dwarf.

"And who are you, then?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know," said the dwarf, and he blushed like a rose.

"Well, tell me what you know about yourself."

"I remember nothing at all," said the dwarf, "before the day I found myself going along with a crowd of all sorts of people to the great fair of the Liffey. We had to pass by the king's palace on our way, and as we were passing the king sent for a band of jugglers to come and show their tricks before him. I followed the jugglers to look on, and when the play was over the king called me to him, and asked me who I was and where I came from. I was dumb then, and couldn't answer; but even if I could speak I could not tell him what he wanted to know, for I remember nothing of myself before that day. Then the king asked the jugglers, but they knew nothing about me, and no one knew anything, and then the king said he would take me into his service; and the only work I have to do is to go once a month with a bag of corn to the hut in the lonely moor."

"And there you fell in love with the little princess," said the fairy, winking at the dwarf.

The poor dwarf blushed twice as much as he had done before.

"You need not blush," said the fairy; "it is a good man's case. And now tell me, truly, do you love the princess, and what would you give to free her from the spell of enchantment that is over her?"

"I would give my life," said the dwarf.

"Well. then, listen to me," said the fairy. "The Princess Finola was banished to the lonely moor by the king, your master. He killed her father, who was the rightful king, and would have killed Finola, only he was told by the old sorceress that if he killed her he would die himself on the same day, and she advised him to banish her to the lonely moor, and she said she would fling a spell of enchantment over it and that until the spell was broken Finola could not leave the moor. And the sorceress also promised that she would send an old woman to watch over the princess by night and by day, so that no harm should come to her; but she told the king that he himself should select a messenger to take food to the hut, and that he should look out for some one who had never seen or heard of the princess, and whom he could trust never to tell any one anything about her; and that is the reason he selected you."

"Since you know so much," said the dwarf, "can you tell me who I am, and where I came from?"

"You will know that time enough," said the fairy. "I have given you back your speech. It will depend solely on yourself whether you will get back your memory of who and what you were before the day you entered the king's service. But are you really willing to try and break the spell of enchantment and free the princess?"

"I am," said the dwarf.

"Whatever it will cost you?"

"Yes, if it cost me my life," said the dwarf; "but tell me, how can the spell be broken?"

"Oh, it is easy enough to break the spell if you have the weapons," said the fairy.

"And what are they, and where are they?" said the dwarf.

"The spear of the shining haft and the dark blue blade and the silver shield," said the fairy. "They are on the farther bank of the Mystic Lake in the Island of the Western Seas. They are there for the man who is bold enough to seek them. If you are the man who will bring them back to the lonely moor you will only have to strike the shield three times with the haft, and three times with the blade of the spear, and the silence of the moor will be broken forever, the spell of enchantment will be removed, and the princess will be free."

"I will set out at once," said the dwarf, jumping from his chair.

"And whatever it cost you," said the fairy, "will you pay the price?"

"I will," said the dwarf.

"Well, then, mount your horse, give him his head, and he will take you to the shore opposite the Island of the Mystic Lake. You must cross to the island on his back, and make your way through the water-steeds that swim around the island night and day to guard it; but woe betide you if you attempt to cross without paying the price, for if you do the angry water-steeds will rend you and your horse to pieces. And when you come to the Mystic Lake you must wait until the waters are as red as wine, and then swim your horse across it, and

on the farther side you will find the spear and shield; but woe betide you if you attempt to cross the lake before you pay the price, for if you do, the black Cormorants of the Western Seas will pick the flesh from your bones."

"What is the price?" said the dwarf.

"You will know that time enough," said the fairy; "but now go, and good luck go with you."

The dwarf thanked the fairy, and said good-bye. He then threw the reins on his horse's neck, and started up the hill, that seemed to grow bigger and bigger as he ascended, and the dwarf soon found that what he took for a hill was a great mountain. After travelling all the day, toiling up by steep crags and heathery passes, he reached the top as the sun was setting in the ocean, and he saw far below him out in the waters the island of the Mystic Lake.

He began his descent to the shore, but long before he reached it the sun had set, and darkness, unpierced by a single star, dropped upon the sea. The old horse, worn out by his long and painful journey, sank beneath him, and the dwarf was so tired that he rolled off his back and fell asleep by his side.

He awoke at the breaking of the morning, and saw that he was almost at the water's edge. He looked out to sea, and saw the island, but nowhere could he see the water-steeds, and he began to fear he must have taken a wrong course in the night, and that the island before him was not the one he was in search of. But even while he was so thinking he heard fierce and angry snortings, and, coming swiftly from the island to the shore, he saw the swimming and prancing steeds. Sometimes their heads and manes only were visible, and sometimes rearing, they rose half out of the water, and, striking it with their hoofs, churned it into foam, and tossed the white spray to the skies. As they approached nearer and nearer their snortings became more terrible, and their nostrils shot forth clouds of vapor. The dwarf trembled at the sight and sound, and his old horse, quivering in every limb, moaned piteously, as if in pain. On came the steeds, until they almost touched the shore, then rearing, they seemed about to spring on to it. The frightened dwarf turned his head to fly, and as he did so he heard the twang of a golden harp, and right before him who should he see but the little man of the hills, holding a harp in one hand and striking the strings with the other.

"Are you ready to pay the price?" said he, nodding gaily to the dwarf.

As he asked the question, the listening water-steeds snorted more furiously than ever.

"Are you ready to pay the price?" said the little man a second time.

A shower of spray, tossed on shore by the angry steeds, drenched the dwarf to the skin, and sent a cold shiver to his bones, and he was so terrified that he could not answer.

"For the third and last time, are you ready to pay the price?" asked the fairy, as he flung the harp behind him and turned to depart.

When the dwarf saw him going he thought of the little princess in the lonely moor, and his courage came back, and he answered bravely:

"Yes, I am ready."

The water-steeds, hearing his answer, and snorting with rage, struck the shore with their pounding hoofs.

"Back to your waves!" cried the little harper, and as he ran his fingers across his lyre, the frightened steeds drew back into the waters.

"What is the price?" asked the dwarf.

"Your right eye," said the fairy, and before the dwarf could say a word, the fairy scooped out the eye with his finger and put it into his pocket.

The dwarf suffered most terrible agony; but he resolved to bear it for the sake of the little princess. Then the fairy sat down on a rock at the edge of the sea, and after striking a few notes, he began to play the "Strains of Slumber."

The sound crept along the waters, and the steeds, so ferocious a moment before, became perfectly still. They had no longer any motion of their own, and they floated on the top of the tide like foam before a breeze.

"Now," said the fairy, as he led the dwarf's horse to the edge of the tide.

The dwarf urged the horse into the water, and once out of his depth, the old horse struck out boldly for the island. The sleeping water-steeds drifted helplessly against him, and in a short time he reached the island safely, and he neighed joyously as his hoofs touched solid ground.

The dwarf rode on and on, until he came to a bridle-path, and following this, it led him up through winding lanes, bordered with golden furze that filled the air with fragrance, and brought him to the summit of the green hills that girdled and looked down on the Mystic Lake. Here the horse stopped of his own accord, and the dwarf's heart beat quickly as his eye rested on the lake, that clipped round by the ring of hills, seemed in the breezeless and sunlit air —

"As still as death,
And as bright as life can be."

After gazing at it for a long time, he dismounted, and lay at his ease in the pleasant grass. Hour after hour passed, but no change came over the face of the waters, and when the night fell, sleep closed the eyelids of the dwarf.

The song of the lark awoke him in the early morning and, starting up, he looked at the lake; but its waters were as bright as they had been the day before.

Towards midday he beheld what he thought was a black cloud sailing across the sky from east to west. It seemed to grow larger as it came nearer and nearer, and when it was high above the lake he saw it was a huge bird, the shadow of whose outstretched wings darkened the waters of the lake; and the dwarf knew it was one of the Cormorants of the Western Seas. As it descended slowly, he saw that it held in one of its claws a branch of a tree larger than a full-grown oak, and

laden with clusters of ripe red berries. It alighted at some distance from the dwarf, and, after resting for a time, it began to eat the berries and to throw the stones into the lake, and wherever a stone fell a bright red stain appeared in the water. As he looked more closely at the bird the dwarf saw that it had all the signs of old age, and he could not help wondering how it was able to carry such a heavy tree.

Later in the day, two other birds, as large as the first, but younger, came up from the west and settled down beside him. They also ate the berries, and throwing the stones into the lake it was soon as red as wine.

When they had eaten all the berries, the young birds began to pick the decayed feathers off the old bird and to smoothe his plumage. As soon as they had completed their task, he rose slowly from the hill and sailed out over the lake, and dropping down on the waters, dived beneath them. In a moment he came to the surface, and shot up into the air with a joyous cry, and flew off to the west in all the vigor of renewed youth, followed by the other birds.

The dwarf drew back frightened.

When they had gone so far that they were like specks in the sky, the dwarf mounted his horse and descended towards the lake.

He was almost at the margin, and in another minute would have plunged in, when he heard a fierce screaming in the air, and before he had time to look up, the three birds were hovering over the lake.

The dwarf drew back frightened.

The birds wheeled over his head, and then, swooping down, they flew close to the water, covering it with their wings, and uttering harsh cries.

Then, rising to a great height, they folded their wings and dropped headlong, like three rocks, on the lake, crashing its surface, and scattering a wine-red shower upon the hills.

Then the dwarf remembered what the fairy told him, that if he attempted to swim the lake, without paying the price, the three

Cormorants of the Western Seas would pick the flesh off his bones. He knew not what to do, and was about to turn away, when he heard once more the twang of the golden harp, and the little fairy of the hills stood before him.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said the little harper. "Are you ready to pay the price? The spear and shield are on the opposite bank, and the Princess Finola is crying this moment in the lonely moor."

At the mention of Finola's name the dwarf's heart grew strong.

"Yes," he said, "I am ready — win or die. What is the price?"

The knight took her in his arms.

"Your left eye," said the fairy. And as soon as said he scooped out the eye, and put it in his pocket.

The poor blind dwarf almost fainted with pain.

"It's your last trial," said the fairy, "and now do what I tell you. Twist your horse's mane round your right hand, and I will lead him to the water. Plunge in, and fear not. I gave you back your speech. When you reach the opposite bank you will get back your memory, and you will know who and what you are."

Then the fairy led the horse to the margin of the lake.

"In with you now, and good luck go with you," said the fairy.

The dwarf urged the horse. He plunged into the lake, and went down and down until his feet struck the bottom. Then he began to ascend, and as he came near the surface of the water the dwarf thought he saw a glimmering light, and when he rose above the water he saw the bright sun shining and the green hills before him, and he shouted with joy at finding his sight restored.

But he saw more. Instead of the old horse he had ridden into the lake he was bestride a noble steed, and as the steed swam to the bank the dwarf felt a change coming over himself, and an unknown vigor in his limbs.

When the steed touched the shore he galloped up the hillside, and on the top of the hill was a silver shield, bright as the sun, resting against a spear standing upright in the ground.

The dwarf jumped off, and, running towards the shield, he saw himself as in a looking-glass.

He was no longer a dwarf, but a gallant knight. At that moment his memory came back to him, and he knew he was Conal, one of the Knights of the Red Branch, and he remembered now that the spell of dumbness and deformity had been cast upon him by the Witch of the Palace of the Quicken Trees.

Slinging his shield upon his left arm, he plucked the spear from the ground and leaped on to his horse. With a light heart he swam back over the lake, and nowhere could he see the black Cormorants of the Western Seas, but three white swans floating abreast followed him to the bank. When he reached the bank he galloped down to the sea, and crossed to the shore.

Then he flung the reins upon his horse's neck, and swifter than the wind the gallant horse swept on and on, and it was not long until he was bounding over the enchanted moor. Wherever his hoofs struck the ground, grass and flowers sprang up, and great trees with leafy branches rose on every side.

At last the knight reached the little hut. Three times he struck the shield with the haft and three times with the blade of his spear. At the last blow the hut disappeared, and standing before him was the little princess.

The knight took her in his arms and kissed her; then he lifted her on to the horse, and, leaping up before her, he turned towards the north to the palace of the Red Branch Knights, and as they rode on beneath the leafy trees from every tree the birds sang out, for the spell of silence over the lonely moor was broken forever.

EDMUND LEAMY, M. P.

WHAT A GIRL SHOULD LEARN. — To sew. To cook. To mend. To be gentle. To be patient. To value time. To dress neatly. To keep a secret. To be self-reliant. To avoid idleness. To respect old age. To hold her tongue. To make good bread. To keep a house tidy. To make home happy. To be above gossiping. To control her temper. To take plenty of active exercise. Above all, to attend to her religious duties.

The Altar-Boys Patron.

We think many of the reverend clergy and the altar-boys will thank us for publishing the following article from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE feast of St. John Berchmans is kept on the eve of the vigil of the Assumption, the anniversary of his death in 1621. He had prayed to be in heaven in time for this glorious festival, and his prayer was granted. He had won his unfading crown after the short space of twenty-two years, five of which were spent in religion. On Jan. 15, 1888, the holy youth was canonized by Leo XIII.

Saint John Berchmans, the young Jesuit scholastic, who is called the "Saint of the Common Life," was given another title by Pius IX. — the Patron of Altar-Boys. In 1865, "a petition was presented to Pope Pius IX. by Father Vincent Basile, of the Society of Jesus, missionary apostolic in Sclavonia (northwest of Turkey in Europe), praying that a devout sodality, under the patronage of the Blessed John Berchmans, confessor, of the Society of Jesus, might be established for those who serve at the altar, and enriched with the spiritual treasures of the Church, in order that these children and youths may discharge their holy duties within the sanctuary with due piety, and to the profit of their souls."

In an audience granted to Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, Sept. 21, 1865, the feast of St. Matthew, His Holiness was graciously pleased to ratify and approve the pious sodality described in this petition, and accorded to the members many favors and Indulgences.

This sodality is now commonly known as the "Saint John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society."

There is a special reason why Saint John Berchmans has been chosen as the patron of the Saint John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society. It is said by one of his biographers that when only seven years old the Saint worked hard to master the rudiments of learning. He was sometimes known to leave his bed before daybreak. His grandmother, who had noticed it, asked why he did so. The little fellow simply answered: "I wish to get God's blessing on my lessons, and so I serve two or three Masses before going to school." When he went home after school, if the door was not opened for him, instead of knocking impatiently, as hungry school-boys sometimes do, he would run off cheerfully to the nearest church and say his Rosary.

Among the Plenary Indulgences — nineteen in all — that the members of the Society may gain, are those for the day of admission into the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society, the feast of the Saint (Aug. 13), and for the five Sundays preceding his feast, chosen in memory of the five years he spent in religious life. There are special prayers written and approved in honor of these five years of the Saint's religious life. There is a partial Indulgence of one hundred days for each time that a member serves Mass, or makes a devout genuflection before the altar, or behaves himself with modesty in the church.

Were the graces and privileges of this Society secured to all our Mass-servers, our altar-boys would be all that priests and people desire them to be. St. John Berchmans' protection over them would make them cherished models of modest deportment and gentle piety.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CHRISTIAN teacher should have the zeal of an apostle with the gentleness of a guardian angel.

THE beginning of the New Year has been celebrated from time immemorial by almost all the nations of the earth. The pagans gave the time up to sacrifices to their false gods and the bestowal of gifts; but when the Catholic Church had become established, the first day of the New Year was made a Christian festival under the name of the Feast of the Circumcision.

THE Feast of the Circumcision is also a feast day of the Holy Name of Jesus, for it was at the circumcision that Our Divine Saviour received the Holy Name of Jesus. And as the day of the new year is a time to make resolutions for future conduct, our boys and girls will do no more excellent work than to resolve on revering the Holy Name of Jesus. And as the day of the New Year is a time to make resolutions for future conduct, our boys and girls could do no more excellent work than to resolve on that day never to take that Holy Name in vain.

PROFANITY is a prevailing vice among young and old of both sexes; and outside of the offence offered to Almighty God to any one of the Three Divine Persons, it is a disgusting habit. It is the language of drunkards, immoral men and women, and of sneaks and cowards. It is never heard except from those who are chained down by the devil to the commission of some capital sin. Good people, young and old, and even sinners, hold the blasphemer, the curser, and the swearer by the Holy Name of Jesus in the greatest contempt.

OUR boys and girls often receive bad example from those who are older than they are, and even from their own fathers and mothers, but they know that that will be no excuse for sin. They should begin every year with the purpose of living it through without sin, and they should keep that resolution by the graces Almighty God will give them through their prayers and the frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist.

THE Catholic parochial schools are successful, because they give children a pure common school education. They do not teach anything about mollusks, glaciers, etc., for the reason that the pupils to make a living will have no need of such knowledge. That sort of stuff is good enough for the wealthy, who can spend all their time along the sea-coasts, looking for clam shells, and there and elsewhere for what John Ruskin calls the detrition of ice kings. They, on account of their wealth, can afford to do that, but the common people cannot. And at any rate, what good is that sort of knowledge to any person? It's all guess work, and is changing year after year.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The Father of his Country.

WE give in our MAGAZINE of February some pleasing reminiscences of Washington.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. With the Blessings of St. Joseph, "In the fat of the earth and in the dew of heaven from above."

BY a unanimous vote of the corporation Alderman Meade of Dublin has been elected Lord Mayor of that city, for the year 1891.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

WE conclude in this issue of our magazine these interesting and instructive articles. The lovers of fish should read the concluding chapter.

ALL theatre bills in Milwaukee have to be submitted to the Chief of Police before being posted. It is not a bad rule, and might be followed with advantage in Boston.

Fairy Tales.

WE commence in this issue a series of Fairy Tales for the amusement of our young friends. They are written by Edmund Leamy, M. P.

WENDELL PHILLIPS used to say, "Show me a man that hasn't made enemies, and I will show you a man that doesn't amount to anything."

WE have all been reading, during the past week, in the dispatches detailing the late events connected with the Kilkenny election in Ireland, a good deal about "priestly interference," etc. It is well to remember that these accounts are manufactured by those far from being friendly to us. The priests, as the advocates of moral purity, could scarcely be expected to remain entirely inactive, observes the Pittsburg Catholic.

BOSTON Daily Globe: — The rebuke administered to this country by the London Times for our treatment of the Indians may be in a measure deserved; but it would come with better grace from a country that isn't in the habit of provoking wars with defenceless tribes all over the earth, and slaughtering them to make an English holiday.

MILWAUKEE Catholic Citizen: — And now Parnell's friends who were so anxious to have "this question settled by the Irish people," talk of appealing to the English parliament (governed by a Tory majority) in order to have the verdict of the Kilkenny electors set aside because of "priestly interference." The verdict of the people (2557 to 1661) does not seem to be pleasing.

BISHOP KATZER, the "German" bishop of Green Bay, made an appeal to his people for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland and the response, which came quickly too, amounts to over a thousand dollars. The money has been sent to Bishop Gillooly, of Sligo. Many an Irish heart will pray for this "German" bishop in his new sphere for he has since been appointed Archbishop of Milwaukee.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, recently lectured in New York City, in aid of St. Benedict's Home for Destitute Colored Children, at Rye, N. Y. His subject was "Our Christian Civilization and how to Perpetuate It." Archbishop Corrigan presided. An immense audience was present. Among the distinguished non-Catholics was Chauncey M. Depew.

The Columbian Reading Union.

We have been much interested in several leaflets from the office of our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic World, setting forth the character and claims of "The Columbian Reading Union." We hardly need explain to our readers the nature and objects of this really beneficent association. Many of them, no doubt, have watched its development, as we have, from its first suggestion in the Catholic World till the present time, or have seen frequent notices of its progress in the Catholic papers, while many others have become acquainted with its practical working in the various reading circles, which have been established throughout the country in connection with, or at the suggestion of, the Union.

It must be confessed that it was a happy thought that first suggested this new movement among our Catholic people, and the rapidity of its development throughout the country is the best evidence that it most happily meets a want that was generously felt.

The amount of work thus far accomplished by the Union is really remarkable. The work of organization was no slight matter, but in addition to that they have published lists of books suitable for Catholic reading circles, and the last number of the Catholic World contains a list of nearly one thousand Catholic authors, the very compiling of which must have cost a great deal of time and labor.

The beneficent effects of these reading circles, which are being extensively established throughout the country, are being manifested in a most striking manner. In the first place they furnish an opportunity for social intercourse and national entertainment for our young people as well as those more advanced in years. It stimulates ambition to improve the mind, and above all it gives an opportunity for the development of latent talent which otherwise might have lain dormant. It is surprising how much natural literary talent exists among our young people of both sexes, and these circles furnish an admirable avenue for its development, as well as a school for their improvement. We hail the movement as an auspicious omen, and we would bid the members and all interested God-speed in their praiseworthy work. We hope the circles may be extended to every considerable parish in the country, and that the fashion will have more than a merely ephemeral existence.

Meeting in Limerick.

There was a large meeting in Limerick on Sunday, Jan. 11, at which Mr. Parnell said: Whatever might be the motives of the Irish members of Parliament who opposed him, it was certain that they were not in a position by their knowledge of these affairs to sit in judgment on him, or pretend to express the opinion of the country. It was ever to be regretted that their blind haste to obey their new leaders had impelled them to press forward to a decision in the committee room, as if the minutes were golden. Many of them must wish that they had paused at that time, instead of sending misleading cable despatches across the Atlantic. ("Hear, hear.") He wished that they had paused to await the return of Mr. O'Brien (cheers) whose advice and judgment would have been esteemed and respected by him as it would have been compulsory for them. (Cheers.) Perhaps they might be soon able to say that it was better late than never. (Cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers.) Mr. Parnell said that he could not forecast the result of the present negotiations without a breach of confidence. He thought, however, that Mr. O'Brien would not object to his saying that, so far, the negotiations had resulted in an agreement, and that they fully recognized that future steps will have to be taken by other men, upon whom a very great responsibility will rest, if Mr. O'Brien and himself are not again able to resume negotiations with an assured hope of success. (Cheers.) As for himself, he only asked them to believe that he had not been actuated by the contemptible and paltry motives attributed to him. As soon as the future of the Irish question was secured he would cheerfully retire from the leadership of the Irish party. (Cries of "No, no.") He should scarcely be asked to lead the party composed as it was at present.

CONVENT of OUR LADY of MERCY, MOUNT ST. MICHAEL,
CLAREMORRIS, IRELAND, Dec. 20, 1890.

P. DONAHOE: *Dear Sir*:—Though knowing well, you must have many calls on your charity, necessity urges me to appeal to you, on behalf of the sick and dying poor, the old and infirm. On our visitation of the sick, we meet with many heartrending scenes, a description of which would seem an exaggeration to any one who had not witnessed such. It is owing to the patience and resignation with which they bear sufferings and privations, that the miseries of the poor are not better known, even to persons living in the neighborhood. A little contribution in money will be gratefully received. The partial failure of the potatoes has added to the usual distress. We give each day, a scrap of bread to the poorest of the children attending our schools, and it is with longing eyes they watch the welcome bread basket. Assuring you that the prayers of these little ones, the poor, and those of the community, will be daily offered for you, and all benefactors,

I remain sincerely in Christ,
SISTER MARY J. DOWDALL.

In reply to the above appeal, Mr. Donahoe has sent forward five dollars. Any person wishing to subscribe, can send the amount to Mr. Donahoe, who will forward at once to this deserving object. The subscription list will remain open until the first of February.

THE Catholics of Holyoke, Mass., are preparing for a big celebration on Feb. 17, and intend making that day an important one in the Catholic history of the city. A large number of prominent gentlemen met at the rectory of Church of the Holy Rosary recently, when a committee of thirty was appointed to prepare a programme. Among the gentlemen interested in the movement are Mayor-elect Griffin, Alderman Conway, and Alderman-elect Callahan.

THE twelfth annual reunion of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College will this year be held at the Mechanics' Hall on the evening of Feb. 9. Tickets two dollars each.

THE importance of Catholic literature and the Catholic press must not be forgotten. They are schools, and schools not only for the days of youth, but for the entire time of life, and they deserve and should obtain our warmest encouragement. — ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, who has been elected to the north division of Kilkenny County as the anti-Parnell candidate, has had a remarkable career. In 1848, he and Justin McCarthy, who was at that time a reporter on the Cork Examiner, founded the Cork Historical Society. He was elected to parliament as a nominal Tory as long ago as 1859, being the first Roman Catholic Conservative to sit in the House of Commons. He worked for reforms in the Irish poor laws and land laws, and is supposed to have been the original of Anthony Trollope's Phineas Phinn. In 1867, he left parliament for the colonial service. He was governor successively of Labuan, the West African settlements, the Bahamas, the Windward Islands, Hong Kong, and Mauritius, and his efforts to protect native rights against British injustice several times caused him trouble.

PROPHETIC, indeed, were the words of O'Connell: "It seems to be the mission of the Irish people to be nailed to the cross and to suffer."

IT seems strange, when one thinks of the generosity of the Irish people, and of their devotion to the Apostle through whose exertions they received the faith, that Croagh Patrick, the mountain to which St. Patrick is known to have retired for fasting and prayer, should have been left without a church. A zealous Irish priest, however, has undertaken the task of erecting a temple which shall fittingly express the gratitude of the people for their national patron, and their reverence for the place which his presence hallowed. It is hoped that this movement, which has received the hearty commendation of the Irish bishops, will meet with a generous support everywhere.

Kilkenny Election.

HENNESSY (Nationalist) . .	2,527
SCULLY (Parnellite) . . .	1,365
Nationalist majority	1,162

ON Dec. 29, Cardinal Gibbons was the guest of honor at a dinner given in Washington by Gen. and Mrs. Moore, the lately retired surgeon-general of the United States Army.

JOHN RUSKIN says that there are no ruins in America. With a view to amending this opinion, we respectfully invite him to come over and take a look at the Republican party. — *Life.*

The Bouquet,

Is the name of a new weekly paper, which commenced its existence Jan. 1, 1891. It is a ten-page paper, well edited and printed. The Bouquet is a weekly illustrated story paper for home reading, printed and published by The House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon street, Boston, Mass. Single copies, five cents; subscription for six months, one dollar; subscription for one year, one dollar and seventy-five cents. Special terms to pastors, schools, clubs, and societies, one dollar and a quarter. If received on or before Feb. 1, 1891, will pay for one year's subscription from Jan. 1, 1891. The Bouquet is an eight-page paper, but it will often have twelve or sixteen pages.

MR. PARNELL seems to have no notion of retiring, Mr. Gladstone wants peace, and Mr. McCarthy is determined to stick. Things are liable to drift on in this uncertain way until the next general election.

RT. REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY, D. D., bishop of Manchester, N. H., has gone to St. Augustine, Fla., for his health. During his absence Very Rev. John E. Barry, V. G., of Concord, N. H., will be in charge of the diocese.

THE Belfast correspondent of the Central News states that the Government has decided, in response to a memorial recently presented to the Lord Lieutenant by the Catholics of the city, complaining of a gross and murderous attack on a party of unoffending Catholic excursionists, to establish a police barrack on the Queen's Island, near Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding works.

SOME of our Catholic friends who are tender with regard to our saloon element, and also our Louisiana Lottery gambling establishments, are advised to ponder well the words now submitted to them of a high dignitary of the Church, and one whose reputation is world-wide. Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, in granting his approbation to a new weekly journal, the Southern Cross, has written these terms to its conductors: "I would ask you to promote the cause of temperance and wage war against the betting and gambling evil, which, like a cancer, is eating its way into every grade and condition of society around us. Intemperance and gambling are every day bringing ruin, moral and material, to countless families in this fair city."

THERE are fifteen Catholic schools in course of erection in the state of Iowa.

From The Pilot, Dec. 27.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe Again Owner of The Pilot.

ALL our readers, and Irish-American Catholics in general, will be interested to learn that Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the founder of The Pilot, is once more its proprietor.

On the 22d of December, 1890, the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, sold the paper back to Mr. Donahoe, of whom he had purchased it in conjunction with the late John Boyle O'Reilly, at the time of Mr. Donahoe's financial embarrassment, April 22, 1876. After Mr. O'Reilly's death the Archbishop bought his interest in the paper.

Mr. Donahoe takes the first opportunity to thank Archbishop Williams for his great liberality in selling him the property at a price much below its value. He and his family will never forget this exceeding generosity.

A recent issue of The Pilot contained a fine portrait, with a brief biographical sketch of its founder, Mr. Patrick Donahoe. In resuming control of The Pilot, Mr. Donahoe wishes a very Happy New Year to all the friends of The Pilot, old and new.

JOSEPH H. GUILLETT, of Lowell, who served as a member of the Papal Zouaves for the defence of Rome, has received word from Archbishop Williams that Pope Leo XIII. intends to present each member with a gold medal as a mark of appreciation of their services.

Bad Books.

It is unquestionable that the reading of bad books — books deliberately made to swell the volume of immorality, and of sensational newspapers as well — is one of the greatest evils of our modern society, threatening its very stability. It is too often the case that readers fail to discriminate. They have the prevailing passion for much reading; and they read everything that falls in their way, not seeming to fear any danger, or that contamination lurks between the lines. Owing to the liberty of the press very many books, ruinous to faith and morals, are circulated; and so great is the degradation of the public taste, that the only class of newspapers by which fortunes are speedily made consists of those who publish everything, not attempting to exclude the nastiest details of the most serious and revolting social scandals. Reading of this character soils the conscience and destroys moral purity. Without preserving our purity, we Catholics are taught we can have little or no hope of entering Heaven, into which "nothing defiled can enter." How, then, professed Catholics can indulge themselves in the kind of reading we have adverted to — the most morally pestilential of publications, whether they be books or newspapers, seems to our conception altogether unexplainable.

The conversion to the Catholic faith of Hon. William Gibson, son and heir of the celebrated Lord Ashbourne, who acquired much prominence as lord chancellor of Ireland and on account of his land acts, has just been announced.

At a recent contest in the seventh congressional district of New York, Thomas F. Dwyer, a pupil of St. James' parochial school, New York city, won the cadetship with but a small fraction less than ninety-five per cent. The three next on the list were pupils of the same school. The fifth and sixth were students from Columbia College. The board of examiners were the vice-principals of grammar schools and a Christian Brother. This is the fifth victory during the year 1890.

A Word for the Physicians.

Equally to the credit of the medical profession for learning, skill, and faithfulness, and of the common sense of the general public, there are comparatively few cases brought against physicians for malpractice. It has become common enough to sue towns upon speculation, but the doctors have not often been made the victims of ignorance or cupidity in suits at law. The popular mind places great confidence, and rightly, in the ability and honor of the profession. In the direct extremity we appeal to them to save the life we value equally with our own. All experience proves that as a class, the physicians are humane, and alert to do good with or without the prospects of pecuniary remuneration. It is not always in their power to rescue the sick or wounded, but the presumption always is that they do their best. This character, and it is the true one, of the physician as a member of his profession, is sometimes assailed. It is sometimes charged that he neither knew what he ought to do in a particular case, nor cared for the result of his inattention or carelessness. So heinous a charge should only be considered when proffered by an intelligent person unmistakably pursuing, in the cause of private or public justice, the path of investigation. He who wantonly, or maliciously, or through spite, or for corrupt ends, assails the integrity of the physician, does a wrong to society at once criminal and almost incalculably deleterious, and is to be reckoned in the same category as he who should seek to prejudice the minds of men against the government earnestly and effectively acting for their highest welfare.

From One of Our Advertisers.

Boston, Dec. 22, 1890.

Donahoe's Magazine, *Dear Sir:*— As our ad. has run over a year we enclose change for same.

Yours respectfully,
Dr. B. Frank Hathaway.
52 Boylston street.

N. B. I think your Magazine one of the best mediums we have employed, having received greater returns from it than from ads. costing thirty times as much. B. F. H.

An Irish Crazy Quilt.

UNDER the above title Mr. Arthur M. Forrester, of this city, has published a collection of his ballads and short sketches, which he describes as Smiles and Tears woven into Song and Story. The book is a most readable one, and has created a very favorable impression upon the critics. The Pilot, whose judgment in literary matters is beyond question, declares his ballads "among the finest that have appeared for years;" the Boston Herald hails him as "one of the foremost living humorists and lyrists of the Irish race," the Haverhill Gazette says that "if he never writes another line his fame as a singularly gifted interpreter of Irish life and character will rest secure by this single contribution to Celtic literature," and, indeed, every review of the book which has appeared is couched in similar terms of praise. We can heartily indorse these encomiums, and, as this MAGAZINE was one of the first in America to recognize Mr. Forrester's talent, and print one or two of the most notable poems in the present collection, we feel some pride in his present success.

Mr. Forrester is remarkably versatile, and truly commands smiles and tears at will. He is intensely, but not offensively Irish, and it is hard to say whether he is most admirable when he is denouncing the oppressors of his native land or poking fun at them. He is devoutly Catholic, too, and such poems as "The Church at Ballymore" and "Father Malone" are instinct with the simple piety of the Irish people. He is a keen analyst of character, and his short stories are masterpieces of humor. Altogether the volume is one of the most interesting it has ever been our good fortune to read, and we regret we cannot afford space for a more extended notice of it.

Mr. Forrester is his own publisher, and the book may be ordered from him at 90 I street, South Boston, or may be obtained at this office. It is a neat volume of two hundred and eighty-eight pages, and the price is one dollar.

The O'Reilly Portrait.

As we predicted in our last issue the crayon pastel portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly, published by the Boylston Manufacturing Co., 853 Washington street, Boston, Mass., is meeting with an immense sale. Orders for the picture are pouring in from all over the country, and this enterprising firm has increased their facilities for supplying the same. In the West, agents are selling them by the hundreds. The press of Boston, daily and weekly, has endorsed this picture very highly as a faithful portrait and a magnificent work of art.

IF, as has often been stated, "there is nothing new under the sun," a little memorandum book, "Unlike Any Other," may seem to be misleading.

Address, I. S. Johnson & Co.,
22 Custom House st., Boston, Mass.

Our Magazine.

MANY friends are working and sending us new lists of subscribers. Go on, friends. There is room for a few more thousands to our subscription list. Read our premium prizes to those who get new subscribers.

THE celebration of the Battle of New Orleans, reminds us that the hero of that battle paid a visit to Boston, June, 30, 1833. He remained for some days. He was well received. During his stay he sent for the members of the Charitable Irish Society. The society met him at the Tremont House where the old veteran received them as being from the land of his fathers. After their hand-shaking and the warm reception by the general, the society departed giving Old Hickory three rousing cheers. The event is worthy of remembrance.

THE Pope, it is said has consented to act as mediator between Belgium and Portugal concerning the dispute about the boundaries of the Congo Free State and Angola. It will be recalled how happily Leo XIII. settled the quarrel between Spain and Germany in regard to the Caroline Islands. It is but another instance of the beneficent action of the Papacy in preventing strife between Christian nations.

The Battle of New Orleans.

GENERAL HARNEY has exploded one tradition that was long connected with this fight, which was that the Americans fought from behind breast-works of cotton bales. "I asked General Jackson, General Adair, and General Coffee, the latter having the immediate command of a brigade of the Tennessee and Kentucky sharp-shooters, whose long rifles mainly did the work of death, if there were any cotton bales used at all, and they all answered that the only works the Americans had were of earth, about two and one-half feet high, rudely constructed of fence rails and logs laid twenty-four inches apart and the space within them filled with earth, and if there had been any works constructed from cotton bales they must have known it. In 1825 I was promoted to captain in the First infantry and sent to Nashville, Tennessee, to recruit my regiment. While there I met Generals Jackson and Coffee very often, and obtained from the former many details of the battle of Chalmette that are not in print.

"'There was a very heavy fog on the river on the morning of the fight,' said General Jackson, 'and the British troops were actually formed and moving before I had my arrangements made. But the instant I saw their formation, I said to Coffee, '——, they are ours!' Coffee's part of our line was on the flank, which extended into the swamp. About a quarter of a mile from it there was a huge plantation drainage canal, such as are common in the Louisiana lowland. Here General Packenham formed his first attacking column. His formation was a column in mass of about fifty files front. This was formed under the fire of a few regular artillerists I had in a little redoubt off Coffee's front, and that of some cannon taken from a man-of-war, placed in a battery on the river and served by sailors. Coffee, seeing the direction of the attack, which was intended to turn his flank, dashed forward and said to his men: 'Hold your fire until you can see their belt buckles.' The riflemen were formed in two ranks behind the works mentioned, and when the first rank fired the second was loaded and ready. There were about eighteen hundred men behind this frail cover, all of whom were dead shots, and each had one hundred bullets in his pouch, and the necessary powder in his horn. The British troops came up to within one hundred yards of our works without firing a musket. It was a beautiful sight to see. They marched as steadily shoulder to shoulder as though they were on review. At one hundred yards distance the order was given them to charge. With a cheer and a double quick they came forward. They were about sixty yards distant when a long blazing flash ran all along our line. It was as pretty volley firing as I ever heard or saw.

"'The smoke hung so heavy that for the moment I could not make out just what had happened,' said General Jackson. 'In another instant there was another sharp ringing volley that proved it came from the riflemen. I called Tom Overton and Duncan, of my staff, and we galloped over to Coffee's line. Just then the smoke rose, and I saw that the head of the British column had literally melted away. In front of our line lay one writhing, ghastly mass of dead and dying red coats. The column recoiled and fell back to the canal, where they had started from, and were there reformed. This time the charge was led by Gen. Packenham in person, gallantly mounted and riding as coolly and gracefully as if he were on parade. Just as he came within range of my riflemen I saw him reel and topple out of his saddle, mortally wounded. I have always believed that he fell by the bullet of a free man of color in the fight, who was a celebrated rifle shot from the Attakapas county of Louisiana.'"

The Canadians Coming.

IN two ways, it is a significant fact that French Canadians living near the border are forming organizations to obtain possession of the abandoned New England farms. The Yankee is fast disappearing from his native heath, and his place is being occupied by healthier races. Nor is this decline owing to removal entirely. Darker causes are at work. Legalized vice has cut off the supply of children; while the Irish and the French Canadians rejoice in their large families.

Father Craft Not Dead.

THOUGH Father Craft is yet in danger from his wounds, he still remains in the land of the living, with all the chances in favor of his ultimate recovery. God grant it. Our able and enthusiastic missionary is yet young — only thirty-eight — and buried for years amid the scenes of his labors, it is only now that his worth has commenced to be known. The unfortunate event, which has almost terminated his career, gave us opportunity to say all that we felt deserved to be said of him, and to call attention to a great field, the workers in which need assistance and encouragement for their self-sacrificing labors, and are among the proudest things of which the Church can boast in this country. Let us pray with Bishop Marty, and with the congregation of Our Lady of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y., in which church Father Craft made his vow of obedience and reconciliation to the doctrines of Catholicity, that he will be spared to go forward with all the plans that he and his superiors have agreed upon for the benefit of the American aborigines.

The N. Y. Freeman's Journal, from which we copy the above, states that Morgan, of the Indian Bureau, who has resigned and been succeeded by Hon. Darwin R. Jones, is not T. J. Morgan, the Indian Commissioner, as was generally supposed, and we are sorry for it. "The Commissioner" has just sent us his fifty-ninth annual report, with his compliments, and while appreciatively acknowledging the courtesy, without any desire to be overcaptious, we must candidly say, in view of the lamentable state of affairs in the Northwest, that it is as conspicuous a mass of egotistic self-complacency as has come under our notice in a long time.

MR PETER MCCORRY'S letter, in this issue of our MAGAZINE, is good reading. It is fresh from the "old sod" and events are set forth in McCorry's pleasant style.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was an attentive listener at Archbishop Ryan's lecture in the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y. Not a word of the elegant address was missed, and Mr. Depew frequently joined in the applause. He said to a friend: "Last summer I crossed the ocean with Archbishop Corrigan. I told him that when some great Catholic orator came to New York I would like very much to hear him. Yesterday he sent me a note, inclosing tickets, for a box in the Metropolitan Opera House, in which he said, in effect, 'the man is here. His name is Archbishop Ryan.'" At the conclusion of the archbishop's address Mr. Depew paid him a hearty compliment. He said that he had never heard a more eloquent, more logical, more entrancing address. He particularly admired the archbishop's melodious voice, his grand repose, his eloquent gestures, and, above all, his dramatic power. This was praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, for Mr. Depew knows oratory when he comes in contact with it.

Compliments of A. Shuman & Co.

MESSRS. A. SHUMAN & CO. have issued their mercantile diary for 1891 in a smaller and handier shape than ever heretofore. The friends of the firm who receive this epitome and hand-book from year to year are indeed to be congratulated, for it is the memorandum book and epitome of facts for a business man.

LONDON, Jan. 11. — The fund started by Lord Zethland, the Irish viceroy, and Chief Secretary Balfour in behalf of the distressed poor of Ireland, now amounts to £19,000.

Father Scully's "Gym."

THE past year has been the most successful one for the "gym" since its opening five years ago. There are several members entered for the B. A. A. boxing tournament. The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas F. Riley; vice-president, Joseph F. Mullin; clerk, James H. Mullin; treasurer, Thomas H. Sennott; librarian, Charles J. Abbott; financial secretary, H. J. Duffy; board of directors, John A. Sullivan, Dr. E. A. McCarthy, James H. Murphy, Edward F. McKenna, Edward J. Hayes, James V. Duffy, Dennis Kelly, Thomas Good and Edward J. Tierney.

THE CAPITAL INVESTMENT CO., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, is an assured success.

NOTHING can surpass nor equal the Putnam Horse-Shoe Nail for safety or perfection.

MESSRS. LEOPOLD MORSE & Co. sells the cheapest and best Overcoats in Boston. 131 to 137 Washington Street, opposite Dock Square.

DR. A. M. DAM is the leading physician at the Back Bay territory. His office is 405 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

USE Mrs. Semmes' Electric Hair Restorer. For sale at 48 Winter Street, Room 4. It was never known to fail.

THE Renovia Specifics are the only true Medicines. Renovia Medical Co., 29 School Street, Boston, Mass.

PIANOS, organs, diamonds, watches, and jewelry, can be purchased at very low rates from the Norris Piano and Diamond Co., 37 Court Street, Boston. Also, banjos, harmonicas and music boxes.

THE Sleeper's Eye Cigar is the best ten-cent cigar in the market to-day. Every one who uses it speak well of it. Our Editor says so, and so say all of us.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cannot be equalled, it kills rheumatism at once, and sold everywhere at a uniform price of 25 cents per bottle.

THE best place in Boston to dine is at Ober's, 3 and 4 Winter Place off Winter Street. Everything first-class.

THE Kansas Investment Co., 101 Devonshire Street, is the safest investment company in Boston. Capital over one million.

THE best place in Boston to buy wall papers is at the store of the Boston Wall Paper Co., 20 Summer Street. Everything in the line can be found there.

THE Commonwealth Clothing House, corner of Washington and Kneeland Streets, is the largest in Boston, and the best place to buy clothing of every description.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA is the only pure and reliable article in this country. It has stood the test for over a century, and we recommend our readers to use no other.

STAINED glass, wood mantels, tiles, iron fire placings and fittings can be bought cheaper at Geo. R. Clark & Co.'s, 48 Boylston Street, than at any other place in Boston.

Go to the Blue Store, corner of Washington Street and Dock Square, the old stand for bargains in Clothing. Messrs. Isaacson & Co. will treat you well; and Mr. Gilrain, the head salesman, who has been there for years and years, will treat you politely, as usual.

FURS.—Now is your time to get Furs, which can be had in every variety at 15 and 17 Avon street, opposite Jordan, Marsh & Co. H. Crine is the manufacturer, who has no equal in the city.

THE Emerson Pianos have the finest tone of any pianos manufactured in this country; made from the very best material. Just think of it, over fifty thousand of them in use up to the present time. Warerooms, 174 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

EVERY family should have a New England Piano. They come within the reach of almost every householder. They are sold at moderate prices, and on moderate terms. Warerooms, 157 Tremont Street, Boston, and 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MESSRS. THOS. O'CALLAHAN & Co., have the largest stock of carpets in Boston to select from, at their warerooms and store, 599 and 601 Washington Street, nearly opposite the Globe Theatre.

MESSRS. E. F. FARRELL & Co. have fitted up Basement No. 6, under Faneuil Hall, where you can buy mutton, lamb, veal, and poultry cheaper than you can in any other place in Boston. They are direct receivers of Armour's dressed mutton and lamb.

THE stores of Messrs. Wm. S. Butler & Co., 90 to 98 Tremont Street, Boston, is always crowded. Bargains can always be had there in upholstery goods, millinery goods, flowers, feathers, hosiery, laces, ribbons, fancy crockery, glassware, small wares, cloaks, jerseys, yarns, &c.

Go to Messrs. John Curtin & Co., 44 Washington Street, Boston, it is the place to go to buy furniture and upholstery of every description. Acres of ground covered with rich and rare furniture to suit the taste of everyone, and at great bargains.

THE COLUMBIA CYCLE CALENDAR.—By far the most valuable business calendar for 1891, and entirely unique in design, is the Columbia Cycle Calendar and Stand, issued by the Pope Mf'g Co., of Boston, Mass. The Calendar is in the form of a pad containing 366 leaves, each $5\frac{1}{8}$ x $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, each leaf containing blank for memoranda, and as the leaves are only fastened at the upper end, any leaf can be exposed, no stub being left when the leaves are torn off. The pad rests upon a stand, containg pen-rack and pencil-holder, and made of stained wood, mounted with raised letters in brass, thus forming an ornamental paper weight. The day of the week and the day of the year, together with the number of the days to come, are given; and each slip bears a short paragraph pertaining to cycling and kindred subjects. These paragraphs have been carefully collated from leading publications and prominent writers, the larger number having been specially written for this purpose. Although this is the sixth issue of the Calendar, all the matter is fresh and new, comprising notable events in cycling, opinions of physicians and clergymen, hints about road making, and numerous other topics.

ALL our public institutions, reformatory or otherwise, should patronize the Canton Knitted Mattress Co., of Canton, Mass. See their advertisement in another column of this Magazine for full particulars. Don't miss it.

MESSRS. BOYLE BROTHERS, 853 Washington Street, Boston, are offering great bargains in ladies' cloaks, furs, &c., for *cash*, or on the instalment plan. Also, great bargains in gentlemen's clothing of every description.

THE OPTICAL INSTITUTE, 52 Boylston Street, is endowed with a fund for the benefit of poor but worthy people, whereby they can secure the services of doctors who are skilled specialists, who will examine and diagnose their cases, and be furnished with glasses at a reduced price. It has also another fund for the benefit of people who are unable to pay any price; who, by procuring a testimonial from their family physician, or pastor, to the above effect, and that they are worthy of these favors, will be furnished the services of our specialist, also glasses given them free of charge. Those presenting letters, as above stated, will be treated Fridays, from 1 to 5 P.M., only. They make no charge for analyzing the glasses you now wear, and informing you as to their suitability. As per above arrangement, you will see that every person who is poor, or of moderate means, who wears glasses, or needs them, can secure the services of skilled specialists. So, we say to our readers, don't take any risk by going to unreliable persons when you can obtain the best skill at the same price, or less. The Institute is an old established and reliable place, and has several philanthropists interested in its work.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.—Don't stuff a cold, as the old adage advises, if you do you will have a fever to starve. A genuine cold is a shock received by the many million nerves which approach near the surface of a human body, and which control the nearly seven million pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, is transmitted to the nerve centres and back to the mucous membranes, forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes, creating more or less irritation and consequent fever, inflammation, dryness, then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, a nervous fright, and various other causes which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membranes of the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes. Excess of food in the stomach still more clogs the system and pores of the skin, so that effete matter, which would be carried off by the natural course, is retarded; which is ample reason for not stuffing a cold. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure." When slight hoarseness or tightning of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from whatever cause, act promptly; delays are dangerous; with children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old-fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for colds, and croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described on the wrappers, or in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild, nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold.

THE following testimonial speaks for itself:

CODYVILLE, Clinton Co., N. Y., Dec. 21, 1890.

Dearest and best friend:

Benefactors of the human race:

With joy and pleasure I testify to the wonderful cure and virtue of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic. A poor sick boy in my parish was for years the victim of falling sickness and fits. Given up by physicians as incurable he is now, (*mirabile dictu*,) strong and healthy. No mistake but a few bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic saved his life. May God bless you, the noble benefactors of humanity; you have the prayers of the boy, of his parents, of myself and of all the parishioners. Words fail to express my thanks to you. Ever truly your cordial friend,

FATHER J. McGOWAN, Pastor.

This remedy deserves special recommendation, because it is given free to the poor.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Edmund W. Miller, 5½ Hamilton place, Boston, being his own invention of a reform boot for ladies and gentlemen. (See page 14.)

THERE is no medicine in the world equal to Tuttle's Elixir, for man or beast. Headquarters, cor. of Haymarket Square and Sudbury Street, Boston.

THE Queen Olga Cigar is the best cigar in the market.

RECENT statistics show that out of a total of nearly 3,000,000 inhabitants in Ceylon, there are 233,000 Catholics, an increase of 150,000 in eighty years. There are now one archdiocese, two dioceses and 103 priests, 20 of whom, are natives. There are, moreover, two collegiate institutions, and the number of Catholic male and female English and vernacular schools, all over the island at the end of last year, was 342, imparting education to 22,795 pupils.

DEBT ON BOSTON CATHEDRAL REDUCED TO $21,383.

LAST Sunday, Jan. 4, the rector, the Rev L. P. Boland, made to the congregation of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, a most encouraging statement as to the Cathedral debt. On Jan. 1, 1890, it stood at $47 917. It is now only $21 383 This is a magnificent year's work. Of the sum received during the year towards the liquidation of the debt, $2,590 came from the Cathedral debt society.

As the society numbers 850 members, a larger contribution might have been hoped for.

The Cathedral debt is now down to a very small figure With increase of zeal and membership in the Cathedral debt society, and a determined effort on the part of the whole congregation, it ought to be completely wiped out long before the close of 1891.

$6,600 FROM BOSTON.

THE trustees of the Tenants' Defence Fund, Hon. Patrick A. Collins and Mr. Thomas B Fitz, cabled $6,600, on Jan. 5, through the Maverick National Bank, to the treasurers in Ireland, Messrs. Alfred Webb, M. P., and Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P.

THESE priests have been made permanent rectors: The Rev. James O'Doherty of St. James' Church Haverhill; the Rev. Thomas Magennis, of St. Thomas', Jamaica Plain; and the Rev. James McGlew, of St. Rose's, Chelsea.

AT the High Mass at St. Mary's Church, North End, Boston, the Rev. W. H. Duncan, S. J., rector, read his financial statement. It showed that when he assumed charge of the parish, thirteen years ago, he found a debt on the new church and school on Cooper Street. This debt was further increased by the purchase of land and the erection of the school on Stillman Street, making a debt incurred during these thirteen years of about $260,000 This debt, he announced, had been paid off, with the exception of a few thousand dollars, which was amply provided for, and that there was now no mortgage upon the church or parish property. This is a splendid record for thirteen years; and says volumes in praise of priests and people.

THE Rev. Richard J. Barry, rector of the Church of St. Cecilia, Back Bay district, Boston, wants $80,000 to lift the debt on the church above-named. This seems a goodly sum, but when one looks over the valuable property on which it rests, and considers the numerical strength of the congregation, one of the largest in the city, it is comparatively little. The church is one of the handsomest and most spacious in Boston beautifully appointed in every detail. At all the Masses last Sunday, Father Barry spoke to his people of the importance of reducing the debt. He said, in substance, that no magnanimous citizen had indicated a willingness to contribute $10,000 to begin on, and he had begun with nothing. All that had been accomplished had been done in a short period of time. It is only about two years since the congregation was first drawn together in the Mechanics' Fair Building. Father Barry called upon his people to contribute individually $5 each, and said he was now engaged in making house to house collections. He mentioned the case of a family upon whom he called three times without yet being admitted, but this was, indeed, an exception, for nearly all had been most liberal. He said he would make a financial statement in May, by which time he hoped confidently to have the debt reduced to $40 000. A very large fair is soon to be held, and preparations for it are now well advanced.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Drexel estate have offered forty thousand dollars for Rock Hill College, Md., the oldest Catholic educational institution in the State, next to Mount St. Mary's, at Emmittsburg. Rock Hill College is near Ellicot City, and is conducted by the Christian Brothers, who have been wanting for sometime to secure more commodious quarters. They will remove to Ammendale, in Prince George's county. The Drexels desire to establish an industrial school for colored children in the South and prefer the site of Rock Hill College. Miss Drexel will, it is stated, contribute, towards the maintenance of the school, though provision has already been made by her late father.

BISHOP WOODLOCK, of Ardagh, was for many years head of the Missionary College of All Hallows. He is seventy-five years old. It was he who succeeded Dr. Newman, late Cardinal, as head of the Catholic University, in Dublin. Bishop Heslin, of Natchez, is a native of the Diocese of Ardagh, which has given so many learned clergy to the Church. St. Mel, a disciple of St. Patrick, was the first Bishop of this See, and is its Patron Saint.

THE Octave of the Feast of the Assumption was celebrated with great pomp at Lourdes. There was a torch-light procession in honor of the Most Holy Sacrament, in which upwards of twenty thousand persons took part, including about one hundred and fifty priests.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

Recent Publications.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY. By Maurice Francis Egan.

We cordially welcome the appearance of this story, which originally appeared as a serial in our esteemed contemporary, the *Ave Maria*, in book form. We esteem this as one of the best of the distinguished writer's works. The plot is skilfully laid and well carried out. The characters are well maintained, and some of the descriptions are graphic and very touching. We predict for this book an extensive sale, and it will doubtless be included in every family and Catholic library, and the list of every reading circle in the country.

AN IRISH CRAZY QUILT. Smiles and Tears, woven into song and story. By Arthur M. Forrester.

This is one of the most interesting books issued during the holidays. The first poem in the book, "The Club of Ballymore," appeared in Donahoe's Magazine. A clergyman in the vicinity of Boston was so much pleased with the book, that he ordered ten copies to give to friends in his congregation. The author's family are all poets. The book is well gotten up, has nearly three hundred pages, and is sold for the low price of $1. For sale at Donahoe's, corner of Essex and Washington street.

We find the following on the fly-leaf of the copy presented to us by the author:

"To Patrick Donahoe, one of the first friends to encourage me in my literary aspirations, as a token of gratitude from
ARTHUR M. FORRESTER."
Boston, Dec. 17, 1890.

Longman's, Green & Co., New York and London.

THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD. A life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Abbe Constant Fouard. Translated from the fifth edition, with the author's sanction, by George F. X. Griffith. With an introduction by Cardinal Manning. In two volumes. Price $4.00.

This singularly able and excellent work can need no commendation, observes the Cardinal. It is already in its fifth edition. When it first appeared it had the commendation of the late Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, who well described it as uniting "the consolations of piety with the explanations of true science on the text of Scripture." In 1881, Leo XIII. sent his benediction to the author, and many cardinals and a large number of bishops of France gave it their approbation. We received a copy of the book through De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., 361 and 365 Washington street, Boston.

Flynn & Mahony, Boston.

SONGS OF THE CATHOLIC YEAR. By Rev. Francis A. Cunningham. Price,

We believe this is the first book issued by this new firm, and is very handsomely gotten up. The author is a priest of the archdiocese of Boston. A further notice in a future issue.

P. O'Shea, New York.

SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS DOMINICANS: St. Louis Bertrand, Julian Garces, Jerome de Loaysa. From the French of Touron and Roze, of the Order of Preachers. By Very Rev. Stephen Byrne.

For sale in Boston by Flynn & Mahony. Says the preface: "There is a close connection among these sketches of illustrious Dominicans, which leads us to publish them in one volume. They briefly record the deeds of three heroes of the cross, whose names, among many others, add lustre to the brilliant story of the early American Church."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Haverty's Irish-American Illustrated Almanac for 1891 is particularly attractive. The illustrations are numerous, and the letter-press entertaining and useful.

Manual of Saint John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society; approved and indulgenced by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. Second edition revised, thirty-eight pages, cloth cover, fifteen cents a copy, or fifteen dollars a hundred. Address Director Saint John Berchmans' Society, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.

The Catholic Calendar for 1891, published by Messrs. E. Sterns & Co., of Philadelphia, is advertised elsewhere in our Magazine. It is embellished with a very neat portrait of Leo XIII.

THE Literary Digest is a weekly publication, issued in New York city, and which aims to give a condensed general view of the current literature of the day. The review and press departments are condensations, or summaries of the original articles quoted from magazines and current publications, and the editors evidently aim to present the thought of the author from his own point of view. We have examined the December number and are pleased not only with the wide range of quotations, but also with the general spirit of fairness in the selection.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Music Publishing Co.

Vocal: — "Sailing Home," written by Chas. Osborne, arranged by John S. Baker. "Back to the Old Love," words by Clifton Brigham, music by H. Trotere. "Tell Me, Sweetheart," by C. A. White. "Why Don't You," words by F. Bonyer, music by A. L. Mora. "Love's Return," words by Constance M. Larey, music by Arthur Le Jeuve. "McFadden's Pop Gun Flat," comic song, by Paul Jassett. "It Goes With a Pound of Tea," comic song, by same author. "By the Gate of the Sea," words by G. Clifton Brigham, music by J. L. Molloy. "Emmanuel," words by Walter Stevens, music by Paul Rodney. "Christmas Carol," by C. C. Stearns. "In Silent Night," Anthem, by C. T. Steele. "Christmas Anthem," by J. B. Leslie. "King of the Forest Am I," words by Oswald Brand, music by Henry Parker. "Then You Wink the Other Eye," by W. S. Lytton. "Marie," by C. A. White. "Rock of Ages," Female Trio, by C. C. Stearns. "Angels Bending Near the Earth," by C. A. White. "I Was In It," Comic Song, by Edmund Forman. "Vocalizer," by Ferd. Sieber (for Bass voice). The same for Alto voice.

Instrumental: — "Adieu," by Sydney Smith. "Spinning Song," by Gustav Lange. "The Monogram Gavotte," by Guy Asch. "Carmencita," Valse Espagnole, by Chas. La Thiere. "Scotch Medley Lancers," by M. M. Blum. "Caprice," by Marion Osgood. "Polka," by Franz Behr. "Potpourri," from "Brother Jonathan," Comic Opera by Carl Millocker. "Polka Mazurka," by Franz Behr. "Thou Art an Angel," march by C. A. White. "Waltz," by Franz Behr. "Legends," for Violin and Piano by Carl Bohm. "Little Annie Rooney," quadrille, by C. A. White. "Simple Melodies," by Chas. Nerostedt. "La Chasse Infernale," Galop Brilliante, by C. Kolling. "Stanley's Grand Triumphal March," by C. A. White. "Fox Hunt Galop," by C. A. White. "Petite Schottische," by C. A. White. "West End Grand Military March," by John Wiegand. "Jonathan March," by Carl Millocker. "La Pluie d'Argent," by Sydney Smith. "New Orleans Polka," for Cornet and Piano, by Harry Baxter. "Pearson Polka," by same author. "Brother Jonathan Lancers Quadrille," by E. H. Bailey. "Little Annie Rooney Polka," by C. A. White. "Waltz" for four hands, by Franz Behr. Also "Polka" and "Polka Mazurka," for four hands by same author. "Valse des Papillons," by same author. "Il Trovatore," Fantasie Brilliante, by Sydney Smith.

Books: — The Folio for November. A fine number of this interesting musical journal.

A DECREE of the Sacred Congregation of Rites fixes Feb. 11, as the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, for which a proper Mass and office were lately approved for certain dioceses in France. The date is that of the first apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, in 1858.

THERE is much croaking these days about the destruction of Ireland's Home Rule hopes by those who never gave a dollar to the furtherance of that cause.

THE PIANO CONTEST. — The Hallett & Cumston piano which was to be given to the most popular music teacher in New England, was duly awarded to Miss Minnie J. Gaul, residing at No. 98 Winthrop street, Boston Highlands. Some twenty thousand ballots were cast, and of these Miss Gaul received 6,276, or 387 more than the next candidate.

How to be Well Dressed.

THE system of selling clothing on credit for both ladies and gentlemen has been thoroughly tried and tested by the enterprising firm of Boyle Bros. of this city, who have had much experience in various lines in the credit business. They claim to be able now, by their facilities and greatly increased business, to sell goods on credit as cheap as other dealers do for cash. It certainly is a great accommodation for any one having an account with this firm, as it enables them to be well dressed for any occasion without feeling the small weekly payments required to pay for the goods. It is also more satisfactory when credit is required to deal with a reliable and honorable house such as we know this firm to be.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

VERY REV. BENEDICT MURNANE, Provincial of the Passionist Order of the United States, died, on Christmas Eve, at the Monastery of the Order in Dunkirk, N. Y., of an acute attack of pneumonia. In the exercise of his office, he had been on a visitation to the monasteries of his Order, and was taken sick in Pittsburg, where the oldest establishment of the Order of St. Paul of the Cross, in the United States, is situated. Under skilful care he recovered, so that he felt able to continue his visitation; but, on reaching the house of the Order in Dunkirk, N. Y., he was stricken down by a recurrence of the attack of pneumonia, and, on Christmas Eve, he yielded up his spirit to his Creator, in whose service his life had been spent. Father Benedict, though only in his forty-fifth year had attained to high rank in his Order, one of the most rigid of the Regular Orders of the Church. He was a native of Ireland —having been born in Killarney— and was brought to this country by his parents when an infant. At an early age he manifested an inclination for the religious state, and having finished his studies at Seton Hall College, where he distinguished himself in most of the branches of literature, he entered the novitiate of the Order of St. Paul of the Cross, and was ordained a missionary priest of the Order. In that capacity he served for many years, his ministrations everywhere bearing good fruit. He was finally elected to be Rector of St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J., in which a great portion of his youth had been dedicated to the service of God; and was subsequently chosen Provincial of the Order, which office he discharged for several years, and in the exercise of the functions of which he died, like the saint in whose footsteps he trod —"faithful unto death." The remains of the deceased have been brought on from Dunkirk to St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J., where a Solemn Mass of Requiem will be sung, to-day (Sunday, Dec. 27), at half past ten o'clock, a. m. The interment of a member of the Passionist community is one of the most impressive reminders of the vanity of all earthly possessions. The dead —whether the head of the Order or the humblest lay brother— is clad in the coarse serge habit and sandals, and laid on a board on which ashes have been strewn. A brick is put under the head for the last pillow. Thus prepared, the body is placed before the altar, where the community sing the office and prayers for the dead. After the usual Mass of Requiem the body is taken to the vaults under the church, where have been prepared a number of niches in the massive stone walls. The board and its burden are placed in one of these, and a mason walls up the opening, over which a thick coating of cement is spread to seal it tight. On this the mason then rudely scratches with his trowel a cross, the initials of the dead man, and the date. This is the only reminder of who and what he was. His good deeds may smell sweet and blossom in the dust, but all that is mortal of him finds no storied urn or monumental bust.

The Order of Passionists, to whom the West Hoboken, N. J., church and monastery belong, is one of the strictest religious communities in the Catholic Church, although its discipline is by no means as severe and exacting as that of the Camaldolese or Trappists. It was founded by Paul Francis Danal, better known by the name of St. Paul of the Cross, who was born in Ovada, near Genoa, Italy, on Jan. 3, 1694. During his lifetime his rules and regulations were solemnly approved by the Sovereign Pontiffs, and twelve monastic retreats were founded in various parts of Italy. His death, which occurred on Oct. 17, 1775, was a great blow to the young Order, but it by no means diminished the fervor of the survivors. A new Superior was speedily chosen, and again the institute began to prosper. In a few years additional monasteries were founded in Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Roumania. The diffi-

culties of the monks in their new hermitages were by no means inferior in number or quality to those met by other missionaries in China and Japan, and many of them even suffered martyrdom.

In 1823 the Bishop of Nicopolis obtained permission to build two churches in his diocese, and these were placed in care of the Passionist Order. So great was the success of this mission that Mgr. Parsi had the privilege extended, and in a short while the Order was introduced into other countries. Subsequently, however, the hermitages in Wallachia and Roumania were destroyed by the Bulgarian uprising, and the Passionists of those provinces were compelled to seek new quarters. Notwithstanding these losses, the Order continued to grow in number with surprising rapidity, and in 1841, a band of priests landed in England and established a monastery at Highgate near London. From there the Order spread to other parts of England, and, in 1853, a small colony of Passionists landed in America.

Although in existence in this country but thirty-six years, the institute numbers many hundred members, and counts among its monasteries, besides the provincial house at West Hoboken, those of Dunkirk, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Baltimore and many others in Mexico and South America.

The philosophical and theological courses in the seminaries of the Order are very complete. In this country one year of novitiate must be spent in the mother house at Pittsburg, and during this time the young aspirant is employed in prayer and at manual labor of various kinds. At the end of the year's probation the Passionist novice is sent to complete his studies of the ancient classics, and then enters upon a two years' course of philosophy. This completed, he begins the study of theology. An extra course of sacred eloquence must be attended before he becomes a professed religious.

The discipline of the Order is most rigid, and is trying to the health of the most robust. The members always wear their coarse habit, keep their feet sandalled, observe strict fasts, and subject themselves to the hardest penances. They retire to their cells about half-past eight in the evening, and arise to sing matins at midnight. This ended, they spend an hour in mental prayer, and at the chanting of the "Miserere" take the discipline of an iron chain and leather thong. After choir, some return to their cells, while others employ their time in study or meditation. In the morning they leave their couches long before sunrise, repair to the chapel and chant prime and tierce. The priests then celebrate Mass, and after their thanksgiving return to their respective duties. About eleven o'clock all are again summoned to the chapel for sext and none, and then dinner is served in the refectory. About one o'clock there is a short recreation during which the community remain together and enjoy themselves in innocent amusement.

After recreation the members observe an hour's silence, and for the rest of the day the priests hear confessions, the students bury themselves in study, and the brothers apply themselves to their various occupations. A slight supper is enjoyed about seven in the evening. The customary office is subsequently chanted, and after the recitation of the rosary and the Salve Regina they retire to their cells. The members of the Order receive no salary whatever for their services as pastors, and depend solely and entirely upon their missions and the free contributions of the faithful.

The Rev. M. Farley, D. D., pastor of St. Monica's Catholic Church, Jamaica, L. I., is no more. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage of the lungs. He was in his seventy-ninth year, being one of the oldest priests in the diocese of Long Island. Father Farley was born in the county Cavan, Ireland, coming to this country with his parents when a boy. He was educated in Montreal, Canada, being a fellow-student with the venerable Father Malone, of Williamsburg. His first work as a priest was as a missioner in the northern part of this state, and forty years ago he was assigned to Jamaica, L. I. As the result of his active and zealous work several flourishing churches and parishes, besides numerous educational and conventual institutions, have grown up in Jamaica and surrounding villages. He was a man of much learning, and

was a valuable contributor to Catholic literature, his best-known work being a Life of St. Monica. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently eight languages.

Rev. Jas. A. Walsh, one of the best-known Catholic priests in the state of New Jersey, died at his home at Elberon on December 18th, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Some years ago Archbishop Corrigan assigned him to the parish of Our Lady the Star of the Sea, at Long Branch. He started the movement for a Catholic Church at Elberon, and raised the money for the present costly edifice at that place. The Catholic churches at Asbury Park, Sea Bright, Highlands and Eatontown were started by Father Walsh while he was pastor of the Long Branch church. Owing to ill health Father Walsh has not performed miss on work for the past three years.

Rev. Dr. Jacob Zilliox, D. D., O. S. B., abbot of St. Mary's Priory, who was the youngest abbot in the world when appointed to the abbacy in 1885, died at Newark, N. J., Jan. 1, of consumption, aged forty-two years. He was ordained a priest when only twenty-three years old, and at the age of twenty-four was made a doctor of divinity by Pope Pius IX.

LAY PEOPLE.

The death of Hon. Michael H. Phelan, of St. Louis, is deeply to be regretted, says a contemporary. His death was sudden, but he was prepared, always prepared to meet his Maker. He led a life of incorruptible rectitude. He ever lived in the love of the Saviour, and though untimely and unexpected his Maker's call, he had no fear; his whole life was a life of love and devotion to his Lord and Master. Because of his correct life, because of his Christian character, his devoted mother and his family will feel his loss the greater. The partner of his life for years is, no doubt, inconsolable. His sons and daughters will never fully realize their great loss. Mr. Phelan was a brother of Father Phelan, the distinguished editor of the Western Watchman, and was the business manager of the concern. Mr. Phelan served two terms as a member of the Lower House of the State Legislature, and in one term as Senator and President *pro tem.* of the Senate. He was Consul General at Halifax, N. S., under President Cleveland. He was born in Halifax over fifty-four years ago, and leaves a wife and three children to mourn his sudden demise. We extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widow and children of the deceased, and also to our co-laborer in the journalistic field, Father Phelan; we deeply sympathize in this sudden blow which deprived him of a noble, generous, and loving brother.

The Rev. Father Richard T. Barry, pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Boston, said on a recent occasion, that he had been thinking how the spirit of sectarian bitterness had so much subsided during 1890, and he had been reflecting joyfully on the approach of the day when fraternal feeling would reign throughout all creeds and sects. One of the most beneficent events of local church history had been the reinstatement of Patrick Donahoe as editor of The Pilot.

Killed by an Orange Seed.

At St. Louis, Dec. 23, Hermann D. Amour, twenty years of age, a drug clerk, and son of Otto D. Amour, proprietor of one of the largest drug establishments in that city, died in great agony as the result of swallowing an orange seed a year ago. Just a week before, the young man was taken sick with vomiting and diarrhœa. His father gave him some simple remedy that relieved the sickness, but this was followed by intense pain in the right side of the intestines. The pain increased to such a degree that the young man shrieked with agony. The physician called in Dr. A. C. Bernays, one of the most distinguished surgeons in the city, who said the diagnosis was right, and that the sufferer could not survive twenty-four hours without an operation. The knife was applied, and it was found that an orange seed, supposedly swallowed a year ago, had lodged in a little intestine. The seed had rotted and burst, and perforated the intestine. A portion of the intestine was removed, and notwithstanding the great inflammation, the surgeon hoped he would recover, but death came.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. BOSTON, MARCH, 1891. No. 3.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Revisiting Ireland.

III.

BELFAST, January, 1891.

THE NEW YORK OF IRELAND.

BELFAST is the largest, most populous, and most prosperous town in all Ireland. Its area is greater than the New York of Manhattan Island, but the large majority of the dwelling-houses are small, self-contained, and occupied by only one family. This is a wonderful improvement upon our American tenement-house system. The rents of dwelling-houses are not over one-third, and in many instances not over one-fourth, of the rents in New York or Boston.

The public buildings, halls, banks, stores, colleges, schools, churches, particularly Catholic churches, are among the finest anywhere. Its squares, streets, terraces, and avenues are among the finest, while its factories, flax mills, foundries, ship-building yards, workshops, flour mills, and general manufactories are the equal, and in some cases the superior, of any in the world. It has the largest and finest bakery in the world, Hughes' Model Bakery, a regular institution. Hughes' flour mills grind a bag of wheat into flour per minute. The building is ten stories high. All these were the outcome of the industry of one poor Irish Catholic, "Barney" Hughes.

The great ship-building yards of Wolff and Harland, on Queen's Island, where the transatlantic steamers of the White Star Line are built, give employment to five thousand pairs of hands.

There would be few places in the world to beat Belfast but for the stigma of Orangeism which still clings to it. But this foul blot is lessening year by year. Catholics continue to increase in numbers and prosperity, in spite of Orangeism. They have battled with the foul monster for nearly a century, the date of its foundation, and are now stronger than ever. I can remember when it was even at the risk of life that children could paddle through the little river of Pound Loaning for fear of the murderous Orange cowards of Sandy Row, a pack of half-starved hand-loom weavers, whose days are now all but passed and

gone. Within a few yards of the famous Pound Loaning now stands the pro-cathedral of St. Peter's, a glorious pile of Gothic architecture, with its towers and steeples rivalling St. Patrick's Cathedral, of New York. The chimes of this church ring out four times a day, beginning at five o'clock A. M., and ending at nine P. M. These chimes play nearly all the Irish melodies and the leading popular hymns. When I heard them peal forth, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," "The Wear-in' of the Green," and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," I confess to a drop of moisture in the eye, and a thrill of jubilation through the heart, which I had not experienced in many a year before. The great bell tolls the Angelus, and rings before the Masses begin, of which there are four on week-days. Quite a change on the border-land of Orangeism.

It is well known that Belfast is the seat or centre of the great Irish linen industry, the chief industry, in fact, of Ulster. Why did not England swoop down upon this industry, as she did upon that of the silk and woollen industries soon after the accession of Dutch Billy to the English throne? Because England required linen and could not make it herself. It requires a strong soil to grow flax, and nothing impoverishes land so much and so fast as the culture of this fibre. Ulster is well adapted for its growth, and no other part of Ireland, England, or Scotland can equal the northern province in its production. It pays the farmers well.

The progress and prosperity of Belfast are often pointed to by loyalists and unionists as a mark of superiority to the rest of Ireland because of its Scoto-Irish and Protestant character. There is no such thing as Scoto-Irish to begin with, and whatever there is of Protestant character in Belfast belongs chiefly to the Tory municipal government of the town, the great mass of workers being Catholic.

The population of Belfast is made up chiefly from all the northern counties; but many of the people come from every part of Ireland, even from far-off Cork.

Those who desire to learn the causes, the true and only causes, of the progress and prosperity of this splendid town, have only to bear in mind what has been said of the Irish industry, and then to remember the topographical position of the town and its great natural advantages. It is built at the mouth of the Lagan, within a few miles of one of the finest loughs in the world, and is, consequently, within six or seven hours' sailing of the very heart of the Coal and Iron Industry of Scotland, and within twice that time of Liverpool. Its docks and quays are filled with shipping, and its foreign tonnage is greater than that of New York, the ocean steamers excepted. Fifty years ago, William Dargan, the great Irish civil engineer, with an army of employés, began the deepening and widening of the mouth of the Lagan. The *debris* thrown up formed a little island, for a long time known as Dargan's Island, now dignified by the title of Queen's Island, just as the Old Long Bridge is now called Queen's Bridge.

ALEXANDER HARKIN, M. D., F. R. C. S.

The Catholics of Belfast have contributed their fair quota of pro-

fessional men and merchant princes to the population. Among medical scientists in any part of the world the name of Dr. Harkin, consulting physician of the *Mater Infirmorum Hospital*, Belfast, and *membre de la société Française de hygiène, Paris et Quebec*, stands preëminently high as one of our greatest sanitarians, and particularly as the discoverer of the only known cure of Asiatic cholera, as exemplified in returns from the cholera hospitals of Malta, during the epidemic of 1887. His contributions on the Vagus Treatment of Cholera, to the Dublin Journal of Medical Science, have been translated into the scientific journals of France, and re-translated into our American journals of science. The Detroit Medical Journal (French) pays marked attention to the scientific researches of Dr. Harkin, so also does Dr. Harry Poole Berry, of Grantham, who, in his letters to the Lancet, strongly upholds Harkin's theory of the stimulation of the Vagus. It is worth while to remark that our great scientist holds that cholerine, cholera-infantum, choleric, or summer diarrhœa, English cholera, and Asiatic or epidemic cholera are all one and the same thing, similar in nature, and differing only in degree. The treatment by Dr. Harkin is to paint the sheath of the pneumogastric in the neck (behind the ear) extending from the mastoid process to the angle of the lower jaw with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in blistering liquid. The result is magical. Dr. Harkin is a leading Catholic in Belfast, and a true Irishman. He is a J. P., but seldom troubles the courts, and has been identified with the sanitary improvements of his native city for the past half century. His memory in the field of native poetry is not the least wonderful of his varied gifts and qualifications.

A "DYNAMITARD" CONVICT.

A few words on the fate of poor Patrick McCabe, who died in Perth prison recently on the day before the expiration of his term of imprisonment for an alleged attempt to blow up the gas-works at Glasgow. This is outside my Irish work; but I will be readily pardoned as I have something to say concerning a former attempt at "blowing up" the same gas-works. McCabe, we are told, was a lunatic for two years before his death.

I do not recall the whole facts in the case concerning McCabe's trial in 1883; but, if I mistake not, Michael Davitt, in the course of his papers on Red Jim McDermott and Pigott, alluded to this case as an outcome of McDermott's villainy.

However, apart from this, the former attempt at "blowing up" the gas-works at Glasgow occurred in 1868. Fenian sensations were then the order of the day. Thus, the English government was in possession of the news of the "Fenian" attempt upon the life of Prince Alfred in Australia, for four days before the trial of Michael Barrett began. Then the "news" was placarded all over London, and a cry went up for the blood of Barrett. Of course, it was discovered soon after, that it was a poor harmless lunatic who was charged with an "attempt" upon the life of the Prince. At the same time, rather shortly before, the daily press of Glasgow came out, one fine morning, with flaming headlines,

"DASTARDLY FENIAN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE GAS-WORKS."

In company with some other gentlemen I went out to investigate the "dastardly act." Arrived at the gas-works, sure enough, there was the fuse, whole yards of it that had burned itself out in the presence of crowds of people. But where was the powder or dynamite? Oh, that meant nothing. The rascals had, of course, changed their mind, and carried it off just in the nick of time to save their necks, and the city from darkness. After five hours' close, sharp investigation, and the use of a little "siller" distributed among some youngsters, we discovered the following facts: A collier's wife, who lived in the vicinity of the gas-works, in cleaning up her house gathered together a lot of odds and ends, and pitched the rubbish among a lot of hot ashes, the whole being consigned to the "midden-stead" in the yard, a receptacle common for the dirt and refuse of the tenements.

The Scotchwoman had picked up a "twist" of fuse used by her husband in blasting coal, and inadvertently dropped it among the hot ashes. Some children on their way to school through the "close," saw the burning string, and pulled it out. After dragging it across a couple of streets, the urchins abandoned their sport and made speedy heels for school, leaving the fizzing string to burn itself out at the gate of the gas-works.

It speaks volumes for the cruelty practised in Perth Penitentiary to find that poor McCabe was driven into lunacy for two years before death mercifully released him.

IN THE CHURCHES.

The day after I landed in Cork, I pointed to a grand old structure, and asked a little fellow who was passing, what was the name of the church?

"That isn't a church, sir," was the reply I received.

"And what is it?"

"It's a chapel, sir."

"Oh, I see! and what is the name of the chapel?"

"St. Patrick's Chapel. But there's a church just a little bit below, and to the left, sir."

"And the name of that church?"

"That's the Scotch church, sir."

It is passing strange that the majority of the Irish people, at least in Cork, Dublin, and Belfast. particularly in the latter, continue at this late day to perpetuate their serfdom, the serfdom of the penal days, and that, too, after the so-called "Church of Ireland" has been disestablished for over twenty years. There are thousands of Catholics in Ireland to-day, aye, many thousands, who would consider it an insult to their faith to be told that they had been to Church on a Sunday rather than that they had been to Chapel. It is about time this sort of thing ceased. The practice of calling a church a chapel uneducates the people. If the Irish newspapers took hold of this matter, and it is their duty and province to do so, and refuse to insert the word "chapel," where "church" should be used, in reports, etc., the people would soon come to discard the use of a word, which, however good in

itself, has a wrong signification, and is a perpetual reminder of a period in Irish history surrounded by the darkest memories, and the bloodiest epochs of the penal days.

As a rule, Irish-Americans in their churches, compared with their brethren in Ireland, have a stiff, starched, staid, mechanical sort of appearance, with almost a total absence of the Irish warmth of devotion.

In Cork city, in St. Patrick's Church on a Sunday morning at an early Mass, I saw not less than five hundred men and about two hundred boys receive Holy Communion. There was no mission going on; it was simply the first Sunday of the month. I never saw a sight like it in America, except during a mission, and even then I never beheld such beautiful manifestations of ardent faith and devotion.

In Dublin and Belfast, the same state of things prevails, and from all I can learn, also, throughout the whole of Ireland. Compare this with the condition of religion in this country some half century ago. From all we know of that period, the spirit of Jansenism was entering the Irish Church and stealthily squeezing out the religious life of the people.

In those days men were never encouraged to approach the Altar of God oftener than once a year: consequence, they seldom approached it at all.

At nearly all the Masses on week-days and Sundays in all parts of Ireland that I have witnessed, quite a majority of the women come to church with the eternal shawl thrown over the head and gathered tightly over the face; this, at least, in the winter time, and the practice prevails largely during the summer months also, only the shawls are of lighter material. Tastes will differ on this as on all things else; but I think I discover in the practice alluded to, a pretty strong tinge of the native modesty of the Irishwoman. Most Irishwomen are fairly beautiful, and poverty is no barrier to beauty, although continuous destitution is a barrier, indeed. The shawl when neatly thrown over the head gives the wearer some resemblance to the *Madonna!* This practice is invariably confined to the poor, the richer and better-off class of people considering the practice a stamp of poverty, and probably of ignorance.

The music in our Irish churches seems to go on without much change. Haydn's and Mozart's Masses together with Rossi's, Webb's and Weber's prevail, just as they did a quarter of a century ago. Organists and singers are of a high order.

THE GREAT AND GOOD BALFOUR.

I think it was the Hon. Artemas Ward who used to say that he didn't care if all his brothers-in-law and poor relations in the world went to the war. His patriotic desires were so ardent that he could even afford to see them killed rather than that his beloved country should lose the prestige of its greatness.

Four or five weeks ago, the great and good Balfour, the Chief Secretary of Ireland, insisted that there was no distress here worth speaking about; that the failure of the potato crop was a myth, and that the word "Famine" should not be used in connection with any part of

Ireland. Had not this man declared, as he travelled through Gweedore and Cloughaneely districts in the county Donegal by moonlight, that there was no distress there — except a few hundred evictions going on — and that the alleged distress from want of food in the north-western and western districts of Ireland was simply a cry got up by the Nationalists for political purposes. He was the man to be believed! He didn't care a *thraneen* if all the people of Ireland went to hell or Connaught, provided his beloved country, England, should not lose the prestige of its greatness by having it known to the world that "British Subjects" were dying of starvation. And if these same "British Subjects" did die for want of food, he could stand it as long as the same fate did not befall his own carcass. His "beloved country," England, — forgetful, apparently, that his forefathers sold their country and their king for a groat (eight cents) apiece, and thanked God they had a country to sell, — must not suffer if he could help it. And after all this vaporing, the same Balfour has been compelled to come out and eat his own words, and acknowledge the terrible fact that thousands of poor people in the west of Ireland, rendered poor, indeed, by the merciless misgovernment of his superiors, are dying of starvation, and the Chief Secretary now calls upon all good people who have money to spare, and some old clothing they cannot use, to send both money and clothes to the vice-regal Lodge, care of the Lord Lieutenant, to be distributed in the most careful and economical manner to the suffering poor. The laws and rules laid down for the distribution of charitable contributions does credit to the hard-heartedness of this man Balfour. He enters into the whole matter of cold calculation with the heart of the Jew in the Merchant of Venice. He tells us that out-door relief, except in cases of emergency, cannot legally be administered to persons holding more than "a quarter acre of land." Remember that the Balfours are always insisting that the people of Ireland are governed like those of any part of the United Kingdom. Now, it is a fact that in Scotland out-door relief is administered to all who require it, and it is often abused to the extent of encouraging bastardy. Thus, a woman in the town of Saltcoats, Ayrshire, used to make her appearance before the Board and put in her claim for four shillings per week, out-door relief, having an illegitimate child to support. Finding the practice a profitable one, a second child was soon forth-coming, to a father different from the first, and so on until there was a family of "puir wee bairnies," numbering four. But for the virtuous Irish, who have no illegitimate children, like those of Balfour's country-women, there is no out-door relief save in cases of emergency, and that means the approach of death although the cunning Scotchman does not really say so.

Any relief from America for the distressed people of the west of Ireland should certainly be placed in the hands of the Irish bishops, and in custody of the well-known *Soggarths* of the people.

Apropos of the Saltcoats recipient of out-door relief, and the means to obtain and increase it, it is worthy of note that the Protestant Bishop of Salisbury, England, has come out with a statement, rather remarkable, indeed, concerning the immorality of his people. The bishop declares, that, from his personal knowledge and long experience,

"in some parishes there was scarcely a pure marriage made in the whole course of the year." This is rather an astounding acknowledgment for an English bishop to make; but, at the same time, it is a perfectly natural outcome of the Protestantism of the country springing from Luther and the Eighth Harry of England. The Bishop of Salisbury receives about fifty thousand dollars a year; but the work he performs for that amount, according to his own confession, is barely compensatory.

EDUCATIONAL.

His Grace, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, delivered a powerful address a day or two ago on the "Model Schools" connected with the National Board of Education. The occasion was the opening of the session for 1891, of the Christian Brothers Schools, North Richmond street, Dublin. A very distinguished gathering was present, including the Lord Mayor. The Archbishop was severely caustic on the Catholic peers of Ireland, Catholic Privy Councillors, Catholic magistrates, Catholic deputy-lieutenants, and Catholic members of almost all the learned, as well as of the military and naval professions, who, in an address to the Queen during the Jubilee year, 1887, said: "We gratefully bear in mind that during your Majesty's long and glorious reign the last remnant of the penal laws has disappeared from the Statute Book." His Grace then proceeded to show that so far from this being the case, the Jesuits and Christian Brothers were still, in point of law, illegal societies, and that any bequests left to either could be flung aside as invalid. He also proceeded to show, that, if the Christian Brothers would only consent to put the crucifixes of their schools, and pictures of the Blessed Virgin into a cupboard and lock them up, the Board of Education would give them thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling. But, on the other hand, if the Christian Brothers locked up their sacred emblems, they would all feel ashamed of them. He further instanced the fact, that Catholic schools in England, in receipt of government educational grants, might decorate their schools as they did their churches, and did so decorate them. But what was good for the Catholics of England, would not be granted to the Catholics of Ireland. The attack of the Archbishop on those citadels of the National Education Board, the Model Schools, was equally severe. In 1870, a Royal Commission had recommended the abolition of the Model Schools by a majority of eleven to three. He further showed that the number of unmixed national schools, that is, where none but those of one religious persuasion were in attendance, had been constantly on the increase for the past twenty years. In 1867, the number of unmixed National Schools attended exclusively by Protestant children was one hundred and ninety-six, now the number is nine hundred and forty. In the same year the number of unmixed National Schools in Ulster was three hundred and eighty, now it is eleven hundred and ten. In the same year the number of children attending unmixed national schools was three hundred and eighty thousand, now five hundred and seventy-four thousand were in attendance at those schools, thus clearly showing that the line between Catholic and Protestant children in attendance at mixed schools had been clearly

drawn, and that the mixed school system first instituted by the Board of Education was now all but a myth. The grants for primary education in Ireland should, therefore, be divided, Catholics receiving their share per capita, same as other denominations.

Archbishop Walsh is a vigilant shepherd of the fold of Christ, and the good he is doing will not be measured in a generation.

I have purposely refrained from speaking on politics for the present. PETER MCCORRY.

Forty Notable Americans.

A PRECIPITOUS cliff, facing the sunrise and the sea, lifts its tall form in New Haven. Above the cliff is a plateau, extending back until it merges with the meadows and the woodlands. On this plateau is a park, the noblest in all Connecticut. Within the park, a short distance from the verge of the cliff, rises a military shaft commemorative of four wars.

The great epochs whose sacrifice and heroism have been thus perpetuated are the Revolution, the second war with England, the conflict with Mexico, and the Civil War. Within the span of these events is comprised a large portion of the national glory. This monument in the beautiful City of Elms, like all similar columns, appropriately typifies the triumphs of the American arms. But great as are these triumphs, there are others equally contributory to the republic's aureola. There are the triumphs of statesmanship, of jurisprudence, of science, letters, art, and the other attributes of peace, as contrasted with those of war.

The forty notable Americans referred to in the caption to this article have each contributed a brilliant chapter to the national renown. In peace as in war the greatest minds are frequently overlooked and their services quickly forgotten. Mediocrity too often usurps the place of merit, and men of meagre ability are idolized where truly noble souls are ignored. Not all great men are famous. The popular mind seems incapable of absorbing many heroes. A few are selected as accident or caprice may dictate, while a hundred others, it may be, fully as worthy, are forgotten. This forgetfulness is not intentional, but rather because of the absence of adequate exponents. It, therefore, becomes a pleasant task to rescue from comparative oblivion some of these distinguished names, and to give them that prominence they so deservedly merit. Such is the writer's present object. The forty notable Americans whose names are here adduced, represent every period of the republic's existence. Of Irish birth or ancestry, their Americanism has been absolute and unalloyed. Their deeds are basic and buttressal, upholding and strengthening the national life. Appended is the roll.

Hugh Brady, Soldier.
Joseph Brenan, Poet.
William Cassidy, Journalist.
John D. Conley, Scientist.
Patrick E. Conner, Soldier.
John M. Dooly, Lawyer.
Thomas W. Egan, Soldier.
William D. Gallagher, Journalist.
Edward Kavanagh, Statesman.
Peter Keenan, Soldier.

James E. Kelly, Sculptor.
James K. Kelly, Senator.
John Kelly, Antiquarian.
Dennis H. Mahan, Military Engineer.
Maurice Maloney, Soldier.
Henry C. Murphy, Lawyer.
John McL. Murphy, Military Engineer.
John F. Murphy, Landscape Painter.
William M. McCarty, Jurist.
Charles McDowell, Soldier.
John McKinly, Governor.
Stephen J. McGroarty, Soldier.
John McKeon, Lawyer.
Bernard McMahon, Horticulturist.
John Van L. McMahon, Lawyer.
James McQuade, Soldier.
Richard McSherry, Physician.
James Nagle, Soldier.
Fitz James O'Brien, Author.
John P. J. O'Brien, Soldier.
E. B. O'Callaghan, Historian.
William D. O'Connor, Author.
Daniel K. O'Donnell, Journalist.
Cornelius M. O'Leary, Educator.
John B. O'Neall, Jurist.
Patrick H. O'Rorke, Soldier.
Edward G. Ryan, Jurist.
Peter J. Sullivan, Soldier.
Michael Twomey, Geologist.
Michael Walsh, Diplomat.

A few lines regarding each of the foregoing may be of interest. Fifty years before the battle of Lexington, Concord, and Cambridge, a boy was born in Ireland named John McKinly. In his young manhood he studied medicine and subsequently came with one of the great waves of Irish immigration to these shores. He located in Wilmington, Del., and attained great eminence. He was one of the earliest patriots of that section, and became a leader among the advocates of American independence. He held many offices and, as a crowning act, was in 1777 elected governor of Delaware. He was extremely obnoxious to the tories. One night after the battle of Brandywine, a party of British troopers visited his home, made him a prisoner, and carried off his plate and jewels. He was taken to the enemy's camp but was soon released on parole. His death, some years later, was sincerely mourned and was made the occasion of many public demonstrations.

The chivalrous Hugh Brady led the Twenty-Second Infantry against the British, at the Battle of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Niagara, and in other engagements during the War of 1812. The Twenty-Second was one of the finest regiments of regulars in the army. Under the command of Colonel Brady, its furious bayonet charges upon the redcoats never failed to prove effectual. Brady entered the army in 1792, and from ensign was rapidly advanced to the rank of colonel. President Jefferson had a very high opinion of his military qualities and repeatedly commended him. Upon the close of hostilities with England, he was transferred from the Twenty-Second to the command of the Second. In 1822 he was brevetted brigadier-general, and in 1848 received the brevet of major-general. His father was an Irishman, though he himself was a native of Pennsylvania.

At Molino del Rey and Chapultepec.

Maurice Maloney, as brave a soldier as ever carried rifle or wielded sword, was born in Ireland eighty years ago. He came to America in youth, and spent his life in the service of his adopted country. When a force was detailed, during our war with Mexico, to assault Molino del Rey, Maurice Maloney led one division of the storming party. At the assault on Chapultepec he was also in the van and was badly wounded at the taking of the city of Mexico. He was promoted for gallantry thus displayed, and was praised in special orders read upon the field.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, he was commissioned colonel of the Thirteenth Wisconsin Infantry, and served gallantly throughout.

The famous Washington Artillery was organized by James Nagle. He went to the Mexican War with the corps, and rendered valiant service. He led his men to victory at Huamantla, Atlixco, Puebla, and other engagements, and participated in the triumphal entry of our army into the city of Mexico. At the close of that struggle, the people of Schuylkill, Pa., presented him a sword of honor. He was commissioned colonel at the outbreak of the Civil War, and organized the Sixth, Thirty-Ninth, Forty-Eighth, and One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania regiments. At the second battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade in the Ninth Army Corps. At Antietam, he carried the bridge with his brigade, and thus, according to McClellan, saved the day.

The University of Pennsylvania has graduated a long line of distinguished men. None, however, have reflected greater credit on the institution than Peter J. Sullivan. He was born near "the Bells of Shandon," in Cork, Ireland, in 1821, and at an early age came to the United States. He attained the rank of major in the Mexican War, and was afterward appointed official stenographer of the United States Senate. At the time of the Know-Nothing riots he was in command of a regiment, and did able service toward suppressing that disorder. He raised four regiments at his own personal expense during the Civil War. While in command of the Forty-Eighth Ohio, at the battle of Shiloh, he personally captured a flag from the enemy, and received three dangerous wounds. He served as judge of the Military Court of Claims during the closing period of the war, and was brevetted brigadier-general. President Johnson appointed him minister to the United States of Columbia. He died in 1887.

The Patriot Brothers, Charles and Joseph.

Joseph McDowell came from Ireland in 1730, and settled in Winchester, Va. Here his sons, Charles and Joseph, were born. Both of them espoused the patriot cause. Charles was placed in command of a district in North Carolina. When a British force invaded his territory, he attacked them with great vigor and, at Pacolet River, compelled the invaders to surrender. He also defeated the British in two other battles. His wife, Grace, was an ardent worker in the cause of liberty, and was one of the most famous women of the Revolution. She assisted in manufacturing powder for her husband's command, and tenderly nursed the wounded. Charles' brother, Joseph, held an important commission in the army, and after the war was elected to Congress. Charles and Joseph both died in Burke County, N. C.

When General Zachary Taylor called for troops to serve against Mexico, one of the first to respond with a regiment was William M. McCarty. He raised the Third Indiana, and was complimented for gallantry at the battle of Buena Vista. When the war closed he was elected to the Indiana Senate, where he became noted for his eloquence and practical ideas. Later in life, he was made judge of the Thirteenth Circuit. Mr. McCarty was a native of Indiana.

The name Murphy is a distinguished one in American history. In the list here given it will be noticed three of the name are mentioned. Henry C. Murphy, lawyer, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1810, and graduated from Columbia College. He became city attorney of Brooklyn, and was a proprietor of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. In 1842 he was elected mayor of Brooklyn, and was afterward sent to Congress for two terms. In 1852 his admirers desired to secure his nomination for the presidency of the United States, but he refused to be a candidate for the nomination. He was appointed minister to the Hague in 1857, and, upon his return, served six terms in the New York Senate. He founded the Long Island Historical Society. John McL. Murphy was another distinguished gentleman. He was a native of Westchester County, New York, and entered the navy as a midshipman. He was constructing engineer of the Brooklyn navy yard and, about 1860, was elected to the State Senate. Afterward he became colonel of engineers, serving with the Army of the Potomac. John F. Murphy, the landscape painter, was a native of Oswego, N. Y. He was elected to the National Academy and has been awarded many prizes.

Three Times Elected Speaker.

John Belton O'Neall, the distinguished jurist, was a native of South Carolina, and was born in 1793. His grandparents were Irish. He graduated from the South Carolina College and became a lawyer of much eminence. He was elected speaker of the House for three terms, became judge of the Court of Appeals, and was finally made chief justice. He also took a very active part in military affairs, and was commissioned major-general in the state troops.

Michael Twomey, a native of Cork, Ireland, was appointed state geologist of South Carolina, in 1844. Three years later he accepted the chair of mineralogy, geology, and agricultural chemistry in the University of Alabama. In 1848 he became state geologist of Alabama. Professor Twomey was a member of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the American Association for the advancement of science. He was the author of several extremely valuable works on scientific topics, and of many published reports. Professor Twomey died at Tuscaloosa, Ala., in 1857.

American medical annals contain no brighter name than that of Dr. Richard McSherry. He was a native of West Virginia, and was born in 1817. On his mother's side he was descended from Irish Catholic colonists of Maryland. Educated by the Jesuits at Georgetown, he graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. McSherry served in the medical corps, under Gen. Zachary Taylor, through the Seminole War, and was afterwards a surgeon in the navy. He was with Scott in Mexico and rendered distinguished service. Later, he became a professor in the University of Maryland, founded the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, wrote many able works, and was president of the state board of health. William D. Gallagher, journalist, was born in Philadelphia, in 1808. His father participated in the Irish rebellion of 1798. William was educated mainly in Cincinnati. He edited papers in that city and in Xenia and Columbus, O.

When Hon. Thomas Corwin became Secretary of the Treasury, Mr Gallagher accompanied him to Washington as a confidential adviser.

Michael Walsh was born in Youghal, Ireland, in 1810, and received his education in Baltimore, Md. He was elected to Congress from one of the New York districts, in 1853–5, and rendered notable service to his country and party. The national government sent him to Mexico and England on a secret mission, which proved eminently successful. He visited the camps of both armies in the Crimea, and, upon his return from Sebastopol to Constantinople, was entertained by United States Minister Spence.

Under the Flag They Loved so Well.

When the Seventh New York regiment went to the front in 1861, it numbered in its ranks the talented and chivalrous Fitz James O'Brien. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, and educated at Dublin University. His literary attainments were of a very high order. He wrote many poems of rare merit, and in 1856 published a volume entitled "The Ballads of Ireland." Coming to the United States, he became connected with the New York Times, and contributed to Harper's Magazine, the Atlantic Monthly, and other publications. He possessed much dramatic ability, and wrote a play for James W. Wallack. During the Civil War he received an appointment on the staff of General F. W. Lander. He was fatally wounded in battle, and died in April, 1862.

Dennis Hart Mahan stood at the head of the class which graduated from West Point in 1824. He had captured all the available honors, and flushed with pride as he received his commission in the corps of engineers. The war department sent him to Europe in 1826, on a special tour of observation. While in Paris he was hospitably entertained by La Fayette. Upon his return, he spent many years as professor of engineering at West Point, and finally became dean. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by three institutions: First by the College of William and Mary, then by Brown University, and finally by Dartmouth. He was a corporate member of the National Academy of Science, and brought out many works on military engineering and similar topics. His son, F. A. Mahan, also graduated from West Point.

John McKeon first took his seat in Congress, in 1835. Ten years later he was district attorney of New York county, and was afterward appointed United States District Attorney. He was a brilliant constitutional lawyer and was engaged in many cases of national importance. He successfully opposed the attempt to enlist men in this country for the British army in the Crimea, and was prominently identified with other cases of like nature. Mr. McKeon was a native of Albany, N. Y., a graduate of Columbia College, and served with credit in both branches of the legislature.

One of the Best Swordsmen.

The Second Artillery received, in 1836, an accession, in the person of a young lieutenant named John P. J. O'Brien. He had just graduated at West Point and was considered one of the best swordsmen in his class. His father, Richard O'Brien, was an officer in the

Revolution. His grandfather came from Ireland. John served with his regiment in the Florida war, participated in the occupation of Texas, and took part in the war with Mexico. He displayed great gallantry in the battle of Buena Vista, was severely wounded, and was promoted for meritorious services.

Of great American historians, Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan easily ranks among the greatest. He was born in Ireland in 1797. Admitted to the practice of medicine, he afterward entered the profession of journalism. For many years he edited the records of New York in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany. His works show the result of profound scholarship and conscientious labor, and make quite a library in themselves. Among these works may be mentioned a "History of New Netherlands;" "Documentary History of New York;" "Journals of the Legislative Councils of New York," and many others of like permanent value.

Jeremiah Sullivan was born in Virginia ninety-six years ago. He was educated at the College of William and Mary, admitted to the bar, and attained great eminence. In our second war with England he held a commission in the army, and did much toward chastising the cohorts of Britain. In 1816, he removed to Indiana, was elected to the legislature, and became one of the State Fund Commissioners. In 1837, he was made a justice of the Supreme Court. He had two sons: one, Algernon S., became a prominent lawyer, while the other, Jeremiah C., was a brigadier-general of volunteers.

On the Monmouth battle monument are five bas reliefs. They were executed by James E. Kelly, the famous sculptor. The subjects are: First, Washington Rallying the Troops. Second, Council of War at Hopewell. Third, Ramsay Defending the Guns. Fourth, Wayne's Charge. Fifth, Molly Pitcher. Mr. Kelly was born in New York in 1855, and, unlike most of those forming the subject of this article, is believed to be still living. He modelled the panel, "Schuyler Surrendering His Plans to Gates Before the Battle of Saratoga," for the monument in that city; made a statuette of "Sheridan's Ride"; produced a statue of "General Grant at Donelson," and numerous other works of note.

Chief Justice of Wisconsin.

Edward G. Ryan was made chief justice of Wisconsin in 1874, having previously filled many positions of trust and honor. Justice Ryan was born in classic Meath, Ireland, in 1810. From 1839 to 1841, he edited a paper in Chicago. Later, he removed to Wisconsin, and became one of the most powerful advocates before the bar of that state. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1846, and city attorney of Milwaukee, in 1870 – 2.

James K. Kelly, after graduating at Princeton College, in 1839, was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar, and subsequently went to Oregon. He was elected to the Assembly, and appointed a commissioner to codify the laws of the territory. He was a member of the Legislative Council and of the convention that framed the state constitution. As lieutenant-colonel of a mounted regiment, he served against the hostile

Indians. He was elected state senator, and in 1871–7 was chosen to the United States Senate.

William Cassidy was state librarian of New York in 1840–2, and was one of the most eminent bibliographers that this century has produced. He was a native of Albany. His grandparents were Irish. He studied law and journalism. In 1843, he became part owner of the Albany Atlas, which was three years later merged with the Argus. He was made editor of the new paper, which, under his management, became a power in state and national politics. His linguistic accomplishments were of a high order. His death in 1867 was lamented by men of all parties.

Edward Kavanagh was acting governor of Maine — his native state — in 1842 – 3. His father came from Wexford, Ireland, in the last century. Edward was born in 1795. He was educated at Georgetown College, studied law, and became a member of the Maine legislature in 1826 – 8, and again a dozen or fifteen years later. It was during the latter term that he was made acting governor. In 1830, he was secretary of the State Senate, and afterward its president. Elected to Congress, he served from 1831 to 1835, when he was sent as *charge d'affaires* to Portugal. He died in 1844.

Out of the Smoke of Battle.

At the head of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry rode Peter Keenan. It was during the battle of Chancellorsville. Upon arriving at a strategic point, he halted his command and awaited further orders. Presently, out of the smoke of battle, rode an aide-de-camp at full gallop. He bore an order to Keenan from General Pleasanton. The order directed him to charge with his regiment upon a force of Confederates, and keep them in check until the artillery could be brought up. The aide, after delivering the order, saluted and retired. Keenan turned to his regiment: "Forward," he hoarsely exclaimed; "Trot," soon rang out, and then came the "Charge." Down thundered the regiment upon the foe. The latter's advance was checked as Pleasanton had desired, but Keenan fell dead with hundreds of his men. Thus perished a gallant soldier, the son of Irish parents, whose career sheds additional lustre on the Celtic race.

Among the Americans wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, in the Mexican war, was Patrick E. Connor. He held the rank of captain in a Texas regiment, and fought at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and many other engagements. In 1861, he raised a regiment in California, and later was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers, and brevet major-general. Subsequently he led a force of two thousand cavalry against the hostile Sioux.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since William D. O'Connor was an associate editor of the Boston Commonwealth. He was a Bostonian by birth and of great intellectual merit. Like many another Boston journalist, he afterward left that city to accept a better position elsewhere. His talents and ambition soon made him editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, which paper under his administration took a front rank among Pennsylvania journals. In 1874 he was appointed

librarian of the treasury department in Washington. Thirty years ago he published in Boston a romance entitled "Harrington," which was widely read. In 1866 his "Hamlet's Note Book" attracted much attention. His production, "The Good Gray Poet," has also caused a wide range of comment, as have various contributions from his pen to periodical literature.

He Received Twenty-three Wounds.

Stephen J. McGroarty was brought from Ireland by his parents when he was but three years of age. The family settled in Cincinnati, O. Stephen was educated at St. Francis Xavier College, studied law, and practised chiefly in Toledo. He raised a company at the outbreak of the Civil War and was wounded in the right lung at Carnifee Ferry. When he recovered, he was commissioned colonel of the Fiftieth Ohio Infantry, and afterward commanded the Sixty-First until the close of the war. He was wounded twenty-three times. As a reward for his gallantry, he was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers. He died at College Hill, O., in 1870.

James McQuade led the Utica Citizens' Corps at the opening of the Civil War. In April, 1861, he was commissioned colonel of the Fourteenth New York. At the battle of Malvern Hill, so great was the number of casualties, Colonel McQuade assumed command of the brigade and held it for a year and a half, accomplishing much brilliant work. He went into the battle of Chancellorsville at its head, although seriously ill, and fell from his horse, owing to weakness. He was successively brevetted brigadier-general and major-general. After the war he held many civic offices, and in 1879, was department commander of the New York G. A. R.

John Kelly, the antiquarian, a native of Warner, N. H., was born in 1786. He graduated at Dartmouth, was admitted to the bar, and elected to the legislature. He also served as clerk of the House and was a state councillor in 1846. He edited the Exeter News-Letter for several years, and was the author of many articles on local history and genealogy.

John D. Conley, scientist, graduated at the New York State Normal School and at Hamilton College. He was a great authority on fossils, and became professor of chemistry and natural science in Blackburn University, Ill.

Joseph Brenan was a member of the Young Ireland party and came to this country in 1849. He edited the New Orleans Delta, and his poems are of positive merit.

John Van L. McMahon was one of Maryland's distinguished sons. He was a lawyer of great ability and served in the state legislature. In 1869, St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. He was an authority on the early history of Maryland.

Cornelius M. O'Leary, educator, has given us some excellent treatises on philosophical, scientific, and other topics. He graduated in medicine at the University of the City of New York, and subsequently

became professor of logic and metaphysics, and lecturer in physiology, at Manhattan College.

Traditions of the Georgia Bar.

John Mitchell Dooly, a native of Georgia, was born in 1772 and died in 1827. He was elected judge in 1816, and, whether on the bench or in private life, was noted for his ready wit and strong sense of humor. A biographer says of him that his wit and repartee "have supplied traditions for the bench and bar of Georgia for a half century."

Bernard McMahon was one of the earliest American horticulturists. Born in Ireland about 1775, he settled in Philadelphia and founded a botanic garden there as early as 1809. He was a man of advanced education and scientific attainments.

Daniel K. O'Donnell, journalist, was born in 1828 and died in 1871. He graduated at Girard College, edited a Philadelphia literary journal, and wrote many essays and poems. He became editor of the Philadelphia Press, and subsequently was correspondent with General Sherman's forces. He was assistant superintendent of education in Charleston, S. C., and afterward became connected with the New York Tribune. One of the best of his poems is entitled, "The Song of Iron and The Song of Slaves."

Thomas W. Egan, of the Fortieth New York, became colonel of the regiment in 1862, and participated in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac. He commanded a brigade and was wounded before Petersburg. At the battle of Boydton Plank-Road, he was in command of an entire division, and was brevetted major-general. Later, he commanded a division in the Army of the Shenandoah.

In conclusion, the writer must pay a deserved tribute to Patrick Henry O'Rorke, a born leader of men; a soldier whose gallantry at Gettysburg saved the battle to the Union forces. O'Rorke was brought from Ireland when he was but one year old. In the course of time he entered West Point and graduated, in 1861, at the head of his class. He was immediately assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Daniel Tyler, and had a horse killed under him at the battle of Bull Run. He was afterward on the staff of General Sherman, and was one of the officers appointed to receive the surrender of Fort Pulaski. In September, 1862, he was commissioned colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, one of the bravest regiments in the Army of the Potomac. He was subsequently placed in command of a brigade, and was at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At the battle of Gettysburg he was put in charge of the eminence known as Little Round Top, with instructions to hold it at all hazards. He did so in the face of ferocious and repeated onslaughts of the Confederates. In one desperate charge, he caught up the colors to urge his men onward, and as the latter nobly responded, he was struck by a bullet from the enemy and fell dead. Thus perished the gallant O'Rorke, not yet thirty years of age, the idol of his men, the soul of chivalry. A purer, nobler life was never sacrificed on the altar of Liberty.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

Patrick J. Meehan,

THE NESTOR OF IRISH-AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

If the history of New York journalism could be compiled what a volume it would make! what illustrious Irish names it would embrace! General Halpine, Thomas F. Meagher, John Mitchell, John Devoy, John Boyle O'Reilly, John Breslin, P. J. Meehan, Thomas Clark Luby, and a score of others equally prominent in literature have, at one time or other, wielded the sceptre of power on one or more of our metropolitan dailies, and achieved reputations second to none in the republic of letters.

Conspicuous among this noted group stands Mr. Patrick J. Meehan, the Nestor of Irish-American journalism. Mr. Meehan needs no introduction to the readers of Donahoe's Magazine. For more than forty years the press has wafted his influence into the hearts and homes of men, from the rugged pine lands of Maine to the golden sands of the Pacific Ocean, and given to him a standing and possessions as a journalist which place him in the foremost rank among his contemporaries.

Mr. Meehan is a native of the city of Limerick. where he was born fifty-nine years ago. He had and well improved such advantages for early education as were, during the period of his youth, afforded by the old-time classical schools for which Munster was then famous. His father died while he was quite young, and his mother was married a second time to the late Patrick Lynch, the founder and first editor of the Irish-American. Mr. Meehan was a school-boy in his native Limerick, when the gloom and disaster of the '48 movement, the disruption of the young Ireland Party, and the death of O'Connell forced Mr. Lynch and many other leaders, who had been prominent in the political movement of that era, to leave Ireland. Accompanied by Mr. Meehan, Mr. Lynch and his family sailed for America and settled in New York, where after a few months' connection with the daily press, he established the Irish-American, the first number appearing on Aug. 12, 1849. Later, when it seemed that the gift the fairies gave him was that of the pen, young Meehan joined the staff of the Scientific American, where he remained but a short time, leaving it to become associate editor of the Irish-American, which paper had then grown rapidly in influence and circulation. The Irish in New York had but few friends at that time, and with but few exceptions, they were silent in the great issues, and idle in the vast work of this republic. The Irish-American at once became their decided, out-spoken, and active friend; it was their voice and prophet, and its editor acted his convictions with a zeal worthy of a crusader. In storm or sunshine, the paper was thoroughly anchored to its principles, and its controlling spirit never tired or fainted by the wayside. On the death of Mr. Lynch, in 1857, Mr. Meehan succeeded to the proprietorship and editorship of the Irish-American, a position which he still holds with marked

fidelity and success. Anti-slavery was part and parcel of Mr. Meehan's religion, and never did he take off his mailed glove, until the last shackle dropped from the last slave when the civil war broke out. and the liberties of this country were at stake. He became the unwavering friend and advocate of the Union, and no man did more than he in enrolling the magnificent regiments of Irish soldiers, who so gallantly conducted themselves during the subsequent disastrous campaigns. That was a time when every man had an influence for good or evil — a time when Mr. Meehan and the Irish-American became prominent factors in the posting of the eternal ledger.

The year 1865 dawned upon a troubled, troubled day in Irish politics. The Fenian organization in America had been divided, John O'Mahony had been deposed by the Fenian Senate, and William R. Roberts, of New York, elected to fill his place. Mr. Meehan was then a member of the Fenian Senate, and in July of that year, he, with P. W. Dunne, of Illinois, was sent to Ireland to investigate the condition of affairs there. He narrowly escaped arrest on the other side, and on his return to the United States in September of the same year, his report to the Philadelphia convention, and the follies of the men by whom John O'Mahony had surrounded himself in the Moffatt Mansion, was followed by dissensions which split the great Fenian organization into two sections, the followers of O'Mahony, and those who sided with Mr. Roberts. Mr. Meehan, heartily disgusted with the procrastination of O'Mahony, his unredeemed pledges, together with his despotic tendency to override the opinions of others, identified himself with the Roberts' faction, gave almost his whole time to its business, and filled the most responsible positions of trust. The Fenian movement had its "patriots for revenue only" just as the Clan-na-Gael has to-day. Discussion they denounced, and remonstrance they would not tolerate. They nailed their ensanguined flag to the mast-head, and blushed not for crimes committed by their dupes, that must forever sully the national escutcheon of our native land. The feud between the rival sections grew more bitter every day. O'Mahony held the dupes together by his promise that he would, ere the end of 1866, be on Irish soil, fighting for Ireland's independence. The more sincere of his followers were filled with enthusiasm at this avowal; but so glaringly impossible did it seem to those who had a full knowledge of the resources at his command, that many of them retired from the movement in disgust.

It was a disedifying spectacle. Irishmen were now arrayed in two separate and hostile factions ferociously desirous of being locked in a death grapple. No longer did England trouble herself over the machinations of the men who had banded themselves together to redeem, regenerate, and disenthrall their race and their country. Their energies were now bent on each other's destruction; their rage was concentrated not on the common enemy, but they threw themselves precipitately at each other's throats and threatened to outdo the Kilkenny cats in tearing themselves to pieces. The scheming rogues, who were bent on capturing the frail craft of Irish hopes and looting the cargo, did not want an honest man like Mr. Meehan to occupy the

position of trust which he then filled. He was not a man to be used as a tool by these selfish and mercenary politicians. An out and out Irishman like him from the stand-point of this coterie was to be regarded with suspicion if not aversion. He was under a ban as it were. It was "traitor" on one side; "murderer" on the other. Foul, dishonoring words. Alas! poor Ireland, thy history is but a repetition of such strife and folly. It is a terrible stigma to be regarded as a traitor. It is an awful crime to be guilty of the spilling of a brother's blood. Traitor! murderer! What a conjunction of horrors! At the mere mention of these names, the heart turns away sickened. The traitor befouls the air he breathes; contaminates the cause he falsely espouses, and is a reproach to the Deity in whose image and likeness he is formed.

"Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave and blasts them in their hour of might."

A traitor pollutes the earth he treads upon, and contagion and death lurk in his shadow. He is a human vampire that lulls his unsuspecting victim to repose while he sucks the vital current of his life; a viper that should be trodden upon, a ghoul that battens on dead men's bones; a moral monstrosity; a fiend incarnate, and a plague spot on earth. Such is the traitor and informer in all ages and all lands. Of him it may be said:

"'Tis weakness to upbraid thee,
Hate cannot wish thee worse than guilt and shame have made thee."'

And the murderer: shut out the guilty apparition from our view; he is accursed of God and man. His polluted presence encumbers the earth. Take him away else our vision be blighted by the sight. The accursed thing is foul and unclean. His hands smell of his brother's blood. He is a butcher in human flesh. He reeks with the odor of the shambles. Upon his guilty, blood-stained brow is traced the brand of Cain. Henceforth he is an Ishmael. What a remorse must be his! Does he sleep and dream? What appalling visions must be burned into his soul! A murderous remorse follows him past the portals of the tomb and beyond the Judgment Seat. Let him live on — God's unerring finger is pointed at him and a Nemesis is on his track. The murderer cannot escape his doom in this world or the next.

Seeing that this system of vilification and lying had no effect upon the minds of those who knew and loved Mr. Meehan, the "murder trust" sought to add physical assassination to their unhallowed record. On the night of Feb. 28, 1870, as Mr. Meehan was leaving the Fenian headquarters in West Fourth street, a man named James Keenan, who Mr. Meehan had more than once befriended, but who then sided with his opponents and was a sort of John J. Maroney in a small way, came up behind him and in the most cowardly manner shot the editor of the Irish-American in the neck, the bullet entering just behind the right ear where it has since remained. This disreputable and tragic event sounded the death knell of the organization. The gulf that had been thus dug divided the two sections wider than ever, and formed an impassable barrier over which there seemed no hope of their ever shak-

ing hands across the bloody chasm. Edmund Burke said of the Irish Penal laws that they were contrived to debase and dishonor the Irish race, with an ingenuity of invention and a malignity of cunning that well might put to shame the fiends of hell. But not all the penal laws that have been enacted from Bloody Bess to Bloody Balfour have been so powerful to debase, divide, and lower us in the estimation of mankind as the attempted murder of Mr. Meehan and the recent assassination of the patriot and hero, the immortal Dr. Cronin. Like the course of a tornado the murderer's path in each case was strewn with the debris of human passion, blood-thirstiness, contention, and all the fierce emotions of man's depraved nature. Both were as a sword at the throat of Ireland — acts of wanton depravity at which the world grew pale. Well might the patriot and philosopher exclaim in the words of Madam Roland, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Not until the corrupt practices that prevail in primaries and ward politics had been adopted to Irish national affairs had the cause become debauched. Politics and patriotism are seldom synonymous terms. Patriotism is the abnegation of self-interest; a politician is ever a self-seeker, and politics is a mercenary pursuit. I speak now of the trading politician, a type well known to all my readers. There are honorable, high-souled men in political life, but I fear they are in the minority.

A politician may be a good citizen: he is seldom a disinterested one. His experience and schooling disqualify him for those higher aims in life, where men's souls are glorified with plans for the betterment of mankind. The politician is the Shylock; the patriot, the Portia of the state; the one exacts his pound of flesh, the other is a philanthropist and benefactor of the oppressed.

A patriot-politician is as great an anomaly as the centaur which is half man and half beast. He does not exist, and nature has not yet made the mould in which he shall be cast. A patriot would not sell his country; a trading politician is saddened because he has not a country to sell. Like the mule, he has no pride of ancestry, or hope of national posterity. The politician may be a good fellow, but politics is his trade and patriotism his profession. Time was when the test of an Irishman from the standard of Fenianism, Clan-na-Gaelism and other Irishisms, resolved itself into the time-honored Jeffersonian formula: "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to his constituents?" but with a man possessing such qualifications as these at the head of an Irish organization, of late years, the occupations of "professional" patriots would, like Othello's, be gone. If I am not stark mad, my judgment is that Ireland has fallen upon evil times; she is being slaughtered in the house of her friends; will some kind friend arise and explain what sort of history is this we are making? How, and in what manner, has the cause of Ireland been served by this series of fratricidal murders, which have been committed in our midst, murders characterized by cowardice unworthy of an African pigmy, which have brought nothing but dishonor and disgrace upon the good

name and fair fame of Irishmen the world over. Call the roll! Thomas D'Arcy McGee was murdered from behind, while unlocking the door of his residence. Mr. Meehan was shot from behind, while on his way to the horse-cars, and it was from behind that the martyred Dr. Cronin received the fatal blow that launched him into eternity. The discussion of this question here is to show the great danger which besets the path of an honest Irishman, within the ramparts of secret societies, the greater part of which are nowadays controlled by demagogues, who care little or nothing for Ireland, except for what it brings them in the way of sinecures, or political preferment. To them, the cause of Ireland becomes an object of all manner of blood-sucking schemes, commercial and benevolent. The watch-dog of the treasury, if he be an honest man, has a hard time of it. His path in life is a thorny one, and woe to him if he yields to the importunities, with which he is beset on every hand, to advance Irish funds to go into this thing and that thing and a lot of others. He is facing a crisis pregnant with disaster, and fatal to his future peace of mind, for the result, in such cases, is that the tide turns and leaves him high and dry. It is here, though, that the popular favor gained by past honesty, benevolence, and charming fellowship may serve to keep him afloat in spite of all his traducers. This was particularly true in Mr. Meehan's case. Content with the applause of his own conscience, and conscious of the rectitude of his position, he bore the attacks made upon his person and character with surprising patience and dignity, and glided out into the sunshine of public life again with peace on his brow and good-will in his heart. Even when justice, tardy as it was, had been done him, when the men who had reviled and insulted him publicly acknowledged their error, Mr. Meehan was no less thoughtful and dignified, thus fortifying himself more strongly than ever in the affections and resultant confidence of the faithful friends who were true to him. It is not easy to estimate the good that proceeds from the example which such men as P. J. Meehan are to their fellows the world over. Without the ballast and patriotism of such men, the Irish cause in this country would long. ago have hopelessly stranded upon the rocks of dissension.

Mr. Meehan has been drawn by natural affinity into every important movement instituted in America for the welfare and independence of Ireland. At the inception of the Land League movement, he became its most ardent supporter. The Irish-American spread like wildfire throughout the country, and not only wrought out its share of the success of that movement, but made itself a veritable benefactor as a promoter of the educational and benevolent societies, and other elevating agencies of public benefaction. It is entirely certain, too, that the rapid strides now being made both here and in Ireland for the preservation of the Irish language, are wholly due to the sense and patriotism of that class of which Mr. Meehan is a conspicuous example. No man living dislikes personal conflicts and dissensions more than Mr. Meehan, and this was one of the chief causes which prompted him to bear with equanimity the slanders which

had been heaped upon him by men whose nefarious designs he exposed, and for this devotion to principle, the Irishmen of to-day need not fear to emulate his example.

It is difficult to disassociate Mr. Meehan from the Irish-American, for, as an intimate friend of his recently said to me, "Mr. Meehan is the Irish-American, and the Irish-American is Mr. Meehan." As a writer, his style, while upon occasions keenly incisive, is rarely with the purpose of mere wanton incision — no cruel thrusts driven home for the sole sake of making the victim writhe. But he can tell the truth, so that none of its native force gets lost in the telling, nor leaves a sting behind. He has a felicitous manner of interesting his readers, to which may be added an exhaustless fund of anecdote and personal reminiscences, which render his articles decidedly entertaining as well as instructive. He has absolutely no respect for anything but truth. His manner of commenting on or explaining any problem is clean cut, forcible, and interesting. Hence, the Irish-American is recognized as distinctively the organ of the better element of Irishmen, as it has proved one worthy of their utmost confidence. Its views on religious and political questions are, from the most rational stand-point, characterized by great breadth and liberality. The fact that at the age of fifty-nine years, Mr. Meehan enjoys perfect health, domestic happiness, the esteem of his fellows, wide influence, and is able to actively supervise the large business of the Irish-American, besides looking after numerous other interests and doing it all as well and thoroughly as ever, is a most gratifying reflection. In his face are blended shrewdness and kindness, firmness and gentleness, modesty and intelligence. He is a good and fluent speaker, talks little of himself, and much of matters which have to do with the moral and economic welfare of Ireland and the land of his adoption. In his office, notwithstanding the multifarious demands upon his time and attention, Mr. Meehan has always time and the disposition to give pleasant audiences to whoever may call. In that way, he is a natural diplomat, with a good heart and habitual consideration for the feelings of others.

I intimated above that Mr. Meehan is not an idle man. Like the late Emperor William, he has not time even to be tired. The succession of books and essays from his pen in which, during the last forty years, Mr. Meehan has indicated his claim to profound and elegant scholarship, and displayed his versatile tastes and many-sided sympathies, is by no means a short one, and on every subject he has written with the absolute fearlessness of an intellectual athlete. Besides his journalistic work, he has compiled for years the Irish-American almanac, a valuable yearly publication which has a large sale in this country, and has edited and prepared for the press a number of volumes of the Irish-American Library, notably Father Burke's sermons and lectures, and the replies which the eloquent Dominican and John Mitchell made to Froude's sophistries. He has also published a number of Gallic class books, and has given much of his time and influence to the resuscitation of the Irish language. Mr. Meehan has a home in Jersey City in which are embodied considerations of comfort and taste, other than

extravagant elegance or glitter. Here he has resided for the past twenty-five years, and here, as in all other departments of his life and pursuits, the admirable equipoise of the man's character asserts itself. He is a devoted friend, a hospitable and generous-hearted gentleman, notably steadfast in his personal attachments, and in courtesy, culture, integrity, and those qualities which are the inheritance of nature's nobleman, he is the peer of any man I've ever met. Never demonstrative to a marked degree, Mr. Meehan is of a decidedly social turn, and enjoys life flavored with a dash of fun. He crowns these qualities with a knowledge of contemporaneous Irish history, that is, perhaps, unexcelled. It is safe to say that no other journalist in the United States has so thoroughly identified himself with resistance to the abuse of the aristocratic proprietorship in land, which in Ireland has reduced a large class of the peasantry to the condition of outcasts on their native soil. Scholarship like this that does not forget that it is itself but one of the incidents and implements of life, and that its proudest pretensions are the services which it may render the lowliest humanity, cannot have too wide a renown.

When the battle of life shall end, and the last roll call sound, a man from the noble army of Irish journalists, smiling and serene, will answer to the name of P. J. Meehan. JOSEPH W. GAVAN.

The Kilkenny Cats.

I HOPE the frequency with which we hear of the "Kilkenny Cats" nowadays will form a sufficient excuse for my occupying any of your valuable space, in order that it may explain the meaning of the phrase.

In 1803 occurred the attempt of Emmet to liberate Ireland from the thraldom of England. 1798 had been the year of Pitt's rebellion. Ireland was then garrisoned by foreign mercenaries, and among those mercenary regiments was the German Hessian. These Hessians garrisoned the city of Kilkenny, and to amuse themselves "humanely," when not shooting or plundering the "Rebel Irish," were accustomed to tie two cats together by their tails and then throw them across a rope. Reader, you know the consequence even with milder brutes than cats.

The officers of the regiment meanwhile "got wind" of the so-called amusement and determined to put a stop to it. They set one of their party to watch. The troopers did likewise, but the officer managed to steal a march on their sentinel. To prevent themselves being caught, one of the troopers drew his sword and severed the tails of the unfortunate cats, which escaped at once through the window. Of course the reeking tails remained, which the trooper stammered was all that was left of the source of their brutal enjoyment. This is the explanation of the Kilkenny cats fighting until nothing was left but their tails. Now, candid reader, who deserves to have this reproach fastened on them? The German Hessians or the Kilkenny Irish?

BASIL DHU, in The Leader.

The Profession of Arms.

THOUGH a few Christians existed in Britain during the Roman occupation, the Church had no firm footing there till the time of King Lucius, who, just seventeen hundred years ago, sent Faganus and Damianus from Avalon to Rome that they might receive episcopal consecration and found the first British hierarchy. The conversion of Lucius was wrought by the news of a singular miracle that had happened far away in the wilds of Bohemia. There the Roman Legion, composed of Christian soldiers, ever afterwards called "Fulminans," had, at their leader's command, knelt down during a severe drought and prayed to God, who sent not only rain to refresh their army, but lightning and hail to rout its enemies. This little bit of history must serve as an introduction to some few remarks the writer has long wished to make regarding the good qualities of Christian soldiers. He hopes that none of his readers are of the same mind with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "who wishes the people of England to boycott the army, to let any one going into it be looked upon as if he were going into the Stock Exchange, or going to keep a pawnbroker's shop."

One might suppose, indeed, that, in the eyes of Catholics, the number of martyrs and saints who have been soldiers should in itself be sufficient apology for the military career. A rapid glance at the Church's calendar brings before us St. Maurice and the great Theban Legion, six thousand strong, who died for their faith near the lake of Geneva; St. George, the type of Christian fortitude, who rebuked the persecuting Diocletian (patron of England, Russia, and Genoa); St. Sebastian, whose beautiful life we read in Fabiola; St. Theodore, who burned the temple of Isis, and was ready to be chopped in pieces for Christ's sake; the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, frozen to death on the ice near the warm baths prepared in event of their apostacy; St. Martin, who divided his cloak with the beggar, and to whom four thousand churches are dedicated in France alone; St. Germanus, who extirpated the Pelagian heresy in England, and routed the Picts and Scots to the cry of Alleluia; St. Dositheus, who left his luxury for monastic penance; Anastasius, the martyr, who asked leave to hear once more the Christian Office and go to his death unbound; St. Gualbert, the founder of Vallombrosa; St. Osmund, Knight of William the Conqueror, and afterwards bishop of Salisbury; St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the militia called by Christ's name, the glory of which makes up for the shame of the Reformation; St. Camillus, the reckless gambler who became St. Philip's penitent, and founded the Community of the Servants of the Sick in Hospitals; St. Jerome Emiliani, the friend of orphan children, who obtained what he wanted through the prayers of innocents under eight years of age; St. John of God, who harbored the harborless, and died from rescuing a drowning boy; St. Cæsar de Bus, who began his penitence by carrying decked with his plumed hat and rapier a candle after the Blessed Sacrament.

These are only some of the saints furnished by the army, but how

many noble Catholic characters has not each of us known who have been soldiers! Of those dead in our time we might mention the Oratorian Father, whose death suggested the "Dream of Gerontius," and Colonel Vaughan, whose children are the ornaments and pride of our Church; but such instances are hardly needed; the holiest of Catholics, like our late Bishop Grant, have had the greatest friendship with soldiers; an old monk confessed to the writer the other day that he would go any distance to visit a camp; the soldier is only less than the priest, the salt of society; the army is the only hope of Catholic France, and a cavalry officer her most able advocate in the Press.

How comes it that a profession which seems to some that of a licensed butcher is deemed by most Christians one of the best and noblest? Let us attempt to discover. The first quality that strikes us in a soldier is his simplicity; soldiering comes natural to a boy: swords, guns, and flags are his favorite playthings, and the boy's adhering to his childish fancy till he becomes a man is a sign that he still remains innocent in a measure, and confident in the impulses of his heart. Other features in a soldier's character are patience and loyal obedience; as a young man he has much to learn, and must obey promptly, cheerfully, and exactly; he has long to serve in subordinate positions. He has to learn to practise and value order in all things, and the love of order grows as he advances in age. The Centurion whose servant was sick knew instinctively the cogency of the plea on which he appealed to the Divine Founder of a new religion doing His Father's business on earth: "For I also am a man subject to authority, having under me soldiers: and I say to one, go, and he goeth: and to another, come, and he cometh: and to my servant, do this, and he doth it." Again, as regards courage; what virtue leads more quickly to the highest perfection than this soldierly attribute? what large portions of the lives of some Christians are wasted "letting I dare not wait upon I would?" what long solicitations of divine grace are required before some of us will bear the pain or risk the sacrifice which is needed before we are to make any progress in virtue? As Carlyle says: "The first duty of a man is still that of subduing fear; we must get rid of fear, we cannot act at all till then." The keystone of Colonel Vaughan's life in England and in the Crimea, as was remarked by Bishop Hedley in his funeral sermon, was bravery. "He never knew what fear was of any other thing but God." Another mark of the modern soldier is chivalry, that wonderful, inexplicable grace which makes the minister of death and destruction tenderly sensitive to the sufferings of the weak and the wronged. Yet perhaps the most precious of all soldierly virtues is disinterestedness. The sins of a man's youth leave him as he grows older; ambition seldom survives middle age; but there is one evil propensity, the root of all evil, mightier in our day than ever it has been, which clings to its victim even in old age, and hunts him into the open door of hell: we mean avarice, "the old gentlemanly vice," as Byron calls it. To this vice the military career offers no temptations whatever — the soldier can say, as Field Marshal Benedek said in his will lately; "I have never known how to make money, and wonder how others can save it."

If we reflect upon the great worth of a character which combines the simplicity, patience, loyal obedience, courage, chivalry, and disinterestedness to which we have briefly adverted, we must recognize in the army one of the noblest careers in modern society; and we cannot be surprised that when to a soldier comes a call, such as was addressed by St. Francis of Assisi to Angelo Tancrede, to transfer his allegiance from a worldly to a Divine Master, the brave warrior often soon becomes a hero of sanctity. "Angelo," said St. Francis, "you have worn long enough your military equipments; it is time you should have a cowl instead of a belt, the Cross of Christ instead of a sword, the mud of the roads instead of spurs. Follow me and I will make you a soldier of Christ;" and none of his children were dearer to their master than that good knight. There are others, and they are very numerous, who leave the army after some years, and undertake the care of their estates, or even enter some professional or commercial career; in such cases they find themselves well trained for their new duties by the habits of government and self-government they have acquired, and are singularly favored and trusted by those around them. It is a pity, however, that the honored names of retired officers should sometimes head the list of directors of very dubious limited liability companies.

Lift up Thy Voice.

SHOULD woe its sable pall unfold o'er thee,
And plunge thy hour of "test" in dread,
Lift up thy voice, thy God still lives, and see
His guarding light is o'er thee spread.
Nor will it falter, though thy perverse heart
Narrow into mere selfish space,
When, blind, thou fain would play the Judas-part,
And "traitor" on thy life sands trace.

Aye, lift up thy voice, and sing the song of Hope.
Give ear, sad soul, the rock to rushing waters prayer can woo;
"*Whatso'er ye ask the Father in my Name that I will do;*"
What power on earth can with this sceptre cope?
Thus, if thou will despond, the fault is all thine own,
E'en though thy spirit break, and faith send out its moan,
And Hope, lie prone, a cruel phantom loss,
And "*et tu, Brute,*" scroll thy Friendship cross:

E'en so, lift up thy voice, petition send,
So, wrestling in its cry for grace,
So fixed on Mary's tearful face,
Redundant light will all thy darkness end,
And Faith will come, and thorns will blossoms wear,
If thou, poor soul, the pang and forfeit *dare;*
And though the direst cross should stand revealed,
Shrink not, therein a blessing lies concealed.

SEPPERLE.

An Ancient Irish Poet.

IRELAND so rich in gifted men and erudite scholars may reckon among her illustrious sons the subject of the present paper.

Though neither the exact place nor date of his birth can be determined, "it is certain that Caelius Sedulius was an Irishman." On this point nearly all the writers whose opinion is worth reading agree, and the intrinsic evidences of his writings go far to confirm their testimony. Of the nine distinguished men who, according to the Venerable Colgan, bore this name the author of the Carmen Paschale has, undoubtedly, the widest reputation. Yet strange to say that this erudite and gifted writer so admired during the early ages of the Church, and recommended to the Christian schools by one of the Supreme Pontiffs, is less known in the land of his birth and boyhood than in any other part of Europe. Like many another gifted son of the Holy Isle, his nationality has been absorbed by his Catholicity, and his fame has long since become the property of the Universal Church to whose service he dedicated all the faculties of a great mind. The Church, always grateful for every service rendered, has faithfully preserved his memory and his name.

The name which in its Irish form was pronounced *Siadhul* signifies a man of learning, one belonging to one of the learned professions. In the Irish language, S before I has the same sound as sh in English; the H is always an aspirate letter so that the D in Siadhul being thus aspirated is almost silent, making the proper pronunciation of this name Shiul or Shiel.

Men, in many countries, originally took their cognomen from the particular craft or calling to which they belonged, not their trade or profession from their names.

The clan Scadhul or Shiel, so numerous and respected in Antrim and West Meath, is said to have derived its name from the profession of medicine, to which that family was appointed in the reign of Cormac Mac Art. Later on in the history of Ireland, we find this intellectual family remarkable for proficiency in poetry, rhetoric, and eloquence, sacred and profane; so, in reality, it was entitled to a surname indicative of the mind qualities possessed, and in every age from that remote period to our own time, there have been found members of this self-same family to sustain the high reputation of their progenitors for piety, learning, and eloquence.

It is more than probable that the subject of this sketch after he left his own country to travel abroad in search of philosophy was called Gael Siadhul — the *learned* Irishman. This might easily and naturally enough be transformed into the present Latinized appellation, by changing the initial G into C, and adding to both the prænomen and cognomen the Latin termination *ius*. Whether this slight change of name took place in Ireland, or on the continent of Europe, it is certain that the name Siadhul in Ireland was invariably Latinized Sedulius whenever the bearer was dedicated to the service of God in the

Church. This change of name on receiving Holy Orders was not peculiar to this family, but common to a large number of the Ecclesiastics of that time, and, in the monastic orders, the custom still obtains. Saint Fredolin, the son of an Irish king, who propagated the gospel in Burgundy and parts of Switzerland was Latinized *Fredolinus*, and is known under this form in the records of the early Christian Missions. Still a greater change was made in the name of St. Feargal, or O'Farrell. This renowned missionary, who became a bishop in Bavaria, is best known by the name of Virgilius. He was the most learned man of his age and the intimate friend of Pepin and Pope Zachary. So we see that it was not unusual, but, in fact, quite the usage of those days to clothe Irish names in the language of the Church. Yet there always remained traces of their ancient Irish origin.

According to most accounts Sedulius left his native land before the advent of St. Patrick. He was, in all probability, one of those Christian scholars, who, in search of secular learning and a larger knowledge of the gospel, reached Italy about the time St. Patrick was preparing to set out for the scene of his Apostolic labors. We are informed, on respectable authority, that Palladius, the predecessor of St. Patrick, was sent "ad scotos in Christo credentes," to the Irish believing in Christ. Palladius, having failed in his mission to Ireland, died on his way back to Rome, and it was only when the news of his death reached the Holy See, that St. Patrick received Episcopal consecration. In company with the returning missionary were some "Christian Pilgrims from Erin." Among these only St. Kiaran is mentioned. By the advice of St. Patrick *he* returned to Ireland immediately; and afterwards was made the first bishop of Ossory. The others then, of lesser note, scattered throughout Italy. If the subject of the present paper was among this band, which is not at all unlikely, he devoted himself to the study of the classic authors, as about three years later, in 435, we find the brilliant talents of the young Irishman attracting the notice of Theodosius the Second, who, though a poor ruler, was himself a good scholar, and a great patron of learning.

Sedulius, who was well versed in the language and literature of his native land, acquired great proficiency in Greek and Latin. Soon after coming to the notice of Theodosius he composed a work which he dedicated to the Emperor. This obtained for him a standing among the learned men of the empire; but, desirous of gaining more knowledge, he journeyed into Greece where, charmed by the simple piety and erudition of Macedonius the Abbot, he joined the company of that holy man, and having completed his theological studies, he received Holy Orders. Under the direction of Macedonius, Sedulius delivered lectures on poetry and rhetoric, and preached to the faithful of Christ with unction and eloquence. Here, in the shadow of the historic Arcadian cliffs, while leading the life of a religious and teacher, it is supposed he wrote his best known work — Carmen Paschale. This is the principal work of the great poet, orator, and divine.

The copy before me is divided into five books. The first book

treats of the most remarkable events contained in the Old Testament, while the four others set forth in glowing verse the Incarnation, life and miracles of Christ who is considered the true *Pasch.*

Thus the poem derives its name. It is dedicated "to his beloved father in Christ, the holy priest, Macedonius."

At the instance of the latter, he wrote a prose copy of this work which, in contradistinction to the poem is called the *Opus Paschale.*

This work has been frequently published, and is also contained in the *Corpus Pœtarum Latinorum*, *Opera Christiana*, and *Bibliotheca Patrum Maxima.*

From this renowned author two of the very best hymns in the Roman Breviary have been selected. The one which is read in the Lauds for the feast of Christmas, as the reader will observe below is, abecedarian in its construction, the first line beginning with A and every succeeding stanza with the next letter in alphabetical order.

HYMNUS.

Ab Auctore Sedulio.

A solis ortus cardine
Ad usque terræ limitem
Christum canamus Principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.

Beatus Auctor sæculi
Servile corpus induit,
Ut carne carnem liberaris,
Ne perderet quos condidit.

Castæ Parentis viscera
Cœlestis intrat gratia;
Venter Puellæ bajulat
Secreta quæ non noverat.

Deum pudici pectoris
Templum repente fit Dei;
Intacta necieus Virum,
Concepit alvo Filium.

Enititur puerpera
Quem Gabriel prædixerat,
Quem ventre Matris gestiens
Baptista clausum senserat.

Fœm Jacere pertulit,
Præcepe non abhorruit;
Et lacte modico pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.

Gaudet chorus cœlestium,
Et Angeli canunt Deo,
Palamque fit pastoribus
Pastor Creator Omnium.

The following translation, by Caswall, while it does not convey to the mind of the reader all the beauty of the original, is a very close and faithful rendering of the text:

From the far blazing gates of Morn
To earth's remotest shore,
Let every tongue confess to Him
Whom Holy Mary bore.

Lo! the great Maker of the world,
Lord of eternal years,
To save his creatures, veil'd beneath
A creature's form appears.

A spotless Maiden's Virgin breast
With heav'nly grace he fills;
In her pure womb he is conceived,
And there in secret dwells.

That bosom, chastity's sweet home
Becomes, oh, blest reward!
The shrine of heav'n's immortal King,
The temple of the Lord.

And Mary bears the babe foretold
By an archangel's voice;
Whose presence made the Baptist leap,
And in the womb rejoice.

A manger scantily strewn with hay
Becomes the Eternal bed,
And he who feeds each smallest bird
Himself with milk is fed.

Straightway with joy the heav'ns are filled,
The hosts angelic sing;
And shepherds hasten to adore
Their Shepherd and their King.

The second other hymn referred to, as said in the Divine Office, is that of the Vespers for the feast of the Epiphany. It commences:

Crudelis Herodes Deum
Regem venire quid timis.

A translation will likely be of more interest to the general reader, and for that reason we subjoin the following:

"O Cruel Herod! why thus fear
Thy King and God who comes below?
No earthly crown comes he to take,
Who Heavenly Kingdoms may bestow.

The wiser Magi see the star,
And follow as it leads before;
By its pure ray they seek the Light,
And with their gifts the Light adore.

Behold at length the heavenly Lamb
Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;
There consecrating by his touch
Water to cleanse us in his blood.

But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin his Miracles divine;
When water reddening at his word,
Flow'd forth obedient in wine."

Some of the most beautiful tributes to our blessed Mother to be found in the Divine Office and the Roman Missal are from the pen of this consummate poet, who very frequently manifests his love and veneration of Mary with characteristic Irish enthusiasm. The Introit said in the Votive Mass of the Virgin Mother, taken from his writings, is full of sentiment and beauty.

"Salve sancta Parens, enixa puerpera Regem; qui cœlum terramque regit." This and many other passages of similar purport are to be found throughout the writings of this early Christian poet and theologian.

His works, particularly the Paschal Poem, were highly esteemed and praised by the greatest of his contemporaries. Trethemus, himself a man of brilliant parts, calls this "Scot from Ireland" an "Eminent poet, a brilliant rhetorician, and an excellent divine, who left his own country in quest of learning." Among his admirers are Libinatus, the famous scholastic; Billisarius, the rhetorician; Cassidorous, the illustrious statesman and scholar; Fortunatus, St. Gregory of Tours, Cardinal Bellarmin, Pope Gelasius, and our own great, gifted, and renowned Columbanus. His admirers among modern writers are equally numerous and distinguished. Colgan, Usher, Harris, O'Sullivan, Migne, Dr. Lannigan, and a host of others award him a place in the first rank of the ancient Christian poets. Some of these very venerable authorities rank him after Prudentius, the inspired Spaniard whose genius stands forth so prominently in the majesty and fervor of his Latin lyrics. Indeed, there is nothing in pagan or Christian verse that can surpass his lines on the Holy Innocents, as contained in the "Morning Hymn."

Whether their estimate be correct or not, it is beyond the shadow of doubt that he stands very high among the gifted and erudite men of the Church. Fortunatus, the poet-laureate who composed the *Vexilla Regis* and *Pange Lingua*, places him in the same category with St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine.

In a council held under Pope Gelasius in the year 49[illegible], the matter of recommending books for the instruction and edification of

the faithful was discussed, and among the works recommended by the Roman Pontiff himself were those of Sedulius, the Gael. These were the words in which the Holy Father praised the writings of the illustrious Irishman:

"There is also the Paschal Poem of that venerable man Sedulius, written in heroic verse, which we hold in high esteem and cheerfully recommend to the perusal of the faithful."

About the time of this Council, or very soon after it, the Roman Consul, Rufus Asterius, collected all the writings of our poet and published them in a large volume which he dedicated to the Pope who had brought them into public favor.

Sedulius was then not very long dead, as may be inferred from the preface of the editor, which says, *Hoc Opus Sedulius dispersum in certas chartulas reliquit.* This also very naturally leads us to the conclusion that the venerable priest Sedulius returned to Italy, in order, perhaps, to be near the tombs of the apostles, and died there, as the Consul Asterius found the manuscripts of those works scattered around just as the author had left them.

The Irish monks of Robio, that famous monastery founded in the north of Italy by Saint Columbanus, carefully collected and multiplied the poems of their brilliant countryman, and the oldest manuscript copy which is to be found in the Royal Academy of Turin contains this inscription on the foreleaf: *Liber Sancti Columbani de Robio* — the Book of St. Columbanus of Robio. No Irish patriot of modern times has been more passionately fond of his native land, or prouder of her illustrious sons, than was this great-souled abbot of *Luxuil* and *Robio*. With what glowing enthusiasm must the great missionary have poured over this copy of his favorite author, specially made for himself! He undoubtedly felt a pardonable pride in the race that could raise so many monuments of learning and piety all over Christian Europe in a short space of time, for even at that early date he might have said, with more truth than Virgilius, —

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!"

Sedulius is remarkable for fertility of imagination and wide range of thought, and ardently admired for the beauty and majesty of his style. He was deemed and designated a master-mind in an age remarkable for men of literary excellence. But he is by no means the only one of his name who lives in the glory of great works. A Sedulius who has been canonized was abbot of a monastery near the Liffey before the battle of Clontarf; another of this gifted family governed Lindachuil on the shores of the Lagan, as late as 753, and a third became distinguished as professor of philosophy in the great University of Lismore in the county Waterford.

On the 4th of May, 1654, a Father William Shiel, whose "great powers of oratory and devotion to Romanism made him dangerous to the interests of the Empire," was committed to prison under the barbarous statutes of the penal days. His only crime was that he was a man of brains and devoted to the self-same religion which his namesake and countryman, Caelius Sedulius, preached in Greece and Italy just twelve centuries before.

And who that pretends to any knowledge of illustrious men has not heard of a Shiel in our own age! Richard Lalor Shiel was a prodigy of tongues, and his facility for rhetorical composition surpassed that of all competitors. The brilliancy of his imagination, the beauty and force of his rhetoric, made him the applauded and admired of orators wherever he went. He had a strong literary leaning. So pious was he when a boy, that his parents had him educated for the Church, and so devoted was he to his faith in after years that he stood, next to O'Connell, the champion of the Catholic cause. He inherited the genius and the spirit of his ancestors, giving one more illustration of the fact that there is something in a name and that blood is bound to tell.

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Cardinal Newman.

OF Cardinal Newman it is said that he as the greatest master of English style which this century has seen, is generally admitted by his own countrymen, and the late Matthew Arnold used to say that Newman's power over the English language was second only to Shakespeare's. His originality is striking. He does by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. His expression of thought and feeling is in the highest degree artistic, in the sense that it conceals art. Looking at his writings as forming one harmonious whole, they present a grand picture containing a variety of pleasing forms and tasteful colors. Yet no brilliant success or grand peculiarity or gorgeous fault marks his style; no Macaulay-like trick of rhetoric is used for effect; no foreign element is introduced as a medium to convey his ideas. He kept his language pure and virgin-like; he would not wed it to any other, and no man has succeeded better than he in expressing ideas difficult of expression in English and at the same time retaining the severe precision of the schools. There is no Carlylian swagger, no uneasy bravado, no affectation of coarse forms of speech, no unnecessary obtrusion of his personality about his writings. His style is as well chosen and well fitting as a dress made even to Parisian perfection. To say that a writer is a mere master stylist, using style in contradistinction to thought, is not much of a compliment nowadays. To be able to clothe one's ideas in the clearest, and, therefore, the choicest language, is an accomplishment not to be despised altogether; but if a person must choose between the language and the thought, the latter is, after all, the chief thing. Obscurity of expression generally arises from confusion of thought. Cardinal Newman was master of the thought and of the word. As a man of thought, literary men compare him to Aquinas, Scotus, and Plato; as a luminous stylist, he is too far above modern writers to admit of comparison.

SMALL BOY (who has been undergoing imprisonment in a dark closet, where he has discovered and slyly eaten nearly a whole jar of preserves) I was very naughty to run away, mamma; and I think you did just right to punish me the way you did.

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS IN ENGLAND.

At the Catholic Re-union held in Birmingham in January, 1880, Cardinal Newman presided, and delivered an address.

His Eminence said: It was natural, my dear friends, when I found myself honored by your request to preside at this great annual meeting of Catholics, being aware that, according to custom, I should have to address them, that I should be anxious to find some subject which was both seasonable in itself and interesting to my hearers. But how could I hope to hit upon any topic which had not been anticipated by those who have preceded me in this chair? It has for more than twenty years been filled successively by men conspicuous in various lines of eminence — by great ecclesiastics, by noblemen and statesmen, by men of high position and distinguished name, by country gentlemen, by men of high talent or wide experience, who have made this one of the most remarkable Catholic gatherings in the country. And these former presidents have had the pick of all subjects, and the judgment and tact to select those which were most suitable to the occasion. The reflection came to me with great force, and I felt that it would serve as my apology if I failed in finding a subject equal to the duty which lay upon me. However, I am not so badly off as it may appear at first sight. The lapse of time is itself a subject, and I shall find one to-night far larger than I need — nay, one which rather is embarrassing from its very largeness, if I remind you of the circumstances under which you began these social meetings, and the great change which has taken place in our condition as Catholics since then. Not long before these annual gatherings commenced, and close upon thirty years ago, Catholics had suddenly become very unpopular both in Birmingham and through the whole country. I am not proposing to enter into the history of an unhappy time. The misfortune to us arose from a singular misunderstanding, which Catholics would have hindered by anticipation, could they have conjectured that it would take place. It was generally fancied that in some way or other our authorities at Rome were conspiring together against the religious liberties of England; and that, by appointing an English Cardinal and English Bishops, they intended, or hoped, in some unjustifiable way or other, to propagate in this country the Catholic religion. It was thought also to be a great insult to the religion of the country not to recognize that there was established here already a Christian hierarchy, and that to set up another, as if in its stead, was a great offence. And when the government of the day, or at least some very distinguished statesman, took the same view, the excitement became extreme. We were thought very ill of, and very unmindful of the tolerance already extended to us; and then, as it will happen at such a time, all the old stories against us were brought out anew and put into circulation, and,

as we have lasted eighteen hundred years and the Protestant sects around us only three hundred, it need not surprise any one if more could be said by our enemies against us — truths or falsehoods, exaggerations or misstatements — than could be said against them even if we tried, especially since from our very greatness we have vastly more temptations and opportunities to act wrongly than they have had. And since (bad luck for us) we had never kept a register of Protestant scandals, as our enemies had kept of ours, and in consequence were in no condition to show that what there had been evil or faulty in times past in our body was to be laid to the charge, not of our religion, but of depraved human nature, we were at a great disadvantage; and even good and well-meaning Protestants got to entertain a bad opinion of us, and a great prejudice, distrust, and dislike of us was diffused through the country, and an animosity leading in many cases both to cruel and to violent acts. Things are very different now with us, and we have cause to be grateful to the inhabitants of this great town that so it is. Not that the ill opinion of those among whom one lives is the worst of trials. There are others far worse than it; bad words break no bones, and calumny is generally short-lived; but though popular disfavor, if it does not go further, is not an extraordinary trial, the good opinion of others — their respect, their good wishes, their sympathy, their kindness — is a very great pleasure, a very great gain; and therefore I think it quite a point to be remembered and recorded, a matter for congratulating each other upon and rejoicing in, so far as we have it. And certainly there is a very striking contrast in the sort of welcome given by Englishmen to the late Cardinal Wiseman when he came as Cardinal in Michaelmas, 1850, and their conduct towards us at the present time. The contrast is striking, and I may be allowed, perhaps, to set before you one or two causes of the change of which that contrast is the evidence; and in the remarks which I am about to make, and especially in any criticism I may incidentally pass on some acts of my countrymen, I hope I may say nothing which can be taken as inconsistent with the true affection and esteem I feel for them, or with my gratitude to that great aggregate of ranks and classes which constitute what is called the public, from whom, though sometimes unfair to me, I have of late years, and now again recently, received such abundant marks of good-will. First, the adverse sentiment was too violent, too unjust, sometimes too extravagant, to last. No wonder there was so widespread an alarm, and no wonder again it was of such short continuance, when we recollect what it was that was said about us. For instance, in a village which I happened to know, it had been prophesied even at an early date that if the Papists got the upper hand, the streets of the village would flow with blood. A statement of a less prodigious character, but one far more cruel in its action on an unoffending and defenceless class, came from a high ecclesiastical quarter in the Establishment, and was to the effect that Protestant families would do well to be on their guard against Catholic servants, for these were spies on their masters and mistresses, and told all that happened indoors to their priest.

Such extreme sayings — and they were not few — would necessarily lead to a reaction, and thereby do us a service, though not so intended; and, in fact, in a little time the public did begin to be ashamed of saying them and believing them. Englishmen are a kind-hearted people at bottom, when they have not gone mad, which, alas! they do every now and then. Accordingly, in a little time after passing an act of Parliament against us, and against the Catholics of Ireland — who had nothing to do with the cause of the quarrel, for they had no need of a hierarchy of bishops, having had one from time immemorial — after the act of Parliament, I say, they felt a satisfaction and relief, and calmed down. And then a generous feeling came over them that perhaps they had been hard upon us. This is the first cause how we come to be in happier relations with our countrymen now than we were thirty years ago. It is an instance of the operation of the psychological law that reaction of mind follows on great excitement. There was a second reason for a change, which followed close upon the first, and that was the experience which came to the nation, as time went on, that, after all, their alarm somehow had been unnecessary. Their act of Parliament did not hinder our having diocesan bishops and chapters, cardinals, and orders of religious men. How could it? It could only hinder our using certain names, calling our bishops bishops, and carrying out the duties of our religion with certain solemnities. But Holy Church is intangible; nor could they touch her children, unless, indeed, they meant to proceed to actual persecution. This they did not dream of; and soon they made the second discovery that, as they could not touch us, neither could we touch them; that we and they belonged to different spheres of life, that their objects were secular and ours religious. I don't mean to say that there could not be usurpations on our side and on theirs; but, while what might be called a concordat was observed between temporals and spirituals, there might indeed be small collisions between the regal and pontifical. They might injure us indirectly, as by now and then troubling us by their legislation; and we might employ our civil rights in a way they did not like, in the interest of the rights of conscience, as other religious bodies do; but this was all. There was no reason for the grave prophecies of danger, and the panic fright, and the stringent measures on the part of the Executive and the country, of which we had been the subjects and the victims. We wished to live in peace with our countrymen, and there was no reason why they, too, should not be friendly, and cherish goodwill and act charitably towards us. As time went on this was felt more and more by candid minds; and even those who had been prejudiced against us began to see that there was no reason that the Church of Rome should not have clergy for its people in England any more than that the Protestant missionary bodies of England should refrain from sending their clergy and ministers to Africa or New Zealand, which is sometimes a great offence to the English Establishment in foreign parts, and causes great quarrels, as in Ceylon now. But you may say that in thus speaking I am not mending matters, because this was just one of our greatest offences in the eyes of our countrymen

thirty years ago, viz., the insult of proposing to convert Englishmen, as if they were heathen; and such intention was a great source of irritation. This was, I need hardly say, a great misunderstanding; and thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favor which has taken place of late years among Protestants. That change has arisen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place — the conversions — which have not been few. Of course, it would be very absurd in us, and, I may say, very wicked, if we said that this was a heathen country, and needed conversion as a heathen country needs it. There is a widespread knowledge of Christianity among us, a love of the main truths, a zeal in their behalf, and an admirable prodigality, as I may call it, of contributions in furthering them. There are a great many religious, a great many actively benevolent men among Protestants. This is not inconsistent with our holding that they know only half the Gospel; and, as we are sure that we have the whole, not merely the half, this is a good reason why we should wish to make them Catholics, even though they be not heathen. We never conceal that we would make them Catholics if we could by fair and honest means. On the other hand, it is but natural that they should oppose us, be angry with us, and be afraid of us. True; but what I wish to show, and what I believe to be the remarkable fact, is that whereas there have been many conversions to the Catholic Church during the last thirty years, and a great deal of ill-will has been felt towards us in consequence, never the less that ill-will has been overcome, and a feeling of positive good-will has been created instead, in the minds of our very enemies, by means of those conversions, which they feared from their hatred of us; and I will say how. The Catholics in England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or connections, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or work, of that religion, not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island; and such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow indeed, but therefore the more sure, about individual Catholics, and what they really are in character and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment, have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and to love quite as much as their fellow-Protestants might be — human beings whom they could be interested in and could sympathize with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior; and then, when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced upon them that that hated creed, at least, had not

destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. Perhaps the particular specimen of a Catholic which I have supposed might only go half way in possessing this sort of ethical appeal to the good-will of others, or a quarter way, but he would have enough to destroy their imaginary notions of what a Catholic, and, much more, a priest, must be, and to make short work, and once for all, of that Guy Faux or Duke of Alva sort of papist who hitherto stood in their minds for the normal representative of a Roman Catholic. I have been speaking of those ordinary and visible traits of character, of what is human merely, what is social in personal bearing, of what, as a moral magnetism, unites men to each other — of those qualities which are the basis, the *sine quâ non* of a political community — of those qualities which may be expressed by the word "neighborly"; and I say that Catholics, as a body, are, to say the least, quite as neighborly as Protestants, as attractive, as capable of uniting in civil society; and I say that in consequence, their multiplication in England, by making them visible, tangible, sensible, must, as an inevitable consequence, create a more kindly feeling to them than has existed hitherto; and it has done. I have not spoken of social virtues such as make a man respected and honored, for that was not necessary for my purpose, though, whatever our failings may be as sons of Adam, I trust that at least we do not fall below that standard which is received in our country as the condition of a good name. And I might have enlarged on this — that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel the cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics when those slanders include those dear to them; and they are indignant at the slanderer and feel tender towards the slandered from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it. And now, had time admitted, I might have gone on to other distinct causes of that change which I have taken for my subject; but, since this cannot be, I will content myself with referring to another kind of knowledge of Catholics which has operated in their favor — a knowledge not to any great extent experimental and personal, but public, coming to the population at large from special witnesses — perhaps few and only on special occasions — and by means of the periodical press, and the trustworthy informants, of whose testimony it is the vehicle. And as an instance of what I mean, I will notice the great figure presented in this way to the whole world by the late Pope Pius IX., and its effects in favor of Catholics. This, surely, is a fair and striking instance of knowledge of Catholics, telling in their favor. If there is any representative of the Roman Church from whom Protestants ought to shrink, it is her head. In their theory, in their controversial publications, in their traditions, the Pope is all that is bad. You know the atrocious name they give him: he is the emb›li-

ment of evil, and the worst foe of the gospel. Then, as to Pope Pius, no one could, both by his words and by deeds, offend them more. He claimed he exercised larger powers than any other Pope ever did; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope; his secular policy was especially distasteful to Englishmen; he had some near him who put into print just that kind of gossip concerning him which put an Englishman's teeth on edge; lastly, he it was who, in the beginning of his reign, was the author of that very measure which raised such a commotion among us; yet his personal presence was of a kind which no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of tableaux, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers of his reception of visitors in the Vatican. His misfortunes, indeed, had something to do with his popularity. The whole world felt that he was shamefully used as regards his temporal possessions. No foreign power had a right to seize upon his palaces, churches, and other possessions; and the injustice shown him created a wide interest in him; but the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog out of which the image of a Pope looms to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humor, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practised intellect and mature mind, told me, to my surprise, that at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican he was so touched by the discourse made by His Holiness to his visitors that he burst into tears. And this was the experience of hundreds. How could they think ill of him or of his children when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive? Yet, I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, we have not lost by his being taken away. It is not decorous to praise the living, it is not modest to panegyrize those whom rather one should obey; but in the successor of Pius, I recognize a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here. But I must cut short what has been already too long, though I have not reached the end. I will only say, in conclusion, that, though Englishmen are much more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me think that they are more friendly to our religion. They do not, indeed, believe, as they once believed, that our religion is so irrational that a man who professes it must be wanting either in honesty or in wit; but this is not much to grant, for the great question remains to decide whether it is possible for a country to continue any long time in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it. One would expect that either dislike of the religion

would create an unfriendly feeling towards its followers, or friendliness toward its followers would ensure good-will towards the religion. How this problem will be solved is one of the secrets of the future.*

* Even the Times, commenting upon this address, said: "The truth of much in Cardinal Newman's explanation of the amended relations between English Protestants and English Roman Catholics cannot be denied. No Englishman would wish to deny it. It must be acknowledged, also, that Protestants confronted with Catholics in the communication of daily life were unable to continue to think the religion they professed immoral and debasing."

To be continued.

A Daring Feat.

LEE HEMINGWAY, an orphan boy of sixteen years of age, of New Braunfels, Texas, had an adventure recently with two American eagles, in which he barely escaped with his life. Professor McInery, the well-known naturalist, who has been located in that neighborhood for the last few weeks in the interest of his ornithological collection, offered Lee fifty dollars for a nest with living eaglets or eggs in it. Although rather early for these birds to hatch their young, Lee was soon able, by watching the movements of a pair, to find where a nest had been made. But as it was on the summit of the Big Injun, an almost unsurmountable bowlder rising nearly one hundred and twenty-five feet in the valley of Guadaloupe, there was no way of securing it, except by scaling the sides of the rock, which, however, has in the course of time become coated by several feet of earth, and are covered with a tangle of vines, etc.

It was a daring feat, but young Hemingway is a plucky lad of stalwart build, and who, dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood, found the money offered a big consideration, and agreed to attempt the feat on condition that the Professor would keep watch with a gun for the return of the parent birds. With a basket furnished with a lid slung to his back in which to secure the eggs or young eagles, he managed, by climbing, scrambling, and pulling himself up hand over hand, to reach the top of the Big Injun, where he found the nest, as he had expected, with young birds a day or two old. Wearied out with his exertions, he rested for some little time, then placing the nest with its contents in his basket and strapping it to him, he began to descend. He had scarcely accomplished fifty feet of this, when he heard the report of the Professor's gun, and saw the two eagles returning. Unhurt, they paid no attention to the shot, but, after alighting and finding the nest gone, made at the boy with outstretched wings and hoarse cries of fury. Ducking his head to keep their powerful beaks and claws out of his eyes, Lee attempted to beat them off with one arm, while he clung to the vines with the other, but they struck at him repeatedly on the head with their beaks, each time bringing the blood, which flowed into the boy's eyes and nearly blinded him, while they buffeted him unmercifully with their great wings.

Professor McInery waited until one of the birds was far enough from Lee for him to take aim without danger of hitting him, then fired, and succeeded in killing the eagle. She — for, as was afterward ascer-

tained, he had shot the female — fell into a small tree, or what was scarcely more than a large sapling, which had sprouted from a good-sized crevice in the rock, about eight feet above where Lee hung, and seeing her suspended just above him gave the boy an idea to which he owes his life. With the strength of despair he drew himself up to the tree by the sense of touch alone, for his eyes were full of blood. Once there, he braced himself with his feet, and, wiping his face, bound his handkerchief about his brow in order that it might absorb the blood. He then caught the dead bird by the feet, and, with his weapon, he turned on the living eagle, which had never ceased to beat and strike him. At the next sweep, Lee struck it as hard as he could dare, not to endanger his position, and continued to meet its attacks in the same way until, rendered furious and incautious by its enemy's resistance, it flew directly in his face, with claws distended and beak striking right and left. The boy caught it with both hands about its throat, and with all his strength held it, in spite of the furious beatings of its wings, until, choked to death by his grip, the great bird hung lifeless, when he dropped it at the Professor's feet.

This gentleman had watched the desperate struggle, unable to help the boy except by random shots, hoping thus to frighten the bird away, which, however, as has been said, he failed to do. Young Hemingway hung in the slender branches of the little tree for nearly an hour, battling exhausted nature now with the same courage he had displayed toward the eagles.

Speaking of his adventure, he says: "I felt as if I was going to faint, and I knew if I did I would be killed by the fall, and I hadn't fought those plagued birds so hard to give up to any such woman doings as that, so I just kept fighting against that awful sinking, and pretty soon I got over it, so when I rested I climbed down."

But just as he reached the foot of the rock, the strength born of desperation gave way, and the brave boy fell senseless into the Professor's arms. He was fearfully torn in the head and face, but the former wounds are fortunately only skin deep, and, with the exception of one long, deep gash in the cheek, just below the eye, which is healing slowly, his face is nearly well. He is obliged, however, to keep his bed yet, so bruised and sore is he from the buffeting he received. Remarkable as it may seem, the young birds in Lee's basket were living and uninjured by the fearful journey they had made. The Professor, in consideration of the danger he underwent, and for the two birds not bargained for, has presented Lee with one hundred dollars, and the boy is the hero of the hour.

THERE is a magnificent institution in Dublin, under the Sisters of Mercy, *Mater Misericordiæ* Hospital, called the Palace of the Poor, which is by far the finest hospital in the world. Its main corridors are each three hundred and twenty feet long. It is the nucleus of a great medical school, and the men who direct it are men of European reputation. The *Mater Misericordiæ* is the private property of the Sisters of Mercy. The poor are admitted any hour of the day or night. It would take many days to see this grand institution properly.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.

Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

I SCARCE know what I said to Launce Ronayne and Nora. I remember murmuring a broken apology, and blushing painfully at the same time, and the look of distress and surprise which deepened over Launce's honest face, as I faltered forth my lame sentences, heightened my confusion and chagrin.

"But surely, Alice," Nora struck in hastily, "Marion will not object to my going up to see her? I am so sorry that she feels unwell."

"Nora dear," I returned, with averted eyes, "I am sure she will be glad to see you at any other time; but just now I think she wishes to be alone. She told me to say" —

But here I broke off in much confusion, and Launce smiled bitterly.

"She told you to say, Alice, that she could not possibly be disturbed by either of us — was not that it?" he said, and his dark eyes were full of pained surprise. "I am very sorry for this," he added, after a moment's pause, "I am sorry, in the first place, that *you*, Alice, should be forced into so awkward a position; for it is quite evident that any departure from the strict truth fits you as badly as somebody else's gown!"

At this thrust I felt my color deepen, and again that bitter smile passed across Launce Ronayne's face.

"Really, Launce," I began, "I do not see why you should accuse me of" —

"Of telling fibs, Alice," he cut in almost sharply. "Well, I have but one apology to offer for so rude a charge, and it is this: I happened, unluckily, to see the invalid seated here in the window-seat, as we came along the avenue toward the house."

"Oh, perhaps you were mistaken, Launce," Nora said hastily. "It surely cannot have been Marion."

"Happy suggestion!" her brother retorted at once. "I must have mistaken Miss Anne Carroll for her niece, I suppose. They resemble each other so strikingly."

Launce was very angry, and no wonder. Why, *why* had Marion acted thus! I felt miserable, and Nora perceiving my state of mind very clearly changed the subject of conversation at once, and chatted away gaily on this topic and that, endeavoring, as I plainly understood, to put me at my ease, if possible.

But, for once, even Nora's gaiety — usually so contagious — failed in its object. I could not meet her frank, dark-brown eyes, — so like her brother's. I felt that I had treated my old and true friends unkindly, deceitfully, even meanly. I had stooped to utter a falsehood, and had promptly been unmasked by Launce Ronayne's bitter words.

"Come, Nora," Launce said presently; "let us be going. Tell Marion, Alice, that we regret very much to hear of her 'illness,' and hope to find her fully recovered when *next* we visit Kildoona."

The emphasis on the word "next" — the bitterness of his voice and look — filled my heart with dismay. I sprang after him, as he moved toward the door. I seized his sinewy brown hand in mine.

"Launce, do not blame her! She is in a dreadful state to-day," I gasped brokenly. "She would explain nothing, even to me, of that mysterious occurrence of last night. I never before saw Marion so broken-down and wretched. She could not trust herself to meet you to-day. She feared, perhaps, that you would question her as to last night, and she cannot bear to be questioned just yet."

The bitterness passed away from his dark, earnest face, and he placed his hand upon my shoulder. There was a stern gravity in his eyes.

"And you can form no idea as to what frightened her, Alice?"

"None. I know nothing. I am as much in the dark as you."

"But you must admit," he said, after a moment's pause, "that Marion's treatment of us just now is, to say the least, unprecedented. I thought she was always glad to welcome us as old friends, if nothing more."

"She loves you both dearly," was my hurried reply. "She is not accountable for what she may say or do to-day! Surely, you ought to know Marion now. She has one of those excitable, sensitive, impetuous, highly-strung temperaments, for which cooler people really *must* make all due allowances. Come over this evening, Launce, and I am sure you will find an agreeable change."

He made no promise, and after a word or two of leave-taking he and Nora went away. I felt wretched. I stood at the front door watching their figures until they had disappeared round the turn of the drive. Then I sighed heavily and went back to the Elm Parlor. Here I paced slowly up and down, in painful and conflicting thought, until my gloomy meditation was put to flight by the entrance of Father William and Aunt Anne. Both appeared to be in high spirits, and presently the cause of their gaiety was made known to me.

"I have been commissioned by your father, Alice," Father William said, "to institute all manner of inquiries respecting poor Richard's present whereabouts. I shall have advertisements put in the newspapers at home and abroad. I shall leave nothing undone to find the lad; and you may call me an old fool if we haven't the wanderer back here in the old homestead before we are many months older."

This was delightful news, and my heart thrilled as I heard it. How I longed to see Richard once again! I could hardly grasp the thought, and bring it home to me as a reality, that the outcast of so

many weary years would, verily, be under the roof of Kildoona ere long, just as in the dear old never-to-be-forgotten days gone by.

"Your father is terribly anxious about this, my dear," the clergyman continued. "It is the one earthly hope of his declining days to see Richard at home again. We must all set our wits to work, Alice, and find the poor boy wherever he has hidden himself."

Father William rode away from Kildoona, his kindly heart full of this new project. His words cheered me and banished some of the clouds which had darkened over my spirit during my awkward interview with Launce Ronayne.

For the remainder of that day I saw little of Marion. She had locked herself into her room where I heard her pacing nervously, rapidly, up and down, her movements betraying to my shrinking ear as I listened without, the mysterious and terrible agitation which held her heart in thrall.

Alas, alas, why was I thrust back from her confidence thus! What was this unspeakable horror which had fallen upon her so suddenly, and the sinister influences of which shut out so rigidly her truest friends from her heart?

Weary of conjecture at last, and despairing of learning anything further, for this day at least, concerning my sister's secret sorrow, I went to my poor father's room, by and by, and sat by his arm-chair, while Aunt Anne bustled away from her post to see after some of the daily duties of the household.

It was my custom to read aloud for my father nearly every day, and now I mechanically took up an unfinished volume of Scott's Rob Roy although, in truth, I had no heart for my task.

My father, always remarkably keen-witted, observed my *distrait* air, and brought me to task forthwith. Sir Walter Scott was a prime favorite of his, and he could not bear that I should do such scant justice to Rob Roy. He had read the work twice before, but that fact did not interfere largely with his enjoyment of a third acquaintance with its charms.

"Either *read* it or leave it alone, Alice!" my father said testily. "You know I cannot tolerate that sing-song sort of thing. It puts me asleep, in spite of me."

He was lying back in his arm-chair — an attenuated figure, wrapped up in a big furred overcoat. An old brown fur cap, with a deep leaf in front, partly concealed his head, but one or two silver elf-locks wandered over the wrinkled forehead and almost hid the eyes; bright, gray, restless eyes which of themselves lent life and character to the small, furrowed face.

As he spoke I sighed and began a fresh paragraph, endeavoring to carry out his wishes, and to do some justice to the master-work. But in vain. I suppose I must have drifted again into the "sing-song" style; for my father sniffed and shook his head and drew his shaggy gray brows together, and his beady eyes flashed upon me, like the eyes of an angry elf.

At this I laughed, in spite of me, and laid aside my book.

"Now, don't scold me, sir!" I cried, ere he could utter a word, and I stooped and kissed his forehead. "I have a headache and cannot read. Let us talk instead."

So for an hour we chatted over many a thing, as we sat by the fire; and in the course of our conversation my poor brother's name was introduced.

"We shall have the boy here again, Alice," my father said, and his furrowed face beamed, and the eyes looked almost young for the moment. "Father William promised to find him. Will you be glad, child, to see your brother master of the old homestead when I am gone?"

"The old homestead is large enough, I should think, sir, for both you and Richard," was my hurried reply. "His return will prolong your life, and give a new interest to your days. Poor Richard! I can hardly believe that he is to be here again."

Aunt Anne came in presently with a cup of beef-tea for my father, and I withdrew.

The afternoon sun was slanting westward and the amber beams glanced in upon the time-stained wainscotting of the lobby, as I hurried noiselessly to my sister's door.

I knocked; no reply. Then I saw that the door was not locked, so I entered quietly and was somewhat surprised to find the room empty. Marion was doubtless in the Elm Parlor, I concluded; she had conquered her mysterious agitation, perhaps, and I hastened down stairs with a lighter heart.

But in the hall Nell Connor met me and informed me that "Miss Marion" had gone out, half an hour before, "for a ramble on the hills."

"Gone out for a walk — alone?" I said somewhat puzzled and chagrined, for Marion rarely left Kildoona, for one of her long evening rambles, without asking me to accompany her. "Are you sure of what you say, Nell?"

"With a faix *eroo*, I'm only telling you what she told me, with her own lips," was Nell's reply. "She slipped out by the back door and I followed her to the doorstep, and asked her where she was off to now, and she said she was going for a run on the hills."

This was conclusive; and ten minutes later I also found myself on the heather, rapidly pursuing the winding foot-way which leads over bank and brae, crag and moor, in and out and ever upward amid the mountain solitudes which stretch for miles and miles to the north-westward of Kildoona.

The November sun was sloping rapidly to the west, and long beams of ruddy light slanted across the heathy shoulders and shaggy, bracken-covered knolls of the hill-sides. The deep glens were in purple shadow; and looking back toward Kildoona from my present lofty vantage-ground, I could barely distinguish the gray chimney-stacks of the old house amid its leafless woods.

Away to the south-westward a noble panorama of hills, ocean, and sky was before me. The old castle on the island of Whiddy had never appeared to me so like a crouching hag, as it looked now in the

fading light of evening. The noble mountain-range toward wild Beara was almost lost in purple mist; but the towering Sugar-loaf and Hungry Hill loomed distinctly before me, and in the nearer foreground I caught a glimpse of the leafless woods of Glengariffa, on the topmost branches of which the ruddy sun-glow flamed like the reflection of fire.

As I proceeded farther into the heart of the hills, the solitude became more awful, and my hurried steps grew slower. No human creature was to be found here. The mountain-sheep pastured here and there, and stared at me, with wondering, wistful eyes, as I passed. Now and then the trance-like hush of the November twilight was broken by the sorrowful cry of a curlew winging its way far overhead, or by the mellow lowing of cows from some hidden glen below.

The western glory rapidly waned and waned. The sun dropped down behind the mountains, and the crimson skies faded to saffron, the saffron to lemon, the lemon to a wan primrose, with a delicate tinting of greenish-purple and salmon-pink. In the pure blue vault of the skies stars twinkled here and there. The mists rose whitely from the valleys. The voice of the ocean sounded like the low, dreamy, far-away moaning of the autumn wind through pines.

A feeling of loneliness came over me, and I quickened my steps again. Where was Marion? How was I to find her now when darkness had fallen over the hills? Should I go on to Rathronayne and make inquiries there?

I had all but decided upon this course, when my hurried steps were suddenly arrested. A low moan — as of infinite sorrow, or physical pain — caught my eager ear. I peered affrightedly through the shadows; and there, close to the path, almost hidden in the long, withered heath and bracken, was a female figure lying face downward, as though she had flung herself prone, in the very abandonment of grief.

It was Marion; I could not be mistaken; Marion, alone, overwhelmed with this hateful, secret sorrow, of which I who yearned to comfort her, knew absolutely nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

A CRISIS.

For a moment or two I hesitated, almost fearing to disturb this mysterious emotion. Then my heart beat heavily; I could no longer restrain my feverish impulse to soothe this stricken spirit, if possible. I hastened forward and fell upon my knees beside my sister and flung my arm about her waist.

"Marion, Marion, what is the meaning of this?" She started wildly, and shrank away from me almost affrightedly, just as she had shrunk from Launce Ronayne on the previous night. In the shadows of twilight I saw her pallid face, the dark eyes distended and wild, the very lips white. Such an expression of anguish and horror darkened that loved face as I shall never to my dying nour forget.

"*You* here, Alice!" she gasped faintly. "What brings you here? Why did you follow me?"

"Why should I not follow you, Marion? When before did you go for your evening walk without me?"

"Ah, but everything is changed now!" she cried, rising to her feet and standing with clasped hands before me; "yes; everything, everything! My darkest forebodings are realized. My temples are throbbing feverishly, Alice. Oh, I fear for my reason to-night!"

She clutched her temples with both hands in a distracted sort of way which chilled my blood. In truth, I, too, feared for her reason, as I cowered before her, not daring to utter so much as one word.

"Tell me, Alice," she gasped hurriedly, "did you meet any one as you came along?"

"No, dear; the solitude was unbroken. I met no one."

"You heard no voices? Nothing scared you?"

"No, no, indeed — save my own thoughts and forebodings."

She breathed a sigh of relief, as it seemed to me; just as she had sighed on the previous night upon my assuring her that she had spoken no compromising words either before or after her mysterious swoon in the Elm Parlor.

I crept closer to her. I took one of her trembling little hands in mine.

"Marion, do you still refuse to explain all this to me? Ah, darling, do you not know that my heart bleeds for you! Do you not trust me fully?"

"Trust you, Alice?" And her eyes suddenly filled with tears, and she drew me to her heart in a wild, impulsive way, and I felt her bosom heave stormily against mine. "Trust you! Why, you are all goodness, all affection, all truth and honor. To *me* you have been everything, Alice — friend, confidante, companion, sister and mother combined! To the last hour of my ill-fated life — my wretched, ruined life — the memory of your love shall help to sustain me; to save me from utter despair!"

"Marion," I broke in affrightedly upon this almost frenzied outburst which was pouring from her lips, "what are you saying? You speak of your life as being 'ill-fated,' 'wretched,' 'ruined.' Oh, surely you do not mean this! You are talking wildly: you" —

"Yes, I do mean it!" she interrupted, still holding me fast to her heart. "I intended to say nothing of this to you. I shrank from distressing you unnecessarily. Now you have wrung my secret from me, in spite of me. Yes, Alice, my life is ruined forevermore. All my hopes — my fond, foolish hopes — are at an end. There is nothing before me but secrecy, darkness, misery, flight! Ah, I know too well what I am saying. Henceforth, Alice, I implore of you to forget my very name. Try to tear from your heart the memory that you once had a sister. Let me be as though I never lived. Let the past be — Hush! Hush!" she broke off affrightedly; "we are overheard. There is some one approaching."

She released me at once, and we both started round in the direction whence the footsteps were audible. A tall man's figure drew rapidly near across the darkened hill-side. Another moment and I was reassured. It was Launce Ronayne.

"Don't be frightened, dear," I whispered to Marion; "it is only Launce."

She started and turned away hastily, as though she would have fled from the spot. But it was too late. Launce had already joined us; and I held my sister's trembling hand fast in mine.

"I knew your voices," Launce said. "I was just going across the hills to Kildoona, in accordance with your request this morning, Alice," he added significantly; "although, I must say, my first impulse was to intrude no more upon your household, for many a day to come."

"Your visits could never be an intrusion, Launce," I hastened to say, while Marion remained silent, her eyes cast downward, her hand trembling violently in mine. "Surely, you ought to know that, yourself. Why, if it were only for poor Richard's sake, and in memory of the warm friendship which existed between you and him, we all should ever regard you as one of our most welcome visitors. And that reminds me, Launce," I added, wishing to divert his thoughts from Marion, and also to give my sister time to compose her agitated feelings, "we are hoping to have Richard home again very soon; papa has commissioned Father William to advertise for his son, and to leave nothing undone to find him out and bring him back to Kildoona."

"That is good news, Alice, and I am thoroughly glad to hear it," Launce returned. "I loved Richard with a love that even brothers do not always bestow upon one another. Ah, he had a true, warm, sincere heart! When he was a friend once, he was a friend forever. He never turned suddenly upon an old acquaintance and repelled him with selfish caprice and senseless mystery!"

He looked straight at Marion, as the words passed his lips. I felt her start and shiver. I knew he had roused her at last; and although I apprehended a stormy scene now, I was not sorry for his charge. Anything was better than my sister's extraordinary silence.

She lifted her eyes to Launce's face, and for a moment or two a long, strange look passed between them. I quietly withdrew my hand from her's and moved away a little. My heart was beating heavily, loudly; for I knew that a crisis of some kind was at hand.

"You wrong me, Launce," were my sister's first words — and I hardly recognized her voice. It sounded hard, metallic to my ears. Oh! where had the low, sweet, musical tones gone to? — "I admit the 'mystery'; — I deny the 'selfish caprice.' I know very well that my manner of treating you last night and to-day must have appeared strange to you — must have pained you. But do you think," she added, and her voice suddenly changed and quivered and almost gave way — "do you think for a moment that *I* have suffered nothing? — that my heart has been steel or flint, all through this dreadful ordeal!"

He made no reply. He stood before her with his arms folded upon his chest; but his eyes had fallen to the withered bracken at his feet.

"I shunned you to-day, Launce," my sister resumed, speaking hurriedly, brokenly now. "I did not dare to face you. It was a weak, cowardly impulse; but last night's occurrence did break down my

nerves; and, if you knew all, you would only wonder that I am so collected this moment. I am glad we have met, Launce. The sooner this is at an end the better. Never, never shall I forget your kindness." Her voice failed her for a moment, but she conquered the weakness and resumed after a pause — "never, to my dying hour, shall my heart change from you. As a brother — as my truest friend on earth — I shall ever regard you. But the line must be drawn rigidly *there!* Henceforth, Launce, our life-paths must lie wide, wide asunder. An impossible gulf yawns between you and me. We dare not cross it. After this luckless evening — God help us both! — you and I must never, never meet again."

She broke down utterly, as the words passed her lips, and staggered backward to a tall, rocky bowlder projecting from the heath. She bowed her face into her hands. She was not weeping. The terrible agitation which had seized upon her heart now could not find the relief of tears.

As for me, I was sobbing audibly. I could not restrain myself. I knew full well that Marion's words had come straight from her heart. Whatever dark secret lay at the root of that stern decision, the fiat had gone forth and could not be altered now.

For a minute or two Launce Ronayne stood as if thunderstruck, unable to speak or move. True, noble heart! Heaven alone knew what this decree of my sister's meant for *him*. I knew he had built upon her love, upon the blessed companionship of the years to come, upon a long, happy, wedded life with Marion; and now, in one fatal moment, all his hopes were dashed to the earth; the programme of his whole future was changed; the sap and sweetness were gone from his very existence, and he was stupefied beneath the blow.

What he said, I know not. In my own agitation I scarce heard his broken words. I moved away farther across the darkened heath. I could not control my sobs and tears; and I did not choose that my emotion should add one bitter drop to the cup of sorrow which a relentless fate had thrust to my loved ones' unoffending lips.

I was kneeling on the heath, my face buried in my hands, when my sister joined me. She passed me hurriedly, as though she were utterly unconscious now of my presence there this evening.

"Marion, Marion," I gasped, hastening after her slender, gliding, figure, "is all over? Have Launce and you parted forevermore?"

"Forevermore, Alice," she replied, and her voice had grown ten years older. "He and I can never meet again!"

To be continued.

WITHIN about two miles of Drogheda is the field on which was fought the battle of the Boyne, 1690, two centuries ago. The obelisk which marks the spot is a standing insult to the Irish people, inasmuch as it proclaims, as the great glory of King William III., that he delivered the people from the tyranny of the "Papist" religion. And this within sight of Drogheda, one of the most Catholic cities in the world. Where are the dynamiters?

Buy the Shamrock.

BUY the Shamrock, avrone, from the poor little girl,
In the dawn of the morning I found it.
On a patriot breast it is purer than pearl,
With the gold of a good heart around it.
Buy a Shamrock, agrah! it's the emblem of God,
With the dew on its leaf, like a tear in
His pity for men, it was culled from the sod
Of the beautiful meadows of Erin.

The thistle may do for the braw bonnie North;
The rose of the Saxon is sweeter;
The Welshman may value the leek at its worth,
But the Shamrock than all is completer.
And so it's the shamrock I offer to you,
And wear it to-day for the glory
Of the dear little isle of your own, where it grew,
And the preacher who gave it a story.

'Twas on Tara the Saint made it holy and blest,
An emblem forever to Erin.
Ah, do let me pin it just here on your breast,
There is not a posy so cheerin'.
For it speaks of your mother, and father, and all,
It speaks of the land you were born in,
It tells of the beautiful voices that call
From the earth to eternity's mornin'.

It's a tongue that is preaching forever, avrone;
The leaves of it could not be neater.
They are Faith, Hope and Charity, set on the throne,
Of its stem; there is nothing completer,
They are hearts, sure, as perfect as ever was seen,
Will you buy and God bless you this morning?
Ah, there, now your decked with the loveliest green
That ever a breast was adorning.

ALL through Ireland the convent buildings are greatly superior to those of England and Scotland. Ireland has over two hundred Convents of Mercy, almost every one of which is a gem. The chapels of these convents are elegant structures, with altars of marble and polished brass, statues and pictures, genuine works of art, floors of marble, tiles or polished oak, organs of superior quality, vestments and altar laces of rare beauty. Many of these have been given by wealthy relatives of ladies who join the Order. In several instances, a superb chapel or extensive orphanage has been erected by one such benefactor. Few of the convents of France or Italy present as grand an appearance as those of Ireland, or are more richly decorated in their private chapels. To these chapels the public have access whenever they please, during the daylight hours.

The Poetry of Lent.

WHAT is that sweet sadness that steals upon the soul at this season, shrouding her in gloom, yet comforting with the happy light of hope? There is joy in penance, there is poetry in tears. "Ah ye tears, that fall like rain upon the dried parchment" of the soul, washing out "the handwriting of sin," gently recreating the heart overwrought in the slavery of passion; ye are the elixir of life, giving to the troubled spirit peace, buoyancy, and a very revelry of gladness.

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

For all its outward severity this is truly a pathetic season. Its lash of retribution falls not in anger, but in pity. The sounds of wailing that break forth from penitent hearts are sweet music to the ear of God. They are the language of reconciliation. They are the tide that bears the exiled soul homeward to the sanctuary of God. Through chastening her innocence is renewed; through self-abasement she is lifted up; through sorrow she is comforted and rejoiced.

How true the poetry of penance to that decree of nature that out of pain and travail only life may spring! The flower cannot bloom until the bonds are burst that enclosed it and hid it from the light. The seed shall not be fruitful till it shall have known the blight of decay. Naught can spring into light and life that has not first known the gloom of darkness and the chill of death. This is the law of spirit as well as of matter, and it compels the soul to seek through sorrow and chastisement the renewal of its true life.

There is a sad grace and beauty about Lent that belongs not to the most joyous festivals of the year. Let other seasons of the year come, like vestal choirs, full of brightness and joy, radiant in white and gold, resonant with hallelujahs, perfumed by the fragrance of flowers consecrating their bloom to the sanctuary, and growing immortal by the altar's hallowed touch.

See the Queen of Sorrows advancing stately and beautiful in her dark mourning robes. Her head is bowed in grief and garlanded with violets, emblems of holy retirement and of hidden affliction. Her voice murmurs with low, inexpressible sweetness the sad plaint of the Miserere. She is dark yet comely, this daughter of stricken Zion. "Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks, and her heart is overburdened by a sorrow that knows no comforting. Oh! all ye that pass by the way, behold and see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow."

Is there aught in the region of poetry more touching than this figure drawn for us by the plaintive prophet? Yet it breathes the very soul of this season of the Church's woe. Her children had deserted her, and walked with the heathen in the idolatry of their flesh.

Yet there is not on our sorrowing Queen the hopeless gloom of

grief that sat upon the ancient daughter of Zion in her day of affliction. Zion's was a figure of sordid, cheerless despair. Her canticles were the last groan of irremediable woe. The sceptre was to pass away from her hand, and the diadem to fall from her brow, never again to be replaced. Her children's hearts became estranged, never again to return to her in homage and love.

Not so our Queen of Sorrows. She weeps, but her tears reflect fathomless rays of tender hope and splendor renewed. She laments, but her plaints fore-echo the glad outburst of coming triumph. Dignity, tenderness, matronly pride, preside over her mourning, moderate it, give to it an unspeakable charm, make her sorrows sweeter than any joy, and her tears more beautiful and precious than the brightest gems that crown the brow of earthly empire.

Father Craft.

PINE RIDGE, S. D., Jan. 13, 1891.

MY wound feels considerably better, and I may recover. Am very hopeful. I authorize you to contradict for me, in my name, through the press, the reports in circulation that blame the army for the sad tragedy at Wounded Knee Creek. Those reports do grave injustice to our soldiers, and are instigated by those adverse to an honorable settlement of the present trouble, and hostile to the desire of every true friend of the Indians, that they be permanently transferred from the charge of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. It is only by such a transfer that the Indians can expect just treatment. The whole trouble originated by the interested whites, who had gone about most industriously and misrepresented the army and its movements upon all the agencies. The Indians were in consequence alarmed and suspicious. They had been led to believe that the true aim of the military was their extermination. The troops acted with the greatest kindness and prudence. In the Wounded Knee fight the Indians fired first. The troops fired only when they were compelled to. I was between both, saw all, and know from an absolute knowledge of the whole affair whereof I say. The Indians state the case just as I do. I have every proof at hand, and when able will forward full statement and documentary evidence.

REV. FRANCIS M. J. CRAFT.

How Father Craft Was Wounded.

The correspondent of the Omaha Bee writes: "Father Craft, the Catholic missionary who was wounded at the battle of Wounded Knee, is progressing very well. He sat up to-day and described the battle to a party of callers with considerable animation. His wound was made by a long, broad-bladed knife, which entered under his right shoulder blade near the spine, and passed through his lung to the upper part of his breast. He did not see his assailant, but a soldier who did says the Indian was running wildly along, and, not recognizing the priest, plunged the knife into him. At this time a badly frightened Indian was hanging to his cassock and praying the priest to save his life. After he was stabbed he went among the wounded to alleviate their sufferings. A young soldier stepped up to him and said: "Father, I am dying. Please hear my confession." Bending down the priest listened to the soldier, and as he gave him absolution the boy's head fell on the priest's breast. Both fell; one was dead, the other had fainted."

Physical Culture in Our Seminaries.

KNOWN so well, it seems almost trite to repeat that physical culture is absolutely necessary. Passed, as it has, into the ranks of the proverbs, taken as the subject of so many lucid lectures, it hardly requires any explanation. Exercise, exercise is the grand preservative of health. Without it, we gradually become stunted beings, worthless for any of the rugged duties of life, unable to attain any lofty aim, and totally unfit to accomplish any great work.

The body, as we know, is composed of innumerable muscles. For their true development, what is needed? Exercise. For their continual preservation, what is demanded? Exercise. For the body to be in perfect health, what is required? Exercise. For the mind itself, what is necessary? The proper exercise of the body. The excrescences of the blood, the wasted portions of the system, must be carried away, else health or even life is endangered. They will not disappear of their own accord. Left to themselves, they permeate the body, and are the unerring harbingers of disorder. They must be removed, and what will remove them? Again, we answer: Exercise.

No difference what be our station in life, be we journalists, artists, musicians, or it matters not what, exercise must ever be our companion. We cannot shirk it, we cannot give it the cold shoulder, or else its dread foe, sickness, will almost immediately be our guest.

Physical culture must be commenced at early age. It must not be supposed that it can be forsaken till time is beginning to snow our heads. In school and out of it, it should be one of the prime concerns of the parents to compel, if needs be, their child to take some strong, healthy exercise. Negligence in this respect is often too late regretted. In regard to youth who are sent to college, little need be said. We find it generally a rule in every institution that the students must devote a certain portion of the day to exercise. And, it is a notable fact, observed by the teachers themselves, that those who pay strict attention to physical culture are generally the best learners. Why? Because with the exercise of the body the mind is refreshed, and is better enabled to grasp and to hold all the difficulties of the text-books.

It is not our purpose here to give a lengthy dissertation on physical culture. The subject has been dealt with by many able and educated men. More than once, too, has it been the theme of educators. But in these few paragraphs, we simply wish to call attention to a subject that, for some reason or other, and to a great extent, is unfortunately neglected. We refer to physical culture in our seminaries.

Gone from his college home, the young aspirant to the priesthood must of necessity seek admission in some seminary. What does he find there? A life totally dissimilar to that he was accustomed to lead while at college. *There*, he associated with students of nearly like age, whose dispositions and mode of living were in harmony with his own; *here*, he is cast among individuals, ageing from twenty to forty, who have already settled down to the regular routine of difficult

work. Devoted entirely to their philosophical or theological works, the majority of them cannot find time sufficient to take more than a few minutes' walk. Accustomed to this, perhaps for years, anything like good, solid exercise seems to them smacking of labor, and therefore to be avoided. Consequently, their quota of physical culture, so necessary, as we have said, practically amounts to *nil*.

The young man in question, as is the case with all, unable to obtain his customary exercise, falls after a short while into this same state of lassitude. Used to outdoor exercising, this is now prevented him. What are the results? Need we tell them? Cast your eyes over the young men who yearly leave our seminaries; note their physical contour. Are they, as a rule, men of strong, hardy appearance? Does the rose of health bloom perceptibly? Do they seem capable to conduct and further the laborious work of the mission? The old Trojans in God's vineyard are fading away, oppressed by labor excessive. Are these sickly hued young men the ones to continue their work thoroughly and efficiently?

For stern, difficult work, strong and well-developed men are required. Harder and more tiresome than is usually supposed is the work of the mission. It is far from being child's play, as those already engaged can well testify. Then, how can they in whose system disease is dominant; who are fast succumbing to the invincible enemy, consumption; who are smothered with asthma or catarrh, and others who are literally broken down, how,— I ask, can such as these cultivate and increase properly the vineyard of the Lord? Certainly, it appears perfectly rational to conclude that they cannot. But ere proceeding, we would wish it to be understood that we do not mean to assert that every newly ordained is a physical wreck, or weighed down with some disorder. We know otherwise. But, sad to say, and we can be borne out by testimony, the majority that are ordained of late years are far from enjoying good health and robust constitutions.

Now, the first question that suggests itself is: Why are not these young men strong and lustful? Nearly all will remark that the studies are the cause. The long, continuous strain of mental toil undoubtedly saps the foundations of health. Though this may, in a certain degree, be true, yet to this alone the cause cannot be ascribed. We do not hesitate to say that to the almost total lack of the all-necessary exercising of the body is due the debility and the troubles that are wont to befall our seminarians and newly ordained.

The importance of physical culture in our seminaries cannot be too strongly emphasized. The intellectual and moral nature must not alone be cultivated. Equal regard must be paid to the physical, if we wish to have men, in the true sense of the word. How sad to see brilliant minds encased in debilitated bodies, strength joining hands with weakness. And from such it is not to be expected that a world of usefulness will ensue. A few years of mission work, and then they are exhausted, and wait, passive victims, for the stroke of death. That this is not exaggerated, look abroad and behold the number of priests in the full flush of early manhood who yearly pass to the portals of the grave.

This, surely, is a deplorable fact, and one that calls for stringent reform. Is there a remedy, and where does it lie? Should this state of things be allowed to continue? Are our future spiritual leaders to be of the sickly type? Heaven forbid! The servants of the Lord should be adequately strong enough to manfully and well perform all the duties such a grand occupation entails. Every clergyman leaving his seminary should be fit to wield firm and noticeable arms in the strife against vice and sin. To do this he must be other than a weak and inactive individual. To form such workers should be the aim of the seminary.

Now, the remedy, as far as one acquainted with the subject can judge, lies in the proper cultivation of the physical organs. Let the regents urge the necessity of diligent exercising. Or let them promulgate a law, making it obligatory for seminarians to engage daily, for an hour at least, in the pursuit of physical culture. Let them not allow their students to bury themselves day after day in the seclusion of their rooms, moping over their books, and courting, too, the hideous form of sickness. A change would soon be made manifest. The pale, ghastly hue would give way to the rosy color of health, the weakened lungs would be strengthened, the frame would glow with health and vigor, and the field of the Lord would be attended and watched, not by pigmies, but by veritable giants.

Physical culture in our seminaries has not received the attention its importance demands. It has too long been disregarded, and it is high time for regents or presidents to take action in the matter. They should have at heart the good of their students, as without doubt they have. To prove that such is the case, let them send forth young Levites, strong, active, capable of performing sterling work. To accomplish this, what must they do? See that their students devote special attention to physical culture.

Allegany Seminary, N.Y. JOSEPH NOONAN.

Calamity Jim.

HE was a disconsolate dreamer,
Looked woe-begone, sullen, and grim;
He was also a consummate schemer—
They called him Calamity Jim.

His schemes were not lofty, however;
By *them* he got tangled all up,
For his daily and constant endeavor
Was to drain down the dregs of his cup.

Yet his plans were all laid with precision
Which, if not ill-directed, could win
A home for this creature, whose vision
Was blurred with the fumes of vile gin.

"Say, friend,"—I once ventured the query,
As we both took an afternoon nip,
And he appeared chatty and cheery,
Like one who escaped from the grip—

"Do you really ever feel needy,
Feel like one left all alone?"
"I do, and that's why I'm so seedy;
For success I have never yet known.

"I try to succeed every season,
And I fail, to my utter dismay;
Here, sir, I'll give you the reason—
There are too many *bars* in the way."

This was a tip worth the taking;
I took it. I'll make no remarks,
Only this, that my head has ceased aching,
And I'm bitten no longer by sharks.

New York. THOMAS J. MCGEOGHEGAN.

St. Patrick's Day in 1780.

I WAS much interested in the extract from the Army and Navy Journal, headed "Historical — Washington Against Cider." With reference to the order directing the celebration of St. Patrick's day, the "morning order" sounding apocryphal, and the date "1796" must be "1776." Washington was President in 1796, not General in the field. Whether or not "morning orders" were issued by Washington from his "H. Q., Greenville, March 17, 1796," certainly St. Patrick's day was celebrated in 1780 by order from him.

HEADQUARTERS, March 16, 1780.

The General congratulates the army on the very interesting proceedings of the Parliament of Ireland, and of the inhabitants of the country, which have been lately communicated. Not only do they appear calculated to remove the heavy and tyrannical oppressions on their trade, but to restore to a brave and generous people their ancient rights and privileges, and in their operation to promote the cause of America. Desirous of impressing in the mind of the army transactions so important in their nature, the General directs that all fatigue and working parties cease for to-morrow, the 17th day, held in particular regard by the people of that nation. At the same time that he orders this as a mark of pleasure he feels in the situation, he persuades himself that the celebration of the day will not be attended by the least rioting or disorder. The officers to be at their quarters in camp, and the troops of each State are to be in their own encampment.

Division Orders, March 17, 1789. — The commanding officer desires that the celebration of the day should not pass by without a little rum issued to the troops, and has thought proper to direct the commissary to send for the hogshead which the colonel has purchased already in the vicinity of the camp. While the troops are celebrating the bravery of St. Patrick in innocent mirth and pastimes, he hopes they will not forget their worthy friends in the kingdom of Ireland, who, with the greatest unanimity have stepped in opposition to the tyrant, Great Britain, and who, like us, are determined to die to be free. The troops will conduct themselves with the greatest sobriety and good order.

The reference to their trade was the struggle for independence before 1782. "To promote the cause of America," refers to the vote in the Irish Parliament refusing to send troops "to cut their brothers' throats in America," as a member called the Tory resolution.

The above orders are excerpts from the "military orders of the day" issued to the "Main Guard and Morristown Picket" from Feb. 15, to April 7, 1780, while the American army under Washington was stationed at Morristown, N. J. If I mistake not, a copy of the "Picket" is preserved in Morristown, and another one in Trenton. At any rate, the manuscript of this order belongs to a St. Louis lady, whose grandfather was an officer in the "Main Guard and Morristown Picket."

That Washington was well acquainted with the Irish in this country and valued them highly, is certainly shown by his order that St. Patrick's day be celebrated in 1776, "with all due respect and decorum," and in 1780, "as a mark of pleasure." What fun there would be if the President offered a holiday on St. Patrick's day, 1891! Yet there was more Irish blood spilt for the Union's cause, from 1861 to 1865, than there was blood spilt by the whole Continental army, from Lexington to Yorktown. — R. F. FARRELL, in N. Y. Sun.

The Flight into Egypt.

THE last streak of departing day has faded from the western horizon, and the dark shadows have closed in upon the earth, bringing silence, calm, and rest to the little household of the Holy Family. Mary has sunk to sleep, folding the Infant Jesus to her heart, with all a mother's love, and all a saint's devotion; dreaming, it may be, of the wondrous events which she has lately witnessed, and in which she herself has taken so great a part.

And now it was when — "Behold," says the sacred text, "an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the child and his mother, and fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him." (Matt. II. 13.)

Obedient, as he had ever been, to the command of God, Joseph arises and prepares to discharge the sacred duty entrusted to him: a duty sacred, indeed, but hard and irksome in the execution. For whither now must he take the youthful Virgin and the tender Infant? Away to the land of the haughty pagan; and that no other, too, than Egypt! The very name is hateful to the Jewish mind. Yet, an angel has been sent to command their flight. And then, again, comes the urgent reason: "For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him." Delay he must not; and so he goes directly to apprise Mary of the sad intelligence; for, ere the morning's dawn shall have gilded the hill-tops, they must have sped them far towards the land of the pagan and the stranger. The young Deliverer must fly before those whom He has come to save.

How can we conceive the terror and alarm with which Mary heard the message from the lips of Joseph? The mother's tenderest sympathies are touched. One thought alone possesses her; it is that the safety of her Child is threatened; that His life is in danger; that she is in the midst of enemies! Long and anxiously had she been waiting to look upon the divine countenance of the Infant Saviour, and now, in the very first days of her happiness, is He to be rudely torn from her embraces? It is true she had been told that "His name should be called Jesus, because He came to save His people from their sins;" and the words of Simeon are still echoing in her ears, — that her Child should be as "a sign to be contradicted," and that "a sword of grief should pierce her own soul also." But *so soon* must all those things happen? She had suffered much already; not on her own account so much as because of her sympathy with Him. She had seen how, driven out by all the world, he drew His first breath in a stable; and that, poor and despised, He had no home on earth, except what her arms gave Him. All this, and a thousand things besides, she had seen and borne; but, through it all, she still pressed Jesus to her breast, and felt happy the while in thinking that it was her privilege to be poor, to suffer, and to be despised along with Him. It was not only bearable but blissful, so long as she might nestle Him in her bosom, and feel that He was *safe* within her arms. But now,

must her dream of happiness so soon be broken? Must His young life, *even now*, pay down the heavy ransom? And whilst His infant lips yet draw the life-milk from her bosom, is some ruffian soldier of Herod to drag Him from her grasp, and immolate Him before her very eyes? Oh! it must not be! She herself will defend Him! She will part with Him only with her life. It must not be; the angel's timely warning gives assurance that it shall not.

Already "she is strong as an army in battle array"; and clasping her more than life to her heart, she wraps her poor mantle around her, and, by the side of her aged protector, she goes forth to brave the midnight winds, the hardships of an unprovided flight, the wild beasts that may prowl about her unfrequented way, and the human beings, still more to be feared, who may cross her path!

It is night in the city of Nazareth. Its streets are emptied of the gay and thoughtless crowds which thronged them during the day; and none, save the homeless, the dissolute, and the unfortunate, are abroad. Within doors the occupations of its inhabitants are as different as their circumstances, their tastes, and their states of life are different. *Here* festive lights are streaming through the windows, and the sounds of joyful music and of the fashionable dance fall upon the ear. *There*, further on, is heard the quiet hum of voices bespeaking the every-day routine of family life. Whilst, on further still, one may know by the stifled sob and noiseless bustle, that some one within is struggling with mortal illness; that the crisis is at hand, and that death seems to be in the ascendant. Nazareth, in a word, presents, exteriorly and interiorly, the aspect of a populous city at night. And such it was when Mary and Joseph, the former clasping Jesus to her bosom, stepped quickly and noiselessly along the deserted streets, trembling with apprehension at the sound of their own steps, fearing an enemy at every corner, and starting at every shadow which falls upon their path. Mary clasps Him to her bosom and flies like one endeavoring to extricate his life and treasure from a burning city; or as one who, waking from sleep, finds that he has been lying on an adder's nest. All the nervous fear of the timid Virgin is awakened, and her frighted imagination gives a voice to the very winds that are blowing around her. Does she hear a step in the adjacent street? Alas! it is surely some one in pursuit; some emissary who has detected their flight, and who is coming to tear Him from her arms. Does some night reveller utter a cry in the street behind her? Immediately her fears convert it into a command to stop and deliver up her Child!

Thus it is that her anxiety increases at every step, and urges her speed, until they have left the inhospitable city far behind; when, turning their steps towards the land of Egypt, they advance into the open country, and disappear amid the thickening shades of night.

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

THE Archbishop of Armagh, as the direct successor of St. Patrick, takes precedence of all the other prelates of Ireland, and is styled the Primate of *all* Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin is the Primate of Ireland, and the successor of St. Lawrence O'Toole.

St. Joseph's at Washington.

A NEW OLD CHURCH.

FEW of our churches at their dedication can boast of a history more interesting than that of the beautiful church of St. Joseph's, dedicated in Washington on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, Jan. 18, 1891. Two and twenty years ago, Oct. 25, 1868, its corner-stone was laid by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, then vicar-apostolic of North Carolina. The foundation was of unusual strength and was intended to support a massive structure. The stone front to the height of several feet was built, the basement walls were completed, and the whole was roughly covered, the handsome front being entirely hidden by frame-work, and the partially finished structure was roofed for immediate use. There was a pastoral residence and a frame school-house near by, and in the quaint little church of nondescript architecture, a devout congregation of Germans worshipped for nineteen years.

There was another and a flourishing German parish in the city, old St. Mary's, and it soon became evident that St. Joseph's could not be built up without assistance; so in 1887, our good Cardinal Archbishop transformed it into a German-English congregation, giving it part of the adjoining parishes, and exhorting all to aid zealously in finishing the church. Rev. V. F. Schmitt was put in charge, and the Rev. J. F. Donahue, a man full of zeal, was appointed assistant. The task falling to their lot seemed a herculean one; a heavy debt rested upon the church and there was absolutely nothing but the foundation to show for it. The superstructure had to be razed to the ground to erect the church upon a modified plan.

Father Schmitt, who has travelled much and is a man of excellent taste, determined that the new temple should be a model of beauty in pure Gothic architecture, and should be built at the very least expense possible. A characteristic remark of his on taking charge of the parish will long be remembered. The poor little church had often been called Bethlehem and compared to a stable. The good Father said: "Some of our pious friends think we should not find fault with the church, for our Lord was born in a stable. It is true He was born in a stable, but *He did not live in a stable twenty years!*"

The first thing done under the new *regime* was to tear down the crazy old school-house, and erect in its place a two-story brick edifice, the upper part of which was a chapel where divine service could be held during the building of the church. Funds were secured partially by private contribution and partially by a grand fair, in which nearly all the parishes of the District generously took part, and which netted about fifteen thousand dollars. As soon as the new school-house was finished, work was commenced on the church, and every item of the labor was carefully scrutinized by the zealous pastor.

The plan is pure Gothic; it is one hundred and sixty feet in length, and seventy-five in width, and is built of a richly tinted brown-

stone. At the south-east corner is a beautiful square tower in the style of the noted Campanile of St. Mark's in Venice, and at the opposite corner is a bay of immense proportions. The main entrance in front is surmounted by a massive carved archway, above which is a mullioned window, fourteen by twenty-five feet. The interior is very imposing and is finished with exquisite taste. The nave is thirty-two feet wide and one hundred and fifty-six feet long, separated from the side aisles by heavy pillars. The ceiling of the nave is fifty-five feet in height, and is ornamented by heavily groined arches. Over the large windows is a frieze in relief work, and the pillars supporting the arches are surmounted by angels' faces. The nave terminates in the sanctuary which is finished with various designs in frescoing, and lighted by windows of Munich glass containing representations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. John the Evangelist, St. Ann, and St. Elizabeth. To the right of the sanctuary is the Blessed Virgin's altar, above which is a window adorned with a picture of the Annunciation. Opposite this is St. Joseph's altar. The Stations of the Cross are in *alto rilievo* delicately tinted. The furniture of the whole building is of antique oak, harmonizing beautifully with the tinting of the interior. The church is supplied with the latest improvements in heat, light, and ventilation, with convenient and commodious sacristy; and the entire cost of the building will not amount to seventy thousand dollars.

On Sunday, Jan. 18, 1891, everything was in readiness for the grand ceremony of dedication. The weather was most unpromising, but in spite of this, the church was crowded before the time for the opening services. The dedication was performed by His Eminence, the Cardinal, with no music save the chanting of the officiating clergy; then a faint prelude of the orchestra ushered in the grand processional march from the symphony "Lenore"; and the acolytes and clergy followed by the Cardinal wearing the magnificent *cappa magna*, used on this occasion for the first time in Washington, proceeded through the aisles and took their places in the sanctuary for the celebration of grand High Mass, His Eminence occupying a throne on the gospel side of the sanctuary. The celebrant was Rev. P. L. Chapelle, the deacon Rev. John Delany, and the sub-deacon Rev. Richard O'Neil; Revs. P. Manning and J. F. Donahue officiating as masters of ceremonies. Within the sanctuary were Right Rev. Bishop Keane and Right Rev. Monsignor Schroeder, of the Catholic University; Rev. P. Healy, of Boston; Rev. Peter McCoy, and Rev. Chas. Bart, of Baltimore; Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., Rector of Georgetown University; Rev. J. Stephan, Director of Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and many others of the clergy of the archdiocese. Probably after His Eminence, "the observed of all observers" was Father Stephan, the Indian missionary, who, with his venerable white beard and fine physique, would attract attention even without the prestige attached to his long and arduous services to the unfortunate red men.

The music was very fine, the instrumental part being rendered by the Georgetown orchestra. The selections were from Haydn's

Imperial Mass, with Hummel's "Alma Virgo," and Tannhaüser's March. Bishop Keane was the preacher of the day, and his sermon was a very fine one. He selected for his text the beginning of the Gospel of St. John to the eighteenth verse.

After offering congratulations to the pastors and people upon the completion of their beautiful church, and praising the zeal and generosity which had enabled them to accomplish this great work, he said that the dedication of every new church was like the turning of a new leaf in the history of God's kingdom on earth; and the better to comprehend the hopes of the future and the glories of the past it was well to meditate upon the meaning and history of religion.

St. John in the first chapter of his Gospel gives a most beautiful synopsis of this, in three magnificent pictures, drawn by the hand of a master. In the first he shows the Creator, glorious, almighty, all-sufficient, creating this visible world and pouring upon man, the noblest of His creatures, the light of His infinite Light, and the life of His infinite Life, illumining his intelligence and enlivening his will, in order to unite him to his Creator; and this uniting man unto God is what the word religion means. The second picture shows the deplorable state of darkness caused by sin, which separates man from his Creator and robs him of light and life. The third picture shows religion restored by our Saviour, who came upon earth to lift man up and restore him to his true place, the bosom of the blessed God.

Every new church dedicated, every tabernacle with its crucifix, every communion railing, every pulpit, every spire with its glittering cross, bears witness to the truth of Christianity, and is a bulwark against the ceaseless warfare of the powers of darkness. The Church still teaches to the world as Peter taught, that there is but one name under heaven whereby we may be saved, the blessed and adorable name of Jesus.

Why, then, do we dedicate this church under the patronage of St. Joseph? We simply follow the example of Christ who chose human agents in communicating His graces and mercies to us. And of all the saints none is nearer to us, and none came nearer to Jesus, than the good St. Joseph. He was not a priest, he was a simple layman; and yet his life was a constant ministry to Jesus. He gave Him His Holy Name, he cared for Him, protected Him, fled with Him from Herod, and brought Him back in safety; and to St. Joseph our Lord gave love, reverence, and obedience. The bishop exhorted all to emulate the example of St. Joseph in spreading the kingdom of God upon earth and opposing the powers of evil, and like their holy patron to live and labor for the sweet Jesus and His blessed Mother.

The sermon, of which the foregoing is but an imperfect sketch, was listened to with rapt attention, and doubtless many hearts were stirred with emotions of renewed zeal in the service of God. Towards the close of the Mass, the Cardinal arose, and from his throne addressed the congregation. He congratulated them upon the completion of their noble church. He recalled the interesting circumstance that its corner-stone was the first he had laid when entering upon his

duties as a bishop, twenty-two years ago, and that these years marked the present span of his episcopal life. These years forming so long a period in the history of an individual or of a nation were but a trifle in the lifetime of the Catholic Church, which was ancient before our Republic was founded, was nearly fifteen centuries old upon the discovery of America by Columbus, and was in the prime and vigor of life before the foundation of the oldest European state. He prayed earnestly for the life and prosperity of the nation, that the gospel of Christ might ever be listened to with love and reverence, be made the basis of our government, and secure to our Republic a long and glorious existence, far beyond the years of ancient Rome, and that all present might receive the fulness of God's blessing.

After the end of Mass, the solemn procession filed out in the same order in which it had entered. The visiting clergy, with the Cardinal and Bishop Keane, were entertained at dinner by the pastor. In the afternoon, His Eminence confirmed one hundred and thirty-one persons, among whom were twenty-two adults. Fine music was rendered at this service by the juvenile choir.

Later in the evening, at Vespers, Rev. T. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University, delivered a powerful sermon. He spoke of the great vitality of the church in America, and especially in the old Archdiocese of Baltimore, as evidenced by the magnificent churches continually being erected, and he asked what was the moving cause of this wonderful vigor. Some would say it was owing to her organization, and they were partly right; but the great reason of the vitality of the church of God was to be found in unity. In all the religious organizations of the world, one alone possessed this unity — the church of which Peter was and still is the foundation, the rock of which Christ said: "The gates of hell shall never prevail against it." The nineteenth century, he said, was working many wonders, and among others it was bringing men back to the true fold. The highways built by science would assist in bringing men into the church, just as surely as the great roads built by the Roman legions helped the apostles who went abroad to proclaim to all nations the truths of Christianity; and he prayed that God might speed the day when all men would be united under one banner and in one host.

After this eloquent address the imposing ceremonies of the day closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; and St. Joseph's people went home with happy hearts, thankful that the hopes and labors of more than a score of years had at last been crowned with success.

AGNES HAMPTON.

THE holier you are, the more watchful you should be, for the devil devotes his energy and strength with great ardor and watchfulness to surprise the most perfect, because of the great harm they can do him, by attracting others to follow their example, in which way they are of very great service to the Church. — *St. Teresa.*

Cardinal Manning on Wages.

It will be remembered that somewhat of a sensation was caused at the Liége Social Congress by a passage in the letter there read from Cardinal Manning. The passage was in favor of publicly fixing and establishing a just and suitable measure for the regulation of profits and wages, and also a periodical revision of free contracts every three or five years, of which a stipulation should be inserted in the contract itself. The *Courier de Bruxelles* publishes an important letter from His Eminence to M. Van Overbergen, one of the sectional secretaries of the Congress, which more fully elucidates the points above referred to. The following extracts are from the Cardinal's letter:

1. By *publicly*, I mean by an open and recognized agreement.

2. The proportion of which I speak ought to be determined by the masters and workmen.

3. The periodical revision ought also to be determined by the same contracting parties.

4. Recourse to the Legislature in these matters ought to be avoided as much as possible. Further on His Eminence writes: The passage which you quote from my letter to the Liége Congress, expresses my profound conviction. But to arrive at this principle of proportion, the sincere and voluntary cöoperation of capitalists is absolutely necessary. For a hundred years, capitalists have deliberately concealed their enormous profits, and, at the same time, bought labor at the lowest price. Last year the miners' strike was motived by the fact that the profits of the capitalists had increased by eighty per cent. whilst the remuneration of the workmen had barely increased by thirty per cent. I could give many similar examples. The absolute obstacle at this moment is the refusal of capitalists to declare their profits. Free contract is sacrosanct and dominant over starving labor. Under these conditions liberty of contract does not exist. It is a cruel mockery. In the beginning, the principle of proportion regulated agriculture. The *Metayer* system is an eminent proof of it. Here the fruits of the earth are palpable; nobody can conceal them. So when changed into money payment the principle still exists, because the prices of products are registered and public. But in works and manufactures everything is concealed. Nevertheless, the prices in commercial transactions give many indications for calculating the profits of capitalists. But in the long run this system of justice cannot be realized without establishing relations of mutual confidence and sympathy between masters and workmen. This is the first step: To convert egotistic hearts, a labor more difficult than the labor in mines. Before arriving at that happy result, we shall have to traverse a very painful road, and, perhaps, pass through serious dangers. The labor world is organizing itself whilst capitalists, for the most part, are blind. I have advanced this daring proposition because I believe it to be conformable to natural and supernatural justice, at which, in the long run, we are obliged to arrive.

Henry E., *Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*

The Ancient Cross.

AN INTERESTING RELIC OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CAL.

It is, perhaps, not commonly known that in the old mission cross at Santa Clara stands the most ancient relic of the inauguration of civilization in the Santa Clara valley. It is a fact, however, that with the first casting of its shadow, and not an hour sooner, civilization took its first start in this lovely domain. The improvements about to be made in its vicinity by Peter Donahue, a true and generous lover of all that is aged and sacred, have awakened a new interest in this venerable relic, and hereafter tourists who throng the valley will pay it more homage than a mere curious glance in passing. Hoary with age, silent and solemn, it has more to tell than the tale of the faith that planted it. The facts of its history are thus related by one of the Fathers at the college:

Santa Clara valley first blushed in its beauty beneath the white man's eye in November, 1769, when Governor Gaspar de Portola passed through it with a gay cavalcade, but the Governor tarried not. Three years later, Pedro Fages, afterwards Governor of Alta California, and the Spanish missionary, Father Crespi, came the same way, but lingered not, as their faces were set towards the north. Then in rapid succession it was travelled through by the Commandante Rivera y Moncada, and Father Palou, the famous companion of Junipero Serra, in 1774, by the missionaries Palou, Heceta, and de la Campa, in 1775; by the Vice-Governor Don Jose Moraga, Captain Anza, and Father Palou, in the spring of 1776; and lastly by Moraga and Fathers Palou and Cambon, with a company of settlers and soldiers on their way up from Monterey to San Francisco, in the summer of that year. The tidings which all these travellers bore of the fertility of the valley and the mildness of its savage inhabitants, determined Father Junipero Serra to start a mission there. Father Thomas de la Pena was accordingly appointed for the purpose. He was a sturdy old worker from the forests and mountains of Mexico, besides having already seen service in Alta California, San Diego, San Luis Obispo, and San Carlos, and was thus well fitted to play the role of the first pioneer in Santa Clara valley. Father de la Pena was the founder of the Santa Clara mission, and as such of the civilization of all the valley. Strange to say no monument attests his worth or a people's gratitude; only the solemn old cross remains which he planted so long ago.

As soon as his appointment was made in the fall of 1776, Father de la Pena set briskly to work to find the most advantageous site whereon to establish his headquarters. Securing the services of the Commandante Moncada he galloped down from San Francisco and scoured the valley pretty thoroughly. He desired especially a spot where his water supply should be unfailing and his communication easy with San Francisco. It is no joke to say that his water supply proved unfailing with a vengeance. At last he pitched upon a spot about three leagues from the bay, on the banks of a little stream near where it emptied from the west into the Guadalupe

river. This would place the spot within the limits of Mr. Donahue's "Laurelwood Ranch." (The exact position has been recently located by Mr. Donahue and two of the Fathers from Santa Clara College. On the spot now stands a deserted barn, not far north of the old Spanish bridge.) It is Mr. Donahue's intention, it is understood, to erect some suitable memorial upon it. He is proud to have within his property the cradle of so glorious an era. The neighboring Indians knew the place as "Socoistika," or the laurel trees; while old Marcello, the last of his race, who died at the college within this decade, called it "Tshaitka." A rich, well-watered soil, a river stocked with salmon, and a neighborhood crowded with Indians, moved the Father in his choice of the place. These Indians, though dwelling close to each other, were divided, as was then common all through California, into many small tribes, the chief of which were the Gergecensens, the Socoisukas, and the Thamiens, with frequent visits from the Olhones, who roamed along the coast.

Having thus decided his plans, Father de la Pena returned to San Francisco with Moncada, who soon set out for Monterey to send up the needed supply of settlers and soldiers for the new mission. His party arrived in San Francisco late in December, and in January de la Pena took them with him to Socoistika, the soldiers not more than nine, being under the command of Moraga. On Jan. 12, 1777—which we may well call the birthday of Santa Clara valley — they reached the appointed place. At once according to the inviolable custom of the missionaries and travellers of those times, the mission cross was hewn from a tree hard by, and solemnly blessed, and erected in the most conspicuous part of the settlement. It was cut from a live oak. It was an emblem of hope in which the settlers were not disappointed. The celebration of Mass immediately followed, and then the work of clearing and building was begun with energy. Church, residence, shops, store-house, and guard-house soon sprang into being around the cross, and civilization had fairly entered into the heart of the valley.

The settlement at Socoistika was doomed to an early destruction. In 1780 occurred one of the most violent floods the Guadalupe has ever known, and the church and all its surroundings were left in utter ruin. Father de la Pena, however, and his assistant, Father Murguia, were not disheartened. They made the best temporary shift they could, and surveyed the valley for a new location. This they found near the present Mission orchard, some three hundred yards west of the broad-gauge station, beyond the narrow-gauge tracks, and south of Franklin street, a place known to the Indians as "Gerguensun," or the valley of the oaks. Hither all their effects were speedily removed, and the construction of a new church begun under Father Murguia's intelligent direction as architect and builder. The first object to be removed was the cross. It signified too much to de la Pena and his already numerous neophytes to allow him to abandon it. Within its shadow his first great hopes of the valley were born, his first savages reclaimed from the lowest depths of ignorance, and, please God, its shadow should

o' ' day fall across his last mortal remains. In this hope he was disappointed, for in 1794, he was ordered back to Mexico by his superiors, who found him completely shattered in health by his seventeen years of labor in the valley. To Murguia, however, the coveted favor was granted. He died just four days before his new church was opened, and was laid at rest in its sanctuary.

All that the old cross saw during the next forty years would form a story worthy a novelist's best weaving. It saw innumerable savages come in from the woods and down from the mountains, and, under the care of a Noboa, a Maguin, a Viader, and a long line of devoted missionaries, become expert in all the trades and ways of civilized life. It saw the tide of white men sweeping past it, ever increasing, till San Jose became a town, and a dozen white men's villages appeared in the valley, and out of its shadow. In 1797, Father Maguin went forth to build the magnificent Alameda. Then, in 1818, it was destined to be removed a second time. Tradition has it that in that year an earthquake cracked the church at Gerguensun so that it had to be rebuilt. Thereupon Fathers Maguin and Viader chose the present site, where the church and the cross have remained ever since.

Near its new location, Estanislao, the Indian, planned his rebellion in 1829, and fled to the mountains, only to have his poor followers butchered by the whites in cold blood. Past it, also, Yoscolo, led his band of five hundred savages, when they sacked the Mission in 1831. His band was likewise fearfully slaughtered at Los Gatos, and the Spanish captain, Juan Mesa, stuck Yoscolo's head on a pole not far from the cross, and never again did the wretched remnant of his band, or any of their fellow Indians, attempt a like rebellion.

With the advent of Echeandia as governor in Alta California, the decay of the missions began. He was the great champion of secularization, and insisted that the lands be taken from the control of the missionaries and be given in severalty to the Indians. In vain the poor fathers protested. The Indians were scarcely a generation reclaimed from a barbarism worse than the Australian savages of to-day — they were not ripe for self-support — have patience a little longer. But in vain. The lands were fat, and the Mexican officials knew only too well that secularization meant the enriching of themselves enormously. Under Figueroa the crime was completed, and the broken-hearted missionaries saw their neophytes fly to the mountains and refuse to return. To-day not a solitary Indian remains in the valley. How the lonely old cross would have wept if it had tears to shed!

The work of the Franciscans had been ruined, and sadly they quitted the shadow of that cross so dear to them because of all it represented, and returned to their Mexican homes. The mission was dead, and in 1850 the Jesuit, John Nobili, was called down from his labors amongst the Indians of Idaho to take charge of Santa Clara parish and to establish the college. He reverenced the old cross and was careful that no ill should befall it. One of his successors discovered that the rains were at last making inroads upon its frame of oak, and lovingly incased it in some material easily replaced. A goodly portion, however, he left exposed at the base.

What are We to do with Our Girls?

Some time ago an anxious mother wrote to a leading newspaper for ladies, asking advice as to what she ought to do with her grown-up daughters. They were as clever, said the mother, as well-educated, as good-looking as most other people's girls; and they were willing to be industrious. Their brother declared that a certain "Lydia" would never speak to him again if his sisters became governesses or lady-helps. Their mother mentally wrung her hands and turned in her extremity to question public opinion; but very scant, indeed, was the notice bestowed on her.

How many good women are perplexed with the same thoughts which agitated the motherly heart that thus put the pith of its anxiety into print? We can see the bands of comely maids, with their neatly braided heads bending over useless fancy work, or cutting and trimming to keep themselves presentably dressed, feeling all the while their young spirits crushed by the consciousness that "Mother" is casting anxious glances into their future, longing wearily to know what to do with them, so as to give their feet a solid standing-place in the world. Their wishes incline to industry, but they shrink from the thought of associating with servants; and they dread the thought of "governessing," that lonely occupation which takes the girl away from home and friends to spend her life among strangers. Besides, they are hardly qualified to be governesses, and on the whole are glad to screen themselves behind the foolish prejudice of the professional brother, and the awful threat of Lydia's displeasure. They see many in their own position, acknowledged, or unacknowledged. In the street they live in there is a second large family of girls; but the latter have got among them Mrs. Haweis's book on beauty, and one is deeply engaged dyeing her hair green or blue (only as an experiment), while the rest are planning costumes to suit in color and form the styles of the drawing-rooms of their various acquaintances. How the slender allowance bestowed by dear, generous, hard-worked papa will endure such varieties is yet to be proved; but what with costumes, and postures, and attitudes, the "art of beauty" young ladies have no time to think of their prospects in life. In the next square dwells another sisterhood; but they are busy with Mrs. Caddy's book on the household, and are fully engaged trimming their dusters with Torchon lace, composing piquant scarlet attire to cook the dinner in, and consulting as to how "Father" may be induced to put a marble sink in his book-lined study, and allow them to turn it into an æsthetic kitchen. Yet another sample group of her own species occurs to the mind of the "nice" girl as she looks out on her small world; but of these one already walks the hospitals, while another aspires to be a judge on the bench. Our neat little maid does not feel herself called to any of the learned professions, and sighs and knits her brows as she picks among her worsteds.

What wonder if the more experienced, more far-seeing mother should profoundly echo that sigh. She knows that at the bottom of

each daughter's heart lies a beautiful dream of home and love; but cruel lines of statistics inform her with unflinching veracity that there is in the world a multitude of women for whom no husbands can by any possibility be found. She casts up her daughters' opportunities of having their sweet dimples seen and their virtues felt by desirable individuals of the opposite sex, deploring that her children are not possessed of that surpassing beauty which is sure to attract in a crowd. Then they are not the sort of girls who would marry any one at all, just for a living. Mary, she thinks, would not be hard to please; but there is that little Bessie, with her heart always at a white heat, who would be capable of refusing ten thousand a year could she not bestow upon the owner of it all that tender affection which to her is a necessity of existence. All things considered, the mother is obliged to put aside marriage among the mere possibilities of the future of her children.

What, then, is to be done with these (say six) nice, non-beauty girls, with their bright eyes and wholesome complexions, their neat hands and industrious inclinations? Will any one tell how they are to be put in a position of life where all their energies will be brought into play, their health preserved by activity, their tempers kept sweet by the consciousness of usefulness, and their livelihood secured by their own honorable exertions? Of course the first step to be taken is to break down all that stupid prejudice against a woman's doing that for which she openly receives money. This feeling runs so high in some circles that certain bright, clever girls, having a few tuitions among friends, are careful to keep the matter a secret. Let it be understood that it is no reproach to a hard-working, professional man, with a small income, if he gives to his daughters an occupation or profession in life as well as to his sons; still less to the widow of slender fortune whose days are embittered by the dread of what will become of her girls if they do not marry. Sooner or later public opinion is sure to right itself on this matter; and meantime the anxious mother ought to ignore it quietly and proceed with her plans.

Here is a plan which might be worth trying. Let the parents of six daughters invest such savings as they can in the purchase of a few acres of ground with a house, within easy distance of the capital or of some good-sized town. Let there be a pasture for a certain number of cows, and space for a nursery garden. Two of the girls might, while young, be apprenticed to a first-rate gardener, and two might, in like manner, learn the management of milk and butter, and of all that belongs to the keeping of a dairy. Living in one house, and following their occupations within the limits of the same green hedges, the four sisters might, in pairs, pursue a thriving trade. As for the remaining two, may we not reasonably suppose that, out of six, two at least will be found to possess mental gifts say a little above the average? Let that one who shows an early taste for drawing be educated from childhood to be an artist; and by the time she is a woman she will probably be found capable of supporting herself by some branch of the profession which she loves. In like manner can literature be cultivated. No

doubt a certain turn for letters is necessary to begin with; but there are few bright-witted women, with the habit early acquired of expressing their ideas upon paper, who might not learn to do a fair amount of remunerative literary work. It might be work of the simplest kind, stories for children and contributions to their magazines; it might be children's school books, or something more (or less) ambitious than any of these. Her income might be small, but it would be pleasantly earned, and likely to increase as the years went on. The artist and authoress might live in the same home with their sisters, and the picture or tale composed and executed among the beauties and delights of a country life would have in it the fragrance of the roses, the sweetness of milk and honey. The dwelling would be sure to be beautified by the two artistic partners in this sisterly firm, the sitting-room, always bright and fragrant with flowers, a delightful resting-place for jaded visitors from town. The dairy might be a place to dream of: a well-kept diary being at all times a delicious place to enter. In the last century, Mrs. Delany writes rapturously of breakfast in a dairy at the country-house of some Irish friends, where, as they sat at breakfast, the rose-leaves drifted in upon them and lay in heaps on the tiles, and along the window-sills. It is easy to imagine what a dairy might be, presided over by two ladies whose business it should be to make it perfect.

But on the whole the gardeners would have the best of it. How pleasant to an active, healthy, cheerful-minded woman to spend her time among roses and peaches, lilies and apricots? Alike would be sweet to her the tending of her treasures through frost and winds, and the triumphant gathering in of the harvest. What a joy and pride she would take in her productions, and how, even with the superfluous overflowings of her hands, might she not brighten and refresh many another darker life? And (to take another peep from the anxious mother's point of view) surely these efforts need not be bars to a happy marriage. Every man would not object to a woman because her lap was full of roses, nor dislike to see through the jasmine-framed window of her dairy his future wife in her dainty cambrics, straining the milk, or setting up pans for the afternoon's cream. But putting aside all this, would not the sisters be happy and industrious and independent together? And who could turn into a sour old maid under the wholesome influences described?

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE. — There are some English Catholics not ungrateful for the services rendered their religion by their neighbors in the Green Isle. The Marquis of Ripon is a representative of this class. In a recent address delivered in London he says: "Some might forget, and he was afraid that there were many who did forget what English Catholics owed to Ireland. How was it that he could hold office in the government of the empire? To whom was it that he owed those advantages which were denied to Catholics a few generations back? It was to that great Irishman, Daniel O'Connell."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Table Manners for Children.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife or fork or napkin-ring
I must not play, nor must I sing.
I must not speak a useless word;
For children must be seen not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please."
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise then I must put
My chair away with quiet foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.

Why Girls Cannot Throw.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, like the tail of a snake or a whip-lash, working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists we never learned until at a somewhat advanced period, we dived into a book of physiology and learned that the clavicle, or collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. That's the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

Fairy Tales.

II.—The House in the Lake.

A LONG, long time ago there lived in a little hut, in the midst of one of the inland lakes of Erin, an old fisherman and his son. The hut was built on stakes driven into the bed of the lake, and was so high above the waters that even when they were stirred into waves by the wind coming down from the mountains they did not reach the threshold of the door. Around, outside the hut, on a level with the floor, was a little wicker-work platform, and under the platform, close to the steps leading up to it from the water, the fisherman's curragh, made of willows, covered with skins, was moored, and it was only by means of the curragh that he and his son, Enda, could leave their lake dwelling.

On many a summer evening Enda lay stretched on the platform, watching the sunset fading from the mountain-tops, and the twilight creeping over the waters of the lake, and it chanced that once when he was so engaged he heard a rustle in a clump of sedge that grew close to one side of the hut. He turned to where the sound came from, and what should he see but an otter swimming towards him, with a little trout in his mouth. When the otter came up to where Enda was lying, he lifted his head and half his body from the water, and flung the trout on the platform, almost at Enda's feet, and then disappeared.

Enda took the little panting trout in his hand; but as he did so he heard, quite close to him, in the lake, a sound like that of water plashing upon water, and he saw the widening circles caused by a trout which had just risen to a fly; and he said to the little trout he held in his hand:

"I won't keep you, poor thing! Perhaps that was a little comrade come to look for you, and so I'll send you back to him."

And, saying this, he dropped the little trout into the lake.

Well, when the next evening came, again Enda was lying stretched outside the hut, and once more he heard the rushing in the sedge, and once more the otter came and flung the little trout almost into his hands.

Enda, more surprised than ever, did not know what to do. He saw that it was the same little trout the otter had brought him the night before, and he said:

"Well, I gave you a chance last night. I'll give you another, if only to see what will come of it."

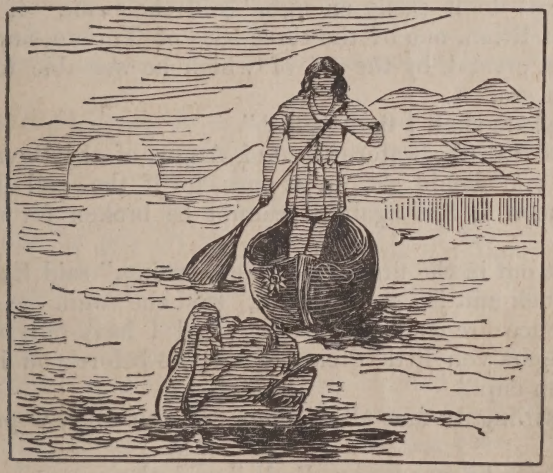
And he dropped the trout into the lake; but no sooner had it touched the waters than it was changed into a beautiful, milk-white

In the Irish annals lake dwellings, which were formerly common in Ireland, are called *crannogs*, from crann, a tree, either because of the timber framework of which the island was formed, or of the wooden huts erected thereon. Some *crannogs* appear to have been veritable islands, the only means of communication with the land being canoes. Remains of these have been frequently found near the dwelling, in some instances alongside the landing stage, as if sunk at their moorings. "Favorite sites for *crannogs* were marshes, small loughs surrounded by woods and large sheets of water. As providing good fishing grounds the entrance to or exit of a stream from a lake was eagerly selected."—"Lake Dwellings of Ireland," Col. Wood Martin, M.R.I.A.

swan. And Enda could hardly believe his eyes, as he saw it sailing across the lake, until it was lost in the sedges growing by the shore.

All that night he lay awake, thinking of what he had seen, and as soon as the morning stood on the hill-tops, and cast its shafts of golden light across the lake, Enda rose and got into his curragh.

He rowed all round the shores, beating the sedges with his oar, in pursuit of the swan; but all in vain; he could not catch a glimpse of her white plumage anywhere. Day after day he rowed about the lake in search of her, and every evening he lay outside the hut watching the waters. At last, one long night, when the full moon, rising above the mountains, flooded the whole lake with light, he saw the swan coming swiftly towards him, shining brighter than the moonbeams. The swan came on until it was almost within a boat's length of the hut; and what should Enda hear but the swan speaking to him in his own language:



"Get into your curragh, Edna, and follow me."

"Get into your curragh, Enda, and follow me," said, she and saying this, she turned round and sailed away.

Enda jumped into the curragh, and soon the water, dripping from his oar, was flashing like diamonds in the moonlight. And he rowed after the swan, who glided on before him, until she came to where the shadows of the mountains lay deepest on the lake. Then the swan rested, and when Enda came up to her:

"Enda," said she, "I have brought you where none may hear what I wish to say to you. I am Mave, the daughter of the king of Erin. By the magic arts of my cruel stepmother I was changed into a trout, and cast into this lake a year and a day before the evening when you restored me to the waters the second time. If you had not done so the first night the otter brought me to you I should have been changed into a hooting owl; if you had not done so the second night I should have been changed into a croaking raven. But, thanks to you, Enda, I am now a snow-white swan, and for one hour on the first night

of every full moon the power of speech is and will be given to me as long as I remain a swan; and swan I must always remain, unless you are willing to break the spell of enchantment that is over me; and you alone can break it."

"I'll do anything I can for you, O princess?" said Enda. "But how can I break the spell?"

"You can do so," said the swan, "only by pouring upon my plumage the perfumed water that fills the golden bowl that is in the inmost room of the palace of the fairy queen, beneath the lake."

"And how can I get that?"

"Well," said the swan, "you must dive beneath the lake, and walk along its bed, until you come to where the lake dragon guards the entrance of the fairy queen's dominions."

"I can dive like a fish," said Enda; "but how can I walk beneath the waters?"

"You can do it easily enough," said the swan, "if you get the water-dress of Brian, one of the three sons of Turenn, and his helmet of transparent crystal, by the aid of which he was able to walk under the green salt sea." *

"And where shall I find them?"

"They are in the water-palace of Angus of the Boyne," said the swan; "but you should set out at once, for if the spell be not broken before the moon is full again, it cannot be broken for a year and a day."

"I'll set out in the first ray of the morning," said Enda.

"May luck and joy go with you," said the swan. "And now the hours of silence are coming upon me, and I have only time to warn you that dangers you little dream of will lie before you in your quest for the golden cup."

"I am willing to face all dangers for your sake, O princess," said Enda.

"Blessings be upon you, Enda," said the swan, and she sailed away from the shadow out into the light across the lake to the sedgy banks. And Enda saw her no more.

He rowed his curragh home, and he lay on his bed without taking off his clothes. And as the first faint glimmer of the morning came slanting down the mountains, he stepped into his curragh and pulled across the lake, and took the road towards the water-palace of Angus of the Boyne.

When he reached the banks of the glancing river a little woman, dressed in red, was standing there before him.

* Brian, Ur, and Urcar, the three sons of Turenn, were Dedanaan chiefs. They slew Kian, the father of Luga of the Long Arms, who was grandson of Balor of the Evil Eye. Luga impo ed an extraordinary eric fine on the sons of Turenn, part of which was "the cooking-spit of the women of Fincara." For a quarter of a year Brian and his brothers sailed hither and thither over the wide ocean, landing on many shores, seeking tidings of the Island of Fincara. At last they met a very old man, who told them that the Island lay deep down in the waters, having been sunk beneath the waves by a spell in times long past. Then Brian put on his water-dress, with his helmet of transparent crystal on his head, telling his brothers to wait his return. He leaped over the side of the ship, and sank at once out of sight. He walked about for a fortnight down in the green salt sea, seeking for the Island of Fincara, and at last he found it. His brothers waited for him in the same spot the whole time, and when he came not they began to fear he would return no more. At last they were about to leave the place, when they saw the glitter of his crystal helmet deep down in the water, and immediately after he came to the surface with the cooking-spit in his hand.—"Old Celtic Romances" (Joyce), p. 87.

"You are welcome, Enda," said she; "and glad am I to see the day that brings you here to help the winsome Princess Mave. And now wait a second, and the water-dress and crystal helmet will be ready for you."

And, having said this, the little woman plucked a handful of wild grasses, and she breathed upon them three times and then flung them on the river, and a dozen fairy nymphs came springing up through the water, bearing the water-dress and crystal helmet and a shining spear. And they laid them down upon the bank at Enda's feet, and then disappeared.

"Now, Enda," said the fairy woman, "take these; by the aid of the dress and the helmet you can walk beneath the waters. You will need the spear to enable you to meet the dangers that lie before you; but with that spear, if you only have courage, you can overcome everything and every one that may attempt to bar your way."

Having said this, she bid good-by to Enda, and stepping off the bank, she floated out upon the river as lightly as a red poppy leaf. And when she came to the middle of the stream she disappeared beneath the waters.

Enda took the helmet, dress, and spear, and it was not long until he came to the sedgy banks where his little boat was waiting for him. As he stepped into the curragh the moon was rising above the mountains. He rowed on until he came to the hut, and having moored the boat to the door, he put on the water-dress and the crystal helmet, and taking the spear in his hand, he leaped over the side of the curragh, and sank down and down until he touched the bottom. Then he walked along without minding where he was going, and the only light he had was the shimmering moonlight, which descended as faintly through the waters as if it came through muffled glass. He had not gone very far when he heard a horrible hissing, and straight before him he saw what he thought were two flaming coals. After a few more steps he found himself face to face with the dragon of the lake, the guardian of the palace of the fairy queen. Before he had time to raise his spear, the dragon had wound its coils around him, and he heard its horrible teeth crunching against the side of his crystal helmet, and he felt the pressure of its coils around his side, and the breath almost left his body; but the dragon, unable to pierce the helmet, unwound his coils, and soon Enda's hands were free, and before the dragon could attempt to seize him again, he drove his spear through one of its fiery eyes, and, writhing with pain, the hissing dragon darted through a cave behind him. Enda, gaining courage from the dragon's flight, marched on until he came to a door of dull brass set in the rocks. He tried to push it in before him, but he might as well have tried to push away the rocks. While he was wondering what he should do, he heard again the fierce hissing of the dragon, and saw the red glare of his fiery eye dimly in the water.

Lifting his spear and hastily turning round to meet the furious monster, Enda accidently touched the door with the point of his spear, and the door flew open. Enda passed through, and the door closed

behind him with a grating sound, and he marched along through a rocky pass, which led to a sandy plain.

As he stepped from the pass into the plain the sands began to move, as if they were alive. In a second a thousand hideous serpents, almost the color of the sand, rose hissing up, and with their forked tongues made a horrible, poisonous hedge in front of him. For a second he stood dismayed, but then, levelling his spear, he rushed against the hedge of serpents, and they, shooting poison at him, sank beneath the sand. But the poison did not harm him, because of his water-dress and crystal helmet.

When he had passed over the sandy plain, he had to climb a great steep, jagged rock. When he got to the top of the rock he saw spread out before him a stony waste without a tuft or blade of grass. At some distance in front of him he noticed a large, dark object, which he took to be a rock but on looking at it more closely he saw that it was a huge, misshapen, swollen mass, apparently alive. And it was growing bigger and bigger every moment. Enda stood amazed at the sight, and before he knew where he was the loathsome creature rose from the ground, and sprang upon him before he could use his spear, and, catching him in its horrid grasp, flung him back over the rocks on to the sandy plain. Enda was almost stunned; but the hissing of the serpents rising from the sand around him brought him to himself, and, jumping to his feet, once more he drove them down beneath the surface. He then approached the jagged rock, on the top of which he saw the filthy monster glaring at him with bloodshot eyes. Enda poised his spear and hurled it against his enemy. It entered between the moneter's eyes, and from the wound the blood flowed down like a black torrent and dyed the plain, and the shrunken carcass slipped down the front of the rocks and disappeared beneath the sand. Enda once more ascended the rock, and without meeting or seeing anything he passed over the stony waste, and at last he came to a leafy wood. He had not gone far in the wood until he heard the sound of fairy music, and walking on he came upon a mossy glade, and there he found the fairies dancing around their queen. They were so small, and were all so brightly dressed, that they looked like a mass of waving flowers; but when he was seen by them they vanished like a glorious dream, and no one remained before him but the fairy queen. The queen blushed at finding herself alone, but on stamping her little foot three times upon the ground, the frightened fairies all crept back again.

"You are welcome, Enda," said the queen. "My little subjects have been alarmed by your strange dress and crystal helmet. I pray you take them off; you do not need them here."

Enda did as he was bidden, and he laid down his water-dress and helmet on the grass, and the little fairies, seeing him in his proper shape, got over their fright, and, unrestrained by the presence of the queen, they ran tumbling over one another to try and get a good look at the crystal helmet.

"I know what you have come for, Enda," said the queen. "The golden cup you shall have to-morrow; but to-night you must share our feast, so follow me to the palace."

Having said this, the queen beckoned her pages to her, and, attended by them and followed by Enda, she went on through the wood. When they had left it behind them Enda saw on a green hill before him the snow-white palace of the fairy queen.

As the queen approached the steps that led to the open door, a band of tiny fairies, dressed in rose-colored silk, came out, carrying baskets of flowers, which they flung down on the steps to make a fragrant carpet for her. They were followed by a band of harpers dressed

He then approached the jagged rock, on the top of which he saw the filthy monster glaring at him with bloodshot eyes.

in yellow silken robes, who ranged themselves on each side of the steps and played their sweetest music as the queen ascended.

When the queen, followed by Enda, entered the palace, they passed through a crystal hall that led to a banquet-room. The room was lighted by a single star, large as a battle-shield. It was fixed against the wall above a diamond throne.

The queen seated herself upon the throne, and the pages, advancing towards her, and bending low, as they approached the steps handed her a golden wand.

The queen waved the wand three times, and a table laden with all kinds of delicacies appeared upon the floor. Then she beckoned Enda to her, and when he stood beside her the fairy table was no higher than his knee. EDMUND LEAMY, M. P.

To be continued.

The Boy Who Forgot His Dinner.

WHEN St. Peter of Alcantara was a child he loved very much to say his prayers. One day, it was dinner-time, and the dinner was quite ready. The father and mother of Peter were at the dinner table, and his brothers and sisters were there, only the little Peter himself was not there. The father said, "Where is Peter?" Nobody could tell where he was; they searched all through the house, but they could not find the child anywhere; they thought that perhaps he might be playing outside of the house, so they went and looked for him, but they could not see him anywhere. At last, they thought perhaps he might be in the chapel, so they went to the chapel. There they found the good child on his knees, with his hands joined, looking up to heaven, and saying his prayers. He had forgotten his dinner, he was thinking only about his prayers, so he became a very great saint. Did you ever forget your dinner or your breakfast for your prayers? Perhaps you even thought so much about your breakfast that you eat it before you had said any prayers at all.

Young Men

SOME one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become external victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the poor young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born. Better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother! Mother!"

What Did It.

THE kindergarten method of developing the youthful mind is sometimes attended with disastrous results. It is very encouraging to a child to be shown a beautiful object, as a doll, a top, or a picture, taught to spell it and then presented with it. If this kind of instruction could be pursued in after life, and men could have corner lots, and receipts in full for sundries, the whole world would be turned into a spell-bound spelling bee. However, we must pass all that by with a sigh of regret that things are not otherwise than thuswise and turn to our illustration of object-teaching. A minister was telling his Sunday school all about Samson and his exploits. "With what remarkable weapon did Samson slay his enemies?" he asked. No one knew. In order to coach the school a little, he tapped his jaw and said, "Children, what is this?" It was enough. Torpid memories were quickened, and the victory was won. A dear little boy, who, if he keeps the promise of his childhood, will some day be a candidate for office, cried out, "I know; I know, sir!" Elated at the success of his plan, the minister turned to him and said, "Well, my little man, stand up and tell the whole school what it is." He arose with great dignity and replied, "It's the jawbone of an ass, sir."

Recommendation of a Boy.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. One of the whole number he in a short time selected, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He took off his hat when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it and shoved it aside; and he waited patiently for his turn, instead of pushing, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."

THE best way to pass successful examinations, is for boys and girls to do exactly what their teachers tell them to do, from the beginning of each school term and to the end of it. The tasks may not be agreeable, but if they are done, the pupils will not be accused of failure.

St. Jerome on the Training of Young Girls.

THE following is a translation of the letter written by Saint Jerome in reply to the Roman lady, Laeta, who asked the saint for advice on the education of her daughter. Coming down to us from the pen of this great Doctor of the Church of the fourth century, this letter must be interesting to us, both by reason of its antiquity as well as because of the solid doctrine it contains.

"You ought," says the saint, "to frequently bring your child to the church, in order that, like Samuel, she may be led to God by the discourses which she will hear. Let her never see anything that could give her an idea of evil, and take care she never learn profane songs. As soon as her little tongue can articulate, engrave on her memory some verses of the Psalms. Guard her from associating with any child, even of her own sex, who should give her bad example, and carefully keep away from her those women who are animated with the spirit of the world. Procure her an alphabet, the letters of which should be on wood or ivory, so that in amusing herself with them she may learn their names. When she is a little older, take her hand, and train her to form with the finger of each letter on tablets of wax: then encourage her, by prizes proportioned to her age, to form syllables and to write the names of the patriarchs from Adam down. She should have schoolmates, that she may be stimulated to study by rivalry with her companions. Should she happen to be duller than others, do not reproach her, but rather encourage her, and so school her in equanimity that she be not inflated with pride at surpassing her companions, nor unduly depressed when she is outstripped by them. Take care not to give her the least aversion for study, which, if imbibed even in infancy, would continue in more advanced years. Select for her tutor a man who is both learned and virtuous, and who will not think it beneath him to lisp with her the elements of learning. We know that Aristotle was tutor to the young Alexander, and there must always be a marked difference in the manner in which the half-informed and the thorough scholar impart the first rudiments of knowledge. Take heed lest your nurse teach your daughter a broken pronunciation, or inspire her with a love for gold and purple: the one would injure her language, the other would undermine her virtue. She should never learn anything which in after years she ought to forget. The eloquence of the Gracchi owed its perfection to the sweetness and purity of their mother's speech; and in the same way Hortensius was indebted for his oratory to his father. We rarely abandon the impressions of infancy, and we are more prone to imitate imperfections than virtues. Alexander the Great could never correct certain exterior faults which he contracted from his master, Leonidas. Be careful that those women employed in your daughter's service be not given to frivolity, or lovers of wine, or useless or lengthened conversations. Know well that a mother has no salvation to hope for, unless she has made every effort to form her child to virtue. If you take all care to guard your child from the bite of the serpent, how

much care should you take to guard her from that monster whose poison is death to all. Therefore, let the golden cup of Babylon never approach her lips, and take heed that she expose not herself, like Diana, in her visits to the young ladies of the world. As we conceal poison in honey to get it swallowed, so vice often insinuates itself under the protection of what appears innocent and harmless. When your daughter is grown up, let her never leave home unless in the company of her parents; and, in fine, she should be trained to imitate the Holy Virgin, who trembled on beholding the angel because he assumed the appearance of a man. Her parents should be with her even when she visits the church, or the tombs of the martyrs, and her time should be occupied in reading and in manual labor. Let her avoid great festivities, for the more we fly temptation the more secure are we from sin. Let her never drink wine, except, perhaps, in her infancy, when you might give her a little weakened down with water. Your daughter should never see anything in her father and mother which it would be unlawful for her to imitate. If this training is impracticable at Rome, send your daughter to Bethlehem, where she will be reared under the eyes of Paula, her grandmother, and her aunt, Eustochium. I myself, will serve as her tutor, and I will feel more honored in instructing a spouse of Jesus Christ, destined one day to reign in heaven, than was the pagan, Christopher, in training Alexander, whose earthly glory was so soon to be eclipsed by a miserable death from poison."

An Old Ditty Explained.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant? The four-and-twenty black-birds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world; the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the king." The king who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting his money, is the sun; while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king — the sun — has risen, the day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day in a pie.

The late Mgr. Labelle was troubled with extreme obesity, which gave him great trouble, and hernia eventually set in and finally became so bad that he had to take to his bed. He decided to undergo an operation which was intended to reduce the hernia. Two operations were performed, but without effect, and the doctors gave up the case as a hopeless one. When Father Labelle was told that his end was near, he replied: "I know it; God is mightier than science. I expected it, but all I regret is leaving my poor mother behind me."

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"RENDER, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." This is the plain and certain line of duty for all to follow who wish to live in heaven forever.

WHEN Catholic fathers and mothers send their children to Catholic schools they "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." When they send them to non-Catholic schools they "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," but not "to God the things that are God's."

THE difference between the kinds of instruction received in the two kinds of schools, the Catholic and the non-Catholic, proves this. In the non-Catholic schools, it is against the law of Cæsar to even speak of God, and how, then, can children learn in them to render to God what belongs to Him? In the Catholic schools the children are taught their duty fully both to God and Cæsar.

"How is it," some people will say, "that you have more children in Cæsar's schools than you have in God's?" The answer is that the parents who send their children to Cæsar's schools are looking out for their children's advancement in this world and not in the next. They do not believe in the word of God, and much less in the command of God's Holy Church, to send Catholic children to Catholic schools only.

BUT, happily, as the Church progresses, Catholic schools are multiplying, and year by year the number is growing less who refuse to hear the word of God and obey it. The Catholic schools have increased in attendance, and their work is already recognized in the moral young man and woman sent out from them to take their parts in the world of life.

SOME school children have the faults of sinners who delay their conversion: they are always waiting for some day, when they will study hard and make the change of being good students instead of bad. They think that they can make good all the lost time of their young years, when they grow older; but that time never comes. To impress this fact on the minds of the children, should be the first duty of every good teacher; for if it is not done, teachers will labor in vain to educate their pupils.

A GRIEVOUS wrong is done to parents when their children go to school from day to day, and do not study their lessons, and children wrong themselves when they act so. The reason is easily known, and at the beginning of the new year, if children be guilty of this serious fault, they should wisely resolve to free themselves from it and study their lessons from day to day, as hard as they possibly can. Then they will be doing their duty to their parents and themselves, and besides earning the blessings of God for their good work, they will be acquiring the learning or the knowledge to succeed in this world and the world to come.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE recent festival in aid of the Carney Hospital yielded $6,241 to that excellent institution.

WE particularly request that any failure to receive our MAGAZINE regularly on the part of any subscriber shall be promptly communicated to us.

THE great German Catholic leader, Ludwig Von Windhorst, is eighty years of age.

IRISH-AMERICAN: Rev. F. A. Cunningham, of Malden, Mass., whose poems, "Songs of the Catholic Year," have given him a wide celebrity, merits the title of the "new poet-priest."

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America contains seven hundred and sixty societies, with a membership of sixty-five thousand.

GEN. M. T. DONOHUE presided at a recent meeting of the officers of the Charitable Irish Society, called to consider ways and means of celebrating the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the society's organization, which occurs March 17 next. It was decided that the occasion should be marked by a splendid public banquet.

LENT comes in early this year,—11th of February.

THE annual ball of the Montgomery Veterans, on the 21st of the January, brought out a vast concourse of society people. It was a great success.

LABOR disgraces no man; unfortunately you sometimes find men who disgrace labor.

IF you are a practical Catholic, show it, not only in word, but in reality, by deeds you do and by liberally supporting Catholic papers, both by subscribing, and if you are a business man, by advertising in their columns.

THE latest distinguished convert that has been received into the Church is the eldest son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. It is announced that Hon. Wm. Gibson has been admitted into the true fold by the Rev. Walter Streppini, S. J., at the Church of St. Aloysius, St. Giles, Oxford.

Subscribers Changing Address.

SUBSCRIBERS to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE changing their address will kindly have notice of same (giving both the OLD and NEW address) reach us before the tenth of the month preceding issue, in order that the next number may reach the NEW ADDRESS on time.

We hope subscribers will kindly follow the above instructions, and thereby save themselves much annoyance from delay, and save us the frequent expense of mailing TWO copies — one to the old and one to the new address. Subscription terms per year, $2 in advance, six months $1, two copies per year $3. Postage free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

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WESTERN WATCHMAN: Dorchester says the Indian should be taught to think, and be a leader among men. Talmage says he should be told to vote and run for president. The poor Indian says that all he needs to be happy is to be let alone by the preachers.

San Francisco Cathedral Dedicated.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, the largest and finest church edifice on the Pacific coast, was dedicated on the 11th of January. The Cathedral has been in the course of construction for several years, and is now finished at a total cost of three hundred thousand dollars. Bishop J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., preached the dedication sermon at the solemn High Mass, and Archbishop Gross preached at the evening service. The dedication Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Riordan. Many prominent state and municipal officers were present, as well as Catholic clergymen from all parts of the Pacific coast.

THE new law of France, which compels theological students to serve in the army, has been put in force. A batch of eighty-seven young seminarists, of the Order of St. Lazarus, recently left Paris to serve as soldiers.

THE Christian Brothers of New York City have just purchased sixty-five acres of land, with two thousand feet frontage on Hudson River. The land was a bargain: price one hundred thousand dollars. The intended college of the Brothers is to cost when completed fully one million dollars.

FARMER'S WIFE — Couldn't you sell the potatoes, Hiram? Farmer — Naw; the grocers said they wan't good for nothin'. Farmer's wife — Well, I wouldn't ha' brought 'em home when you owe the editor seven dollars fer his paper.

THE twenty-eighth annual ball of the Waiters' Benevolent Association, of Boston, held in Music Hall, recently was the most successful ball, socially and financially, ever given by the organization. Five hundred couples participated in the grand march, which was viewed by some twenty-five hundred interested spectators in the galleries.

ON New Year's night the Thames was frozen from shore to shore at Walton, and a grand carnival was held on the river. Two sheep were roasted on the ice in the afternoon, and in the evening a huge bonfire was lighted.

Christian Socialism.

A GROUP of young Catholics of the south of France have recently founded a new review, under the title of "Le XXieme Siecle" ("The Twentieth Century"), the aim of which is to further the doctrines of Christian Socialism. The last number publishes a letter to the editor from Cardinal Manning, of which our Paris correspondent gives the following translation: "Dear Sir: I have to thank you for the latest number of 'Le XXieme Siecle,' and for your energy in overleaping the end of this century. We have been up to now hampered by an excessive individualism, and the next century will show that mankind is greater and more noble than any individual thing. This doctrine, which has its foundation upon nature's law and Christianity, is taxed with being socialistic by thoughtless and rash people, as well as by capitalists and the wealthy. But the future will see the light of reason shed upon the social state of the laboring world. We shall then ascertain what laws are fundamental in a Christian country. It is, therefore, a well-advised endeavor on your part to bring together young and vigorous minds around a centre for the study and the spreading of those vital truths. Politicians and political economists of the modern school have had their day. The twentieth century will be the day of the people and of a well-ordered, prospering, Christian commonwealth."

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING,
Archbishop of Westminster.

THE Catholic Weekly Review, of Toronto, states that Very Rev. Dean J. J. McCann, who, previous to the appointment of Vicar-General Laurent as such, was rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, will be transferred back to his old position, made vacant by the death of Father Laurent. Dean McCann is one of the ablest priests of the parish, a fine public speaker, and is popular with all people wherever he goes. At St. Helen's, where he has done wonderful work, and which he has made one of the first parishes in the archdiocese, he will be succeeded by Dean Cassidy, of Barrie.

His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, expressed himself in the following terms a few days ago in speaking of the Irish crisis: "There is no consideration under which Mr. Parnell can continue to lead the Irish people. Whatever may be the result of the first outburst of passion, I am convinced that the moral sense of the Irish people all over the world will reassert itself. Mr. Parnell may triumph over political obstacles, but he cannot succeed against moral force."

We learn from the New Zealand Tablet that Mr. Vincent O'Doherty, son of Dr. Kevên Izod O'Doherty, met with a fatal accident in Brisbane, being knocked down by a cab, in crossing a street, and sustaining a fracture of the skull, which he only survived a few minutes. Mr. O'Doherty was a young man, hardly more than thirty-one or thirty-two years of age. He has left a widow and one child.

With the ten million Catholics in this country there ought to be more vocations for the priesthood among our boys. Catholic parents have the making of the priesthood in their own hands; will they not give a little more attention to this most important subject? We owe much to the foreign-born priesthood who have abandoned home and native land to labor among us, yet this great country ought to supply a native clergy to her Catholic people.

It is a cause for congratulation that two such blatant bigots as Bragg, of Wisconsin, and Blair, of New Hampshire, — who longed to go to the United States Senate, — have been ignominiously relegated to the land of the left. The Catholic Union and Times sends its blessing on the relegators.

Captain James Collier, the old shipmaster who, in 1848, during the Irish famine, brought a shipload of provisions from Wilmington, Del., to Cork, in fifteen days, the best time made between those ports, died last week at the age of seventy-seven, at Cohasset, Mass. He had sailed around Cape Horn fifty-five times — oftener than ever made by any other captain.

ROBERT EMMET.

Not yet has Erin's eager hand
That epitaph essayed to trace
Thou bade thy mournful motherland
Write not until her sons that place,
Among the nations of the earth,
Had won for her which erst she held
Ere tyranny and direful dearth
The sunlight of her days dispelled.

The years advance and pass away,
But still unlettered is thy tomb;
The radiance of freedom's day
Not yet has pierced thy country's gloom;
The pain that rends her soul is sharp,
Her sons wear yet the Saxon thrall,
And the sweet music of her harp
Is heard no more in Tara's hall.

But still her dawn is nearing fast,
Her night is passing fleetly by,
And soon the clouds which overcast
The arches of the Irish sky
Will fade as frowns before a laugh,
As cowards flee before the brave;
And then a glorious epitaph
Will Erin write above thy grave.

Dr. Hurd Von Schloser, the representative of Prussia at the Vatican, in an audience granted him by the Pope, announced that while the German government was unable to accede to the return of Jesuits to Prussia, all other religious bodies were free to return. The permission necessary for the return of the Jesuits, Dr. von Schloser said, was withheld for the present.

The Congregation of Sacred Rites has decreed, and the Pope has approved, that the festival of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes shall be celebrated on the 14th of February. Thus the authenticity of the miraculous appearance is implicitly recognized, and the sanctuary acquires imprimatur which hitherto was lacking.

Cardinal Gibbons is very simple and methodical in his habits. He arises at half-past five o'clock, says Mass at seven, breakfasts at eight, takes a walk at ten, dines at two, and spends the afternoon receiving visitors. Supper is served to him at seven, and by ten he is in bed.

An entire community of Old Catholics has come back to the fold. In 1870, in the parish of Kappel-on-the-Rhine, in the Breisgau, three hundred and ten persons constituted themselves into a heretic congregation and seized on the Catholic Church, which was handed over to them for their peculiar form of worship, by the Government of Baden. On the thirteenth of last month they repented and asked to be readmitted into the bosom of the ancient faith. Their prayer has been acceded to, and the desecrated fane restored to its original use after reconsecration by the Archbishop of Freibourg.

A Catholic Parliament for Italy.

The Osservatore Romano of Nov. 26, proposes the formation "of a Catholic Italian Parliament as a counterpoise to the Masonic and foreign Parliament." By what means this scheme could be carried into effect remains to be seen; but more energetic action on the part of the Catholics of Italy is indicated by the appointment under authority of the Holy See, of two central committees to give unity and harmony to the movement on foot amongst them. The first of these is composed of three Cardinals, the second of an equal number of laymen, the Presidents of the three principal Catholic associations in Italy. Thus the adherents of religion in that country are once more preparing to take the field after twenty years of political effacement.

The Church in Canada.

One cardinal, 5 archbishops, 22 bishops, 2,352 priests; 43 male religious orders with 250 members, and 66 female orders with a membership of 964; 1,914 churches and chapels, and 317 missions; 17 seminaries, 3 universities, 53 colleges, 333 convents, 166 academies, and 3,203 schools; 69 hospitals and 48 asylums. These represent a Roman Catholic population of 2,048,000, in 1,157 parishes. In Newfoundland the Abbé states that there are 2 bishops, 58 priests, 77 nuns, 137 churches and chapels, 7 seminaries, 1 university, 15 convents, and 130 schools, with 79,000 Roman Catholics in 41 parishes.

The Mass in Three Languages.

Old St. Peter's Church, New York, as if it would rival the Propaganda at Rome in the variety of its languages and rites, displayed on the festival of Epiphany a most consoling sight. The holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered there in Latin, in Syriac, and Greek, the languages prevalent in the Holy Land in the days of our Lord, according to the Syro-Greek rite, and also according to the rite of the Maronites. It is thus the nursing mother of these ancient rites in New York, as it was in times past the cradle of the French and German churches, and the first church where Spaniards gathered together for instruction in their own language. Languages and rites may differ, but the Catholics of all lands and tongues can gather before the same altar, and offer the one same unalterable sacrifice.

The Very Rev. Father Thomas O'Connor has been named to succeed Father Murnane, the recently deceased Provincial of the Passionist order in America.

Not to Blame for Slaughter.

Gen. O'Bierne has received a letter from Father Crafts, the Catholic priest who was wounded in the recent fight with Big Foot's band of Sioux Indians. Father Crafts says he has disappointed all the laws of medicine and all the prophets, and is steadily improving. He was stabbed in the back while trying to stop the fight, the knife penetrating his right lung. He says the Indians fired first, and the troops were not to blame for the wholesale killing, as everything was done at close quarters.

Puritan and Jesuit.

A writer in the New York Times, on apparently pretty good authority, declares that the name Puritan was first given to the schism from the English schism by Sanders, a Father of the Society of Jesus. If this is really so, it is one of the fair revenges of history for the epithet Jesuit as a term to members of the Society of Jesus was first used by John Calvin whose adherents the Puritans were.

MISS AMY FOWLER, known as Sister Rose Gertrude, whose mission to the lepers of Molokai attracted so much newspaper attention, is now earning her living as a teacher in Honolulu. She was a victim of misinformation. From what she read about Father Damien, at the time of his death, she naturally inferred that he had been laboring alone among the lepers, whom his death would leave without friends, and she nobly started out to take up a portion of his work. The English newspapers knew no better and applauded her zeal. But when she arrived on the spot she found a well-organized mission in charge of one or two priests and several religious women, and as they did not at once turn over the whole business to the new-comer, there was nothing for her to do but subside into the subordinate place of a helper. As this was not what she had gone for, Sister Rose Gertrude appears to have retired with her dream of devotion unrealized.

WHEN the Church of St. Bernard, in New York, was destroyed by fire Monday morning of last week, the whole interior was completely ruined except a crucifix, which wholly escaped even the faintest injury.

Atlantic Racers.

THE struggle of the colossal Atlantic steam racers appears to be destined to go on without any let-up in the competition for shortening the time between New York and Europe. A Liverpool dispatch announces that the Cunard Company has contracted for the building of two fast steamers, of twelve thousand tons each, which will make the voyage between New York and Queenstown in five days and eight hours, and New York and Liverpool under six days, at a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. The ships are to be built on the Clyde, to cost $2,000,000 each, and to be ready in 1892.

Help for the Arran Islands.

THE Galway Vindicator announces at the Rev. Father O'Donohue, the alous pastor of the Arran Islands, s succeeded in conferring on these ands advantages which for several years past he had been trying to accomplish. "The reverend gentleman has obtained from the Chief Secretary a substantial subsidy for the establishment of steam communication between Galway and the islands, and the Galway Steamboat Company has, we understand, come to terms with Father O'Donohue, for the steam service required. Arran Islands historically are very interesting, and we have no doubt will be visited in future by numbers of tourists. On financial grounds this steam service must prove very profitable to the Steamboat Company. The steamer, on proceeding to Arran, will call at Ballyvaughan, and on return to Galway is to touch Roundstone, Carna, and other places on the Connemara coast. This regular mail service will cause close commercial relations with Galway and Clare, and will lead to important developments. In summer the tourist traffic alone will add considerably to the traffic receipts."

FROM the "Catholic Directory and Ecclesiastical Register" for 1891, it appears that so far as Great Britain is concerned, the Cardinal Archbishop has under him fourteen suffragans. In Scotland there are two Archbishops and Bishops. In the peerages of England, Scotland, and Ireland there are forty-one Catholic peers. The Catholic baronets number thirty-three, and of the Privy Council nine members are Catholics. Of the seventy-six Catholic Members of Parliament, only five sit for English constituencies. The number of priests is two thousand eight hundred, more than double the number of clergy doing duty when the Catholic hierarchy was established forty years ago.

IT is related of the Canadian prelate, Mgr. Labelle, recently deceased, that at the conclusion of an audience with Leo XIII., some few months ago, he experienced difficulty in opening the door of the Pope's apartment. The Sovereign Pontiff graciously hastened to his relief, saying, "I will open it." The Monsignor with ready wit improved the occasion by remarking, "It is not surprising that your Holiness can open the door, since you hold the Keys."

Save a Dollar.

ANY one getting a new subscriber for The Pilot and DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE will receive both publications for $3.50 for one year. The MAGAZINE is $2.00. The Pilot is $2.50.

Abuse the Devil.

THE mass of people do not enjoy being told of their meanness. We are reminded of a case that occurred in the county of Lambton, Ontario. A young minister, fresh from Knox College, Toronto, preached before a Presbyterian congregation in a little hamlet where there was one other congregation — the Baptists. It was his trial sermon. After his first sermon, being anxious to know how he had pleased, he inquired of the deacon with whom he was stopping. Said the deacon: "Young man, you did very well, very well. You cut a little close, though. You see you are young yet. Don't bear down too heavy on those who furnish the money. Don't hew too close to the line. Talk about the beauty of faith, never mind the sinfulness of your congregation. Give it to the devil and the Baptists, but let us off easy." The popular paper gives it to the devil and the Baptists, and the evil that curses humanity has a pretty fair chance to fight a prolonged battle.

Execution of Robert Emmet.

WHEN Emmet stepped out of the carriage that had brought him to Kilmainham jail, he mounted the ladder almost without assistance, though his arms were tightly bound. His words to the crowd, which included fellow-students not a few, who had witnessed his brilliant triumphs as an orator in Trinity College, were brief and calmly spoken. "My friends," said he, "I die in peace, and with sentiment of universal love and kindness to all men." Then he shook hands with some men about him, gave his watch to the executioner, took off his necktie, and helped to adjust the rope around his neck. He was placed upon the plank. The cap was drawn over his face.

A moment after he was seen to lift up his manacled hands, raise the cap as far as he could, bend down toward the executioner and whisper. A thought had struck him. Standing erect, he held a handkerchief in his hand. He wished to dictate the instant of his death by letting the handkerchief fall. There was a pause. Then the hangman spoke to him: "Are you ready, sir?" — "Not yet." From under the hideous cap the sound of the words came muffled. Another pause. Dead silence all around. No signal from the manacled hand. Again: "Are you ready, sir?" — "Not yet." Alas! it was too hard to give the sign. A third time came the terrible question: "Are you ready, sir?" The great spirit hovered flutteringly on the verge of the unknown life. "Not" — Ere another word could be said, the plank was tilted off, and presently all was over. All was over with gallant Emmet, but not yet with his sentence. The dead body was taken down and beheaded; the head, grasped by the hair, was carried around the platform by the executioner, who cried out to the horrified people, "This is the head of Robert Emmet, a traitor!" Ay, traitor to the alien, with his store of bribes and torments, but leal to the cause of native land!

The Carmelite Nuns in Want.

THE Carmelite nuns of New Orleans are trying to build a chapel to be dedicated to the Holy Face as a sanctuary of reparation and thanksgiving. But they are poor. Their convent is too small for them, and they have to use one of its rooms for a chapel. There are now two sisters in a cell, which is contrary to the spirit of their rule. They are unable to receive more postulants, for lack of accommodations. They number seventeen cloistered nuns and three out-Sisters. They rely on Providence for funds to erect a suitable convent and chapel, and they hope that all the wearers of the brown scapular and the clients of the Holy Face will go to their aid. Their address is 134 Barrack street, New Orleans, La.

SOME years ago, a poor pedler happened to enter a room where a national celebration was in progress, and he was called upon for a toast; he offered the following: "Here is health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

Not Dead.—An Acrostic.

Respectfully inscribed to a Bereaved Sister, by Thomas J. McGeoghigan.

JEHOVAH took him up on high;
Oh, ask not God the reason why;
Softly your brother's spirit fled;
Even now he lives! He is NOT DEAD!

Proudly o'er Zion's sunlit shores
His glorious spirit upward soars
Among the blest, by angels led;
Look up! Look up! He is NOT DEAD!

Ever to dwell in brightest day;
Never to perish, nor decay;
Never from heaven's home to stray—
Oh, this the doom which none may dread!—
Not dead! No, no; he is NOT DEAD!

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 7, '91.

St. Patrick's Birthday.

THE Archbishop of Glasgow recently laid the corner-stone of St. Peter's Diocesan College in Glasgow, and in the course of his address on the occasion he thus briefly alluded to the birthplace of Ireland's glorious apostle: "The spot selected for the erection of the contemplated edifice, observed His Grace, is part of the old parish of Kilpatrick; that it was the spot on which St. Patrick was born there can be no doubt. For one thousand years there was no doubt about the birthplace of St. Patrick, and it is only in recent years that it has been called in question. His father was Calphurnius, and he was a Roman judge at the western extremity of the barrier that separated the Roman territory from the northern part of the country, and which extended from the Forth to the Firth of Clyde, and the spot now called Cape Hill was the spot where St. Patrick lived and where St. Patrick was born. About two hundred years ago the parish was divided, one part retaining the name, and the other called New Kilpatrick."

THE Cardinal Newman Memorial Committee have resolved to drop the third object of the fund—a scholarship for the study of Newman's works—and substitute a fund for a Memorial Church at the Birmingham Oratory.

Boston College's New Vice-Rector.

BOSTON COLLEGE is virtually to have a new rector. Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., who has for the past three years been president of the college, has been obliged, on account of failing health, to lay aside the active duties of the position, and Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S. J., recently professor of philosophy at Holy Cross College, Worcester, has been appointed vice-rector.

Father Fulton has for the past year solicited the appointment of a successor; and his superiors finally yielded to his solicitations so far as to appoint a vice-rector, thus relieving him from active duty while not removing him from his position as rector.

Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S. J., who now assumes control of college affairs, is a Bostonian, having been born in this city in 1841. His early education was received in the public schools of Boston, and his collegiate course was pursued at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester. In 1859, he entered the Society of Jesus. Since his ordination he has spent eighteen years teaching in various Catholic colleges in the United States, and has also twice been professor in the Jesuit house of studies at Woodstock, Md., the first time as professor of philosophy for four years, and afterwards as professor of theology for two years. More recently he has filled the position of prefect of studies and professor of mental philosophy at Holy Cross College.

Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, S. J., for years professor of rhetoric in Boston College, will succeed Father Devitt as professor of mental philosophy at the College of the Holy Cross.

Home for Destitute Catholic Children

HAS received and provided for over 8,785 destitute boys and girls since its establishment. The Home is a charity which extends relief only to children whose other refuge is the pauper institutions of the city or state. It is entirely dependent upon the charitable for support, and appeals to you for help to carry on its admirable work. During the year 1890, 765 children were received. Contributions are acknowledged in The Pilot. Families wishing children for adoption will address the Home.

THE report of an outrage on the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor-Bishop of Clonfert, has caused much indignation amongst Catholics in Ireland. It appears that his Lordship preached against secret societies in the parish of Mullagh, and that whilst he was sleeping in the parish priest's house that night, a shot was fired into the dining-room. A picture was injured, but no other damage done.

C. I. Society Entertainment.

THE sixth annual ball of the Ancient and Honorable Charitable Irish Society of Boston, took place on the night of the 14th of January. It was a greater gathering than any previous entertainment. Among the guests were the Governor of the state and staff, the Mayor, and Board of Aldermen, etc. The grand march was brilliant. The costumes of all the ladies were rich, tasteful, and effective; and the scene during the grand march, while the calcium lights played upon the brilliant gathering, was striking. It was enjoyed by a great crowd of spectators, who filled both balconies. The ball was the most brilliant thus far recorded, and the financial results are a handsome addition to the building fund.

THE enemies of home rule in Great Britain evidently hoped to give the measure a clean knock-out by getting up a dynamite scare prior to the general elections. The dodge is too transparent.

MR. PARNELL says he is done with Gladstone, and that he has "never known any good to be got out of negotiations with him." The two great leaders seem to have come to hate each other cordially. Between them, Ireland has a hard choice, and will need to summon all her wisdom to choose rightly, says the Boston Daily Globe.

EDWARD LENNON, who carried a pike in the great Irish rebellion of 1798, died recently in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the reputed age of one hundred and five years. According to papers and records which he had preserved for many years, he was born in County Derry, Ire., some time in 1785. He married, and reared fourteen children, all of whom came to this country before 1864, in which year the father followed them. His wife accompanied him and lived to be ninety years of age. She died five years ago. Only two of Mr. Lennon's fourteen children survive him, one of whom is James Lennon, the head of the clothing firm of Lennon & Sons, in this city.

A LONG ISLAND girl dropped dead while waltzing. But even if that happened to somebody every night, girls would waltz just the same.

PERE DIDON, who is said not to have preached in public for the last ten years, is about to ascend a Paris pulpit. He preached at the Madeleine on the 25th of January, in favor of the new church about to be raised in Rome in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Leo XIII.

SPEAKING of Archbishop Kenrick's golden jubilee, the St. Louis Star Sayings says: "St. Louisans, of all classes, are anxious to honor this unique old ecclesiastic, and the crown they — nay, the country — will most admire will be the cardinal's hat, resting on his aged head, and proclaiming him a prince of the church. Cardinal Kenrick is what Americans most like to call him, and Rome will probably listen to the great public request, and grant the much deserved honor."

Change in the Indian Policy.

ACCORDING to orders promulgated at army headquarters recently, the late Indian uprising has changed the Government's Indian policy. Civil agents who have for generations plundered the savages are in a measure to be displaced and the redskins practically placed in charge of army officers. A captain of infantry will be in command at every agency, and efforts will be directed toward making the savages self-supporting. Schools and various industries will be established. Indian agents will not be dispensed with, but will be subordinates to the military officers in command. Army men hope that the new order of things will put an end for all time to red rebellions.

"REMEMBER THY LAST END."

DEATH! Death! thy very thought,
Like scathing wintry air,
Turns all the greenest leaves of hope
To shrivelled wan despair.

No blooms that grace the buoyant soul,
How bright their promise be,
That lose not all their flushèd hues
If looked upon through thee.

E'en flow'rs of earth, that blithely wax
Beneath the morning's breath,
A dusky vainness don if viewed
Through thy bleak medium, Death!

Strange counsel, then, it seems, that we,
While this bright world we're in,
Should give to death our upmost thought,
If we would never sin.

But wonder not, it comes from Him,
Who craves not love with leaven,
Lest, lured by flow'rs of earth, we may
Lose those that bloom in heaven.

JNO. S. MURPHY.

The National Bank.

THE half-yearly statement and declaration of dividend issued by the Directors of the National Bank, Dublin, must prove satisfactory to those who have a monetary interest in the prosperity of the institution. After a period of severe financial crisis which has been disastrous to one of the oldest and most famous banking firms in the world, the Directors of the National Bank are in a position to announce that the profits for the last half year justify the payment of a dividend at the rate of 9½ per cent per annum, leaving a balance of £18,563 to be carried over to the new account, against £14,427 brought forward at the end of last June. [This is the bank Mr. Donahoe draws his drafts on. It is *the* national bank of Ireland.]

MR. T. W. MANNING, contractor, 29 Clapp st., Dorchester District, who is a subscriber to this MAGAZINE, and whose card appears in our advertising columns, is a very remarkable and patriotic Irishman. He is the father of eleven sons, and each son has a sister. He is not yet fifty years old, and is the right kind of a man for contractor to build up a large city.

A WRITER in the Holy Family says with much truth: "Very many boys are placed as messengers with telegraph, telephone, and special delivery companies, or with institutions similar. They could not be consigned to worse places. All characters of missives and messages are received by such companies, from and to all kinds of persons, and delivered in every sort of a place. Boys who must go in turn as messages come in, are compelled often to visit places and see sights which no decent man would visit or come in contact with. Parents, who consent to their boys accepting situations of this kind, need not be astonished if the results be bad." Get your boys to learn respectable occupations if you desire them to lead respectable lives.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLORED MISSION UNION, of Richmond, Va., reports that there are five negro schools and missions in successful operation at Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburgh, Petersburg, and Keswick, and the Josephite Fathers who have them in charge appeal to the Catholic charitable public to help them in maintaining and extending their good work in a hitherto neglected field.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Paris expects to be able to consecrate the Basilica on Monmarte next June. This votive church of the Sacred Heart will thus have taken eighteen years to be completed. The special law of the National Assembly, which authorized Cardinal Guilbert and his successor to acquire the site, and to undertake the work as a national work, bears the date of July 25, 1873. Since then the sum of five million dollars has been subscribed and expended. The Holy Father himself sent four million dollars of his personal offering. The great Dominican preacher, Father Monsabre, has been invited by Cardinal Richard to preach the dedication sermon.

THE importance of Catholic literature and the Catholic press must not be forgotten. They are schools, and schools not only for the days of youth, but for the entire time of life, and they deserve and should obtain our warmest encouragement. — *Archbishop Ireland.*

Charles Jerome Bonaparte's Lecture.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

CHARLES JEROME BONAPARTE on "The Catholic Church and its Relations to American Institutions," was the announcement for the fifth number in the course of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, for the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 21. The opportuneness of his theme and the interesting personality of the orator were a combination of attractions to crowd the College Hall to its utmost capacity. Many representative non-Catholics were among the audience.

Mr. Bonaparte, as readers of THE PILOT know, is a grand-nephew of the First Napoleon, to whom he bears a striking resemblance. He is verging on his fortieth year. He is an alumnus of Harvard University, and a prominent member of the Baltimore Bar.

He is a close reasoner, and a terse and forceful speaker. His presence is impressive, and his delivery pleasing. His address on "Papal Independence," at the Catholic Congress in Baltimore, in November, 1890, and his speech before the Civil Service Reform Convention in Boston, last October, may be cited among his best oratorical efforts, and in proof of the wide range of his activities and interests.

His address in the Boston College Hall wins him fresh laurels. The only adverse criticism we have heard on it was that it was too short. We append it:—

"Undoubtedly," said the New York Nation, in its issue of Jan. 30, 1868, "political equality, free public education under Protestant auspices, and a national rule which compels sectarian toleration, are forces which must in time either destroy Catholicism in this country, or essentially change its nature." Is this statement true? Is its probability established, or even indicated, by our twenty-three years' experience since it was published, or by the Church's history during the entire period since she was first exposed to what the same paper in the article from which I have quoted calls "the corroding action of our institutions"? I propose this evening to answer these questions.

They are not new. I cannot doubt that you have all heard and read, many of you no doubt often, some, perhaps, *ad nauseam*, that there is an "incompatibility" between American institutions and the Catholic Church. You have heard this, not only from enemies, but from friends of the Church; it is said sometimes by those who know something of the Catholic Church and nothing of American institutions, although more frequently by those who know something of American institutions and nothing of the Catholic Church, and most frequently of all, by those who know nothing, or next to nothing, about either. Were I speaking fifty or even twenty-five years ago, I might ask whether the audience before believed this; today such an inquiry would be needless. Now it may be, perhaps, thought by a Catholic who is not an American, or by an American who is not a Catholic, but I cannot think the opinion is shared by any American Catholic sufficiently informed to have an intelligent opinion.

On Nov. 6, 1789, a Bull of Pope Pius VI. founded the American hierarchy. At that date the Catholic population of the United States was estimated, probably too liberally, at 40,000, or about the one-hundredth part of our entire people. There were in all some 30 priests; hardly so many chapels; no edifice which could with any propriety of language be called a church; not one asylum or hospital or other benevolent institution, and but a single school or seat of learning of any class—Georgetown College, then just founded. When, 100 years later, the first American Catholic Congress met at Baltimore, its members represented a Catholic population of probably more than 8,000,000, constituting between one-eighth and one-seventh of the whole nation: the Church was ruled by 13 archbishops and 71 bishops, commanded the services of over 8,000 priests, possessed some 10,500 places of public worship, 520 hospitals and asylums, 27 seminaries for the education of the clergy exclusively, 650 colleges and academies, and, most significant of all, for those who hope or fear much from "the corroding action" of "free public education under Protestant auspices," more than 3,100 parish schools, with, at a low estimate, three-quarters of a million pupils.

The Phenomenal Growth of Catholicity in America.

There are now several times as many bishops as there were priests a century back; probably as many priests as there were then adult male laymen; as many churches as there were Catholic families in the thirteen States, convents, and monasteries, schools and colleges, asylums and hospitals, which the combined means of the entire Catholic population of those days could not have even built. It is true that within the century the growth of this country has been marvellous; but the growth of the Catholic Church in this country has been far more marvellous; while the number of American citizens has increased sixteen-fold, the number of American Catholics has increased two hundred-fold. If an amazing progress in numbers and wealth were sufficient to prove the Church's vitality, the questions I have asked would need no further answer; surely the mustard seed planted on these shores 100 years ago fell on no ungrateful soil; of this fact no better proof can be given or reasonably asked than time has furnished in the stately tree with its deep roots and spreading branches which has grown from that seed.

But this is not enough—for all this might be true, and yet there might be in this very prodigious outward development the germ of a deep inward decay. For one who would judge whether "the action of our institutions" has been or is "corroding" to Catholic faith, I deem more worthy of thought the spirit which quickens this mighty frame. To feel as well assured as you and I feel that the Church is here to stay and to prosper, he must, perhaps, believe as you and I believe; but any man able to see things at all as they are, and having some knowledge of the facts, will recognize that nowhere is there greater zeal or greater harmony in the Catholic Church than here; nowhere are the relations of the hierarchy with the Holy See, of the clergy with their superiors, of the laity with their spiritual directors, more nearly what Catholics could wish them, and those of the Church with the civil power and of

her members with citizens of other faiths marked by less bitterness and less friction.

Blind men, then, may argue whether the Catholic Church can live in the United States; but for those who have eyes and can and will open them to the truth, that question is a question no longer; if they see anything, they see that she can live because she has lived and lives. Lives, too, not as a sickly exotic; she grows and flourishes and waxes strong with a sound and healthy growth, gaining, not in mere size but in vigor, daily, in short she is and feels herself to be at home.

Liberty is Good for the Church.

If we apply to the sum of American institutions the vague and much-abused term "liberty," a century's history proves that liberty is good for the Catholic Church; and if it has "essentially changed the nature of Catholicism," the change has been but to make the Church more enterprising and aggressive, more than ever full of the missionary, proselyting spirit which marks a truly living faith, and yet to put asleep the hatred which she once countenanced here and still encounters elsewhere.

To understand why American liberty has proved thus congenial to the Church, we must first appreciate what, in its essentials, our liberty is, and how it differs from political systems abroad, which usurp and masquerade in the same name. A competent and candid observer asked to indicate the countries whose history during the present century could be read with most pleasure by devout Catholics would unhesitatingly group with the United States the great English Colonies.

In old Catholic countries the Church has too often contended with hostility and spoliation from the State; elsewhere she has been steadfast under persecution from non Catholic rulers of arbitrary power; but among all English-speaking peoples she has gained ground, and in Canada and Australia and the United States her prosperity has been manifest and her progress rapid. What suits her in our country, then, is something we share with our Northern neighbors and our kinsmen in the great island of the Southern sea, and we share with them a large measure of individual freedom under a popular Government.

The genius of our common institutions is to let each citizen work out his own happiness with little hindrance and little help from the State; the Government protects his person and property and enforces his contract, then leaves him as nearly to himself as the exigencies of national defence and public order permit. We ask and allow our rulers to do only such work as no one else can do for us; or if this statement is a little too sweeping, we require clear proof that they can do it better than it will otherwise be done before entrusting it to them. In case of any doubt, the presumption is in favor of private agencies; *prima facie* the State's intervention is an evil, and the *onus probandi* rests always on its advocates, and we at least discourage its undertaking any business to which anybody else can and will attend.

Advocates of Communistic experiments among us are men who have not yet become, and who, for the most part, never will become Americans; for the mass of our people, their visions of Utopia are unattractive and well-nigh unintelligible; an omniscient and omnipotent government, making everybody happy according to rule, is to Americans not only a dream but a nightmare.

This spirit of self-helpfulness and personal independence has been utterly wanting in the ephemeral republics which this century has seen rise and fall in Europe; they may have committed the State's authority to many hands, but have made that authority ever more and more arbitrary and far reaching; in such a republic

"That worst of tyrants, a usurping crowd,"

intrudes upon every phase of a man's life, assumes to watch over his coming in and his going out, the management of his property, the education of his children, the care of his health; it dictates even the words he shall use and the clothes he shall wear.

True and False Notions of the State's Prerogatives.

The legitimate outcome of the first system is complete religious liberty: to give any creed, not grossly repugnant to the accepted standard of public morals, a fair field, but no favor; for the State to ask only the things of Cæsar, leaving to the conscience of each citizen to care for these more lasting interests which lie beyond its humbler sphere. The Bill of Rights of my native State declares: "That as it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to Him, all persons are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty; wherefore, no person ought by any law to be molested in his person or estate on account of his religious persuasion or profession or for his religious practice, unless under color of religion he shall disturb the good order, peace or safety of the State, or shall infringe the laws of morality, or injure others in their natural, civil or religious rights, nor ought any person to be compelled to frequent or maintain or contribute (unless on contract) to maintain any place of worship or any ministry.

This provision embodies the spirit of American law in matters of religion. In all things we strive to make the State's duties as few and as easy as possible, and thus we have perfect religious liberty, and yet it must be remembered that we are not a nation of infidels; on the contrary, we enjoy well-nigh all the political advantages which flow from a legal sanction to religious influences. We are, in fact, essentially a religious people, but we do not deem the civil government competent to determine the comparative merits of different faiths. That function is reserved to the individual citizen, and wherever public opinion ceases to be practically unanimous as to questions of belief or morals, the State's province ends.

Under the second system the State becomes itself a Church; a Church wanting, indeed, in almost all that makes a Church a means of good, but with a potent influence for evil. To be consistent, a paternal government must provide a legal religion; it cannot, in the words of the great Frederic, "let its subjects go to hell by the road they like best," and under such a government the Catholic Church stands face to face with a rival. Indeed the aim of ecclesiastical legislation in many European countries is precisely to make all places of worship public buildings, and all ministers of religion, of whatsoever creed or order, public functionaries, controlled by the State, and maintained from the proceeds of taxation.

Our civil rulers are not anointed of the Lord; their oath of office has no quasi-sacramental efficacy to make them Providential leaders in the paths of salvation; their concern is with the things of Cæsar, and we have no wish that they should meddle with what concerns them not.

Religion's Danger from Government Patronage.

Here, then, the Church goes her way and does her work without caring, almost without thinking, whether such rulers for the time being are within or without her fold; there she may be hampered in every function of her ministry by their hostility, or more gravely embarrassed, more permanently discredited by their compromising friendship. For, even if I scandalize some worthy people by so thinking, I yet think the civil power less dangerous to the Church as a rival, even as an oppressor, than as a patron. The Church of Christ should be no hothouse plant—

"Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
The firmer they root her, the harder they blow."

But when fenced about with laws, when sheltered behind privileges and prescriptions, her rugged fibre grows soft and her sturdy frame dainty. When the time of trial comes—and come it will, for dynasties and their kingdoms, laws and the nations that made them, man and all man's work, must sometimes change and pass away—when all

these screens and safeguards of a day fall around her, and she faces again the whirlwind of human error and human passion, many sapped boughs shall break, and much dead wood claim the pruning knife. It is no trick of theologians' jargon that calls the Church "militant"; she is indeed a fighting body, and her conquests must be held, as they were made, by valor and discipline and well-kept arms, not by a Chinese wall of timid isolation.

Moreover, Cæsar does not work for nothing; he must be paid for his protection; if he makes heresy treason, he asks that she make treason heresy, and this is little less than a ruinous price for a less than doubtful service. Here the Church hires no mercenary defender; she guards her own by her own might; no prince or magistrate, no parliament or judge, wielding the clumsy weapon of unconvincing force, is called on to fulfil a mission for which her clergy have never grown unworthy. Her soldiers cannot rust in barracks or cower behind entrenchments; they must meet their foes of to-day, as all the countless spiritual heroes of her history met and conquered theirs, in the open field of argument and example, with the armament of zeal and eloquence, learning, and saintly life. The American priesthood is no refuge for cowardice and sloth, either intellectual or physical. It has a work to do, a vast and hard and endless work, which no one else here will try or pretend to do for it, and which it is well-nigh a question of life or death, not merely for the Church, but for civil society as well, that some one should do, and do thoroughly.

For, to my mind at least, nothing can be more certain than that the Church has greatly prospered in America, precisely because America greatly needed the Church. Recruiting her hierarchy from every rank and class of men, living less with or for the rich or learned than with and for that great mass of humanity whose passions, untamed by letters, are daily goaded by physical wants, her influence is most salutary where "*ardor civium prava jubentium*" constitutes an ever-present danger. The working of American democracy has no doubt shown some *a priori* objections to popular government to be exaggerated or groundless, but it has also shown no less clearly that Demos, like other sovereigns, is often selfish, short sighted, lazy and misled by bad advice. He is as ready as any other ruler to grow into a tyrant, and a very bad tyrant he can be.

Self-Governing Nations Need the Church.

A self-governing nation, of all others, needs the Catholic Church. She can remind the sovereign people, as one having authority over it as over all monarchs, that right and wrong are things changeless and eternal, not moulded by earthly fortune or fixed by its or any royal pleasure; that for her, "success" never "sanctifies a fraud"; that for her, as for her Founder, one man's guilt is but blackened when he finds to share it thousands of accomplices or dupes.

True, the Church has no politics; she knows nothing of candidates or platforms, of administrations or policies, of tariffs or currencies; she is mute on every question as to which honest men may honestly differ, and no more tells her children what ticket they shall vote than what food they shall eat or what clothes they shall wear. But as she demands that they eat with temperance, that they dress with decency, so she requires of them to vote with an unclouded judgment, with an undrugged conscience, with the good of the country as their motive, with the fear of God before their eyes.

Much of what I have said this evening, I had said before, and even said in substance more than once, but surely, at this time, I may be pardoned for the repetition. When a prominent public man states boldly and without rebuke from his hearers that, to his mind, "the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign," it cannot be untimely to remind those who profess to be Christians that they will seek in vain for any such limitations in the Gospel.

It is an idea essentially pagan that in any sphere of thought or action a man can escape from his conscience; that for any purpose or under any circumstances he can cease to know right from wrong, and to be bound by his knowledge. But I know of no moral teacher, heathen or Christian, of any age or school, who questions that the happiness of a republic depends on the virtue of its citizens; that the suffrage is not a privilege to be abdicated or bartered away, but a trust to be sacredly fulfilled; that no man has a right to give his conscience into the keeping of any party or faction, or to surrender himself for a season to the promptings of blind prejudice, or selfish greed, or that hypocrisy and calumny and falsehood in every shape are no less mean and hateful during a political campaign than before or after it.

Macaulay claimed that to say of Charles I., "He was a good man but a bad king," involved a contradiction in terms. No one could be the second while he remained the first. Macaulay was not a Catholic, yet his view has been in all ages that of the Church. She does not meddle with the things of Cæsar; but honor and truth, good faith and public spirit, loyalty to our rulers, candor and charity to our fellow-men—these things are not the things of Cæsar; they are hers, and she will have them of all that own her name. No American can be at once a good Catholic and a bad citizen.

The lecture over, a reception was tendered to Mr. Bonaparte in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. building. Among the guests were Signor Augusto Rotoli, Patrick Donahoe, Dr. James A. McDonald, Thomas B. Fitz, Richard H. Dana, Jr., James S. Murphy, Dr. Dwight, Dr. John G. Blake, Judge Joseph D. Fallon, William S. Pelletier, John P. Dore, John J. McCluskey.

Archbishop Williams' Silver Jubilee.—A Suggestion.

THE Most Rev. John Joseph Williams, Archbishop of Boston, will celebrate, on March 11, 1891, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate. It is not our purpose now to summarize the achievements of these twenty-five fruitful years. Of the exterior works of Archbishop Williams' episcopate, THE PILOT has been a faithful chronicler. It is enough to say that under the administration of its first Archbishop, the diocese has steadily advanced as a great centre of Catholic strength and influence, outranking every diocese in the United States, with the single exception of the Archdiocese of New York.

If the commemoration of the day could be determined entirely by the Archbishop himself, it is safe to say that there would be no commemoration. There is no man more averse to personal publicity than he.

But Church custom rules for a public religious celebration; and the laity of the Archdiocese are moving for a celebration of their own—doing for once a gentle violence to the well-known preferences of their spiritual chief.

Where there are 120 parishes, aggregating more than half a million people, to participate in the celebration, it is to be expected that the programme will be many-featured. May THE PILOT suggest one feature?

It was noted, a short time ago, that the debt on the Cathedral of the Holy Cross had been reduced to about $21,000; and the hope was expressed that before the end of the year the debt would be entirely wiped out.

Why wait till the end of the year? Why not present to the Archbishop, on his silver jubilee, the Cathedral Church of his diocese, which is associated with his entire episcopate, free of debt; that he who laid its corner-stone twenty-five years ago may yet have the privilege of consecrating it to God's exclusive service?

ALDERMAN LEARY'S Clothing House and Gents' Furnishing Goods Store, 139 Broadway, South Boston, is growing more popular every day.

MESSRS. LAMSON & HUBBARD, corner Kingston & Bedford Streets, are still the leading Hatters of this city, as well as Furriers.

WE call attention to the advertisement of the Falls Heater on page 23, in our advertising columns; it will interest everybody and cost nothing.

MONUMENTAL ART WORKS can be bought very low of Messrs. John Lieben & Co., 17 and 19 Pynchon Street, Boston, Mass., Roxbury Station.

MR. WM. RALPH EMERSON, 85 Water Street, Boston, is the justly celebrated architect of this city.

MESSRS. LINFORS & O'BRIEN, 10 Avery Street, Boston, manufacture all kinds of the very finest hats to order.

MUSIC, Music, Music, of every description, at Messrs. Louis H. Ross & Co., 32 West Street, Boston.

MR. C. I. BATEMAN, the popular architect of this city, can be found at 7 Exchange place, where a visit to his studio will be very interesting, especially to the reverend clergy, in or out of the city.

THE only reliable and genuine sarsaparilla is that prepared by Dr. I. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists throughout the world.

ONE of the finest furniture houses in Boston is that of Messrs. Arthur McArthur & Co., on Cornhill, No. 10 and 12. They are nice people to trade with, and straightforward in all their dealings.

THOSE in want of furniture would do well to visit the store of S. Lewis & Co., 145 Broadway, and 95 B Street, South Boston, before purchasing elsewhere. They have the largest stock of any dealers in South Boston, and their prices are so low they will astonish some of our city folks.

STAINED glass, wood mantles, tiles, iron fire placings and fittings can be bought cheaper at Geo. R. Clark & Co.'s, 48 Boylston Street, than in any other place in Boston.

Go to the Blue Store, corner of Washington Street and Dock square, the old stand for bargains in clothing. Messrs. Isaacson & Co. will treat you well; and Mr. Girain, the head salesman, who has been there for years and years, will treat you politely, as usual.

FURS.—Now is your time to get Furs, which can be had in every variety at 15 and 17 Avon Street, opposite Jordan, Marsh & Co. H. Crine is the manufacturer, who has no equal in the city.

THE Emerson Pianos have the finest tone of any pianos manufactured in this country; made from the very best material. Just think of it, over fifty thousand of them in use up to the present time. Warerooms, 174 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

EVERY family should have a New England Piano. They come within the reach of almost every householder. They are sold at moderate prices, and on moderate terms. Warerooms, 157 Tremont Street, Boston, and 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MESSRS. THOS. O'CALLAGHAN & Co., have the largest stock of carpets in Boston to select from at their warerooms and store, 599 and 601 Washington Street, nearly opposite the Globe Theatre.

MESSRS. E. F. FARRELL & Co., have fitted up Basement No. 6, under Faneuil Hall, where you can buy mutton, lamb, veal, and poultry cheaper than you can in any other place in Boston. They are direct receivers of Armour's dressed mutton and lamb.

Don't Try Experiments.

EXPERIMENTING with a severe cold, now trying this remedy and then that, is dangerous business; for like lightning one can never tell where a cold may strike or finally settle. It may locate in the head and cause severe nasal catarrh; it may locate in the throat or large bronchial tubes, causing sore throat, laryngitis, bronchitis, and consumption; it may locate in the pleura, producing dangerous pleuro-pneumonia; it may locate in the muscles, causing pains and aches, only equalled by rheumatism, or it may locate in the small bronchial tubes or air cells of the lungs, causing lobar-pneumonia, the most to be dreaded of all results from a cold. There is a right way to do everything, so there is a rational treatment for a cold, which must be cured promptly. The first result from a cold is the retardation of every secretive function in the body. Skin, lungs, kidneys, and bowels, severally or all, are affected. Therefore, the first thing to be done is to restore the functions of these organs. Because of its effect upon the skin, the old-fashioned "rum sweat" was an excellent method to restore the action of the pores of the skin. But it is a dangerous method to use, because so few people are willing to confine themselves to the house long enough to recover, and to expose one's self immediately after a sweat or warm bath, is risking your life. In treating a cold, among active people, some method must be used that will admit of a person attending to their daily labor as usual. Among such people, probably more colds, more cases of catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, cough, and hoarseness, have been cured by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment than any other remedy known. The large circular wrapper round each bottle contains simple and plain directions for treating and curing these complaints. The proprietors, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send to any address, free, a valuable pamphlet on the subject.

Recent Publications.

[*Hoffman Bros. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.*

HOFFMAN'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY AND CLERGY LIST QUARTERLY FOR 1891, containing complete reports from all dioceses in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, with an addition containing the Vicarate-Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands. Price 50 cts.

Should be in every well-regulated Catholic family.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

ST. JOSEPH : Short Meditations for March. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. 15 cts. By the hundred $10.

March is the month of St. Joseph. Buy this book and read a chapter every day.

MANUAL OF INDULGENCED PRAYERS : A complete prayer-book, arranged and disposed for daily use, by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F. (Prov. St. John the Bapt.) Three hundred and fifty pages. Price 65 cts.

This is a great addition to our stock of prayers. Well bound and beautifully illustrated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, have received The Month for January.

MR. J. F. HOGAN'S striking novel, "The Lost Explorer," is already in its third edition. Its author is now engaged on a story based on the unconventional life and strange incidents of early years at the Australian goldfields.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891.

No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over one hundred pages, 8¼ x 10½ inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Sunrise, Amaranthus, Hydrangea, and Potatoes. Instructions for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of vegetable and flower seeds, plants, and bulbs, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prizes of $1,000 and $200. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing, because the ten cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

WITHIN the past year no fewer than fifty Jesuit Fathers from the province of Lyons, France, have gone to the foreign missions of Syria, Egypt, and Armenia.

Where the Responsibility Rests.

"IT does not seem necessary for me to go on to prove that the Indian department is not a joy forever. Very few people think it is, and most of those who do have a finger in the pie. They have never been distinguished for anything except Indian wars, and for almost every affair of the kind they are entirely responsible. The Northwest is dotted over with soldiers sleeping out in the snows of this winter because of the mismanagement of the Indian Bureau. With an instance of this incompetency before their eyes nearly half of the time, people in the East ought to understand, and every man who in the West comes near enough to get the stench cannot but know its rottenness. It's unchristian, it's inhuman, it's vile. It is the constantly recurring old story — a gross case of mismanagement." — *Frederick Remington, in Harper's Weekly.*

ACCORDING to an amendment of the school laws of the state of Michigan, children suffering from consumption or chronic catarrh must be excluded from public schools. The circumstance is interesting as a first step toward the public recognition of a most important truth, the fact, namely, that the disorders of the respiratory organs can be propagated by direct contagion, and that the atmosphere of a consumptive's sickroom, unless constantly ventilated, is apt to become a virulent lung poison.

THE Catholic Mirror of Baltimore copies from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE Rev. Father Sheedy's article on The Dark Ages.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF THE MASTER-GENERAL OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER: We have to record the death of this venerable prelate, who peacefully passed away in Rome — the Master-General of the Dominican Order, the Most Rev. J. Larroca. For many years Father Larroca held a conspicuous place, not only in the Order, but as a member of the principal Roman Congregations, in the councils of the Church. After the suppression of the religious orders in Spain, his native country, he was obliged to reside for a time in France — always, however, on the watch for an opportunity of returning to Spain. That opportunity came, and the young priest came back full of the enthusiasm of his race and the spirit of his Order. Single-handed and alone, he undertook the restoration of the "solitary city," "the broken gates," and laying the foundations of a New Jerusalem, of a holy temple. He had the satisfaction of seeing the Order in Spain arise once again, clothed in its old vesture of learning and holiness. Such labors could not be overlooked, and though Padre Larroca would be a loss to the newly established province, it was considered that his services would be more valuable in the elevated position of confidential adviser to his Superior in Rome. To Rome he came, summoned by the late Père Jandel, who gladly availed himself of his judgment, not only in directing the new foundations in Spain, but in the safe-guarding of the destinies of the Order throughout the world. It was during this period that he was sent to the Philippine Islands, an ancient dependency of the Spanish Dominicans, the centre from which missionaries went forth evangelizing the sea-coast of India, the coast of China, and the scattered Isles of Oceania. Whilst he was engaged in examining if all things were done according to the spirit and traditions of their fathers, letters came announcing that he was appointed Master-General of the Order, conveying also the commands of the Sovereign Pontiff that he should at once give up his work and return to Rome. Dismayed and broken-hearted, but stifling every personal wish, every selfish feeling, he set out on his homeward journey, and casting himself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, he bared his shoulders to the burden that was placed upon him. During the ten years he had occupied the high position of Master-General he had seen his children suffer many sorrows; Germany had cast them forth or put them in chains, France was made desolate, and they were robbed of the fair provinces of Italy; but in those trials the old man was not without consolation, and he rejoiced to see the brave fight his children made for God and Mother Church. As General he was *ex-officio* member of the principal Congregations in Rome, where his opinion was eagerly sought in the great questions that come before them for discussion.

THE Rev. James O'Reilly, P.P., Clongish, Ireland, who had been ailing for some time, died suddenly of heart-disease. He was in his sixtieth year, and had been P.P. of Clongish for the last twelve years. During that time he established sodalities, built schools, improved the church, and made many other useful parochial improvements. Father O'Reilly was educated at Maynooth, and was afterwards curate in Killashee, Granard, and Moate. In each of these parishes he was greatly beloved. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he was one of the most popular priests in Ardagh.

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR A. LABELLE, curé of St. Jerome, Terrebonne county, Canada, the most important man in the Province of Quebec after Premier Mercier and Cardinal Taschereau, died in Quebec, Sunday, Jan. 4, aged sixty-three years. His death resulted from compound hernia. He was Premier Mercier's deputy in the department of agriculture, and, besides being curé of St. Jerome, was a noted politician. He was the author of the law giving one hundred acres of land to every family of twelve children.

SISTERS.

MOTHER BAPTISTA, the superior of Monte Maria Convent, who had been a religeuse forty-five years, died in Baltimore a few days ago.

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS KELLY died at the St. Mary's Orphanage, Dover, N. H., on Jan. 8, aged fifty years, and in the twenty-first year of her religious profession.

SISTER MARY ANN, who had been connected with convents in Hartford, Conn., for forty years, died at St. Joseph's Convent in that city, recently at the age of sixty years. She entered the convent at the age of twenty years.

SISTER M. IGNATIA (Frederick, Md.) and Sister M. Paula (Roxbury, Mass.) of the Sisters of Notre Dame, were lately called to their reward. Also Sister M. Gertrude (McCartie), Presentation Convent, Millstreet, Co. Cork, Ireland. This venerable religious was in the forty-eighth year of her religious profession.

SISTER MARY VERONICA KELLY, who died at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, on Jan. 11, was the oldest sister in the West. She was sixty-six years old, and spent thirty years in the order of the Sisters of Mercy, having been professed at St. Xavier's Academy in 1860. Sister Veronica was born in Galway, Ireland, and came to this country with her parents when a mere child. She received a wound on the arm at the battle of Winchester, while ministering to the dying soldiers, and she was fond of saying that she never failed to carry about with her a relic of the war.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF LIEUT. ORIN T. WINN. — Lieut. Orin T. Winn died at his residence, 50 Circuit street, Roxbury, Jan. 11, after a long and painful illness. He was born in 1828, and was a native of Ireland. He was appointed patrolman at Station 4, in 1862; in 1887, he was detailed for duty at the City Hall, Boston. On Oct. 21, 1878, he was made a sergeant, and on June 5, 1879, a lieutenant. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and three daughters. His funeral took place, on Jan. 14, from St. Joseph's Church, and was very largely attended. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery. May he rest in peace!

MR. JOHN BAINES SEED died at his residence in Mobile, Ala., on the 9th of November, 1890. He was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and had been in feeble health for some time. Deceased was born at Claughton, Claughton House, Lancashire, England, in the year 1815. He came to this country when yet a young man, in his teens, landing in New York. Two or three years, thereafter, in 1836, he came to Mobile. He followed the business of florist, which he continued, at the same place, for the period of fifty-four years — until his death. In 1841, he and Miss Mary R. Sheridan were united in marriage. His wife died several years ago. Four children survive to grieve his departure: three daughters, and one son, all of Mobile. Mr. Seed was a man of exceedingly quiet and reserved manner, and of peaceful disposition — bearing ill-will toward none. Though urged and persuaded by his friends, he could not be induced to take an active part in any of the stormy affairs which took place in Mobile during the long period of his life spent in that city. By his honesty in all things, and his unostentatious bearing among men, he enjoyed the respect and good-will of all who knew him. He died with all the consolations of his religion and with the firm belief that his hope in the justice of God would save him. The deceased belonged to an old Norman English Catholic family, who shed their blood willingly for their faith. His family has furnished priests, bishops, and nuns for the last three hundred years for the Catholic Church.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

Eloquent Catholic Divine.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN DELIVERS A LECTURE.

In the limited space of a newspaper report the spirit and eloquence of the lecture of Archbishop Ryan, night of Feb. 4, can hardly be given, says the Boston Daily Herald.

Father Devitt, President of Boston College, introduced the Archbishop. The two formed a great contrast: Father Devitt, tall, spare, rather pale, eye-glasses on his nose, the type of the recluse, the scholar, the ascetic; Archbishop Ryan, on the other hand, broad and heavy, plenty of color in his face, a large, finely shaped head, the type of the man of affairs as well as the man of the Church and of books. His forehead is very high and broad. Away in under the overhanging brow are eyes that glow with fire and force one minute, the next twinkle with a merry smile. They are blue in color, and the generous hair is almost light enough to be called blonde.

Archbishop Ryan's lecture was the last of the course at the hall of the Young Men's Catholic Association. His subject was "Our Christian Civilization, and How to Perpetuate It." Almost every seat in the house was filled, the gallery and all. As he walked up the aisle every one rose from his seat and offered him the ovation of an admiring glance.

In his few words of introduction, Father Devitt referred to the eloquence of the man who was to speak, as famed, not only in one city or one state, but in two hemispheres.

Such words are somewhat embarrassing, said the Archbishop, when the applause finally allowed him to speak. I may not be able to fulfil their prophecy, and, if I do, the credit will belong to the interest of the subject on which I am to address you. You may think it a peculiar subject. You may say: "We know the advantages of Christian civilization; we know they are lasting. Why should we speak of perpetuating them? Do they not perpetuate themselves?"

In one sense, yes. Christianity and civilization are synonymous. But there is danger that they may be lost in individual souls, and sometimes in whole countries. When France had her revolution she killed her priests and overturned her altars and tried to set up the gospel of reason. In the place of the altar of Notre Dame was set up the dancing girl of Paris, the goddess of the gospel of reason. But before France progressed in civilization she had to come and ask the forgiveness of the old Church, and beg to be taken back.

To-day we are seeing again the growth of paganism in a new and attractive form. They call it the

Religion of Humanity.

Man is born to worship something. If he does not worship the God of Christianity he will worship humanity, which means that we shall bow the knee and swing the censer before our own selves.

Think, for a little, of the founder of the Christian religion. He called the Pharisees whited sepulchres, and yet he wept with the two sisters of Lazarus. He was the perfect gentleman — gentle, yet a man. He stands as the mosaic — the sum total of human virtues. Now, to present such a character to the world is to have a civilizing influence. It showed what was in humanity — what it could do.

Secondly, there were the doctrines that Christ represented and taught; and, thirdly, the organization which he founded to do his work. These may be called the three great fundamental principles of civilization, and to injure any one of them is to injure civilization itself.

With these three points as heads, the Archbishop built his lecture. After considering the character of Christ and its influence, he passed to His doctrines and what they had accomplished. The first thing was the changed attitude to children. Before the Christian era, parents and the state had felt at liberty to destroy their children if they were too numerous. Christ's attitude to children and His words concerning them made childhood respected.

The lamb of God, said the speaker, became the lion of the tribe of Judah in defending the little child. Is there any more lovely thing to think of than

the spectacle of St. Vincent de Paul, infirm with the burden of over seventy winters, going about the streets of Paris to rescue the abandoned children? He watched the young mother take the child of sin from under her shawl and leave it in the street to perish. He lifted it tenderly up, warmed it with the warmth of

His Own Body,

and took it to the sisters, in whose virginal breasts beat the hearts of mothers.

The speaker then passed to the consideration of the change in woman's condition, brought about by Christianity. The whole world has been changed by the beauty of the divine mother.

"What has Christianity done for the condition of the poor? In Pagan days it was a crime, almost, to be poor. Paganism brought poverty to the feet of riches; Christianity brings riches to the feet of poverty. When Rome numbered three million there was not a single asylum for the poor. She had gods for everything else, but no god for the poor."

The influence of Christianity on all sufferers was considered. The change in the condition of prisoners and the manner of their treatment led up to one of the finest passages in the whole lecture. The speaker drew a vivid picture of the way Rome treated her prisoners, chaining them to her victorious chariot wheels and dragging them through her streets, to be afterward cast into the arena to fight as gladiators for the amusement of the mob. Then he spoke of the monk who heard in the midst of the desert sands, of Rome's greatness and the gladiatorial shows. He sought the imperial city and the arena and he stepped between two combatants and commanded them in the name of the God of Peace to stop.

The application was startling in its suddenness. The gladiators to-day are Capital and Labor. As they stand pitted against each other in mortal combat, the spirit of Christianity steps between them, and commands them in the name of the God of Peace to stop. They are brothers, who should assist instead of killing each other.

The lecture was very long, occupying nearly two hours, but no one stirred from beginning to end. The speaker's voice is very flexible, now sinking almost to a whisper, now rolling out with the power and richness of an organ pipe. Altogether, Archbishop Ryan is one of the most interesting speakers who has addressed a Boston audience this season.

Judge John H. Burke.

Among the appointments recently made by Gov. Russell, is that of John H. Burke, to be judge of the Municipal Court of Boston. Mr. Burke was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1856, and is now thirty-four years old. At the age of eight months he removed with his parents to Ohio, where he resided two years, and then returned east to South Boston. In 1872, he entered Boston College, employing his spare time in the office of his half brother, Gen. P. A. Collins. Before he was sixteen he had read and re-read Blackstone and Kent, a most unusual thing in a boy so young, and which showed to his friends that he had a natural bent for the law. His desires in that direction were consequently encouraged, and in 1875 he became a regular student in the office of Gen. Collins, and also entered the Boston University law school, from which he graduated with the degree of LL.B. in 1877. It was at this school that Mr. Burke first made the acquaintance of Gov. Russell, with whom a friendship was established which has been maintained ever since. In 1877, Mr. Burke was appointed chief clerk to the licensing board of Boston, a position which he resigned in September, 1878. In the following month he successfully passed the examination before the state board of examiners, and was admitted to the bar for the practice of the law. He has pursued his chosen profession without interruption up to the present time with marked success, having had a large and varied experience, particularly in the trial of civil cases, his practice taking him into the courts of every state east of the Mississippi river. In 1883 the law firm of Collins, Burke & Griffin was formed, and during Gen. Collins' six years in Congress the whole weight of the business fell upon Mr. Burke's shoulders. In 1888 he was president of the Charitable Irish Society, the

oldest and strongest organization of its kind in the United States. He has never sought nor held political office, preferring to follow the legal profession. In 1882 he was married and removed to Dorchester, where he now lives in a charming home on Mt. Bowdoin with his family. He has a wife and three children. Mr. Burke's friends say of him that by temperament, ability, and study he is in every way fitted for the bench on which he has been given a seat. He has a high reputation for honesty and integrity, and socially has been much admired.

Archbishop Williams' Silver Jubilee.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, falls on Wednesday, March 11. But the celebration in the Cathedral — the anniversary Mass — will take place on the morning of Thursday, March 12.

Anniversary of the Charitable I. Society.

PRESIDENT M. T. DONAHOE presided at a meeting of the Charitable Irish Society, of Boston, on Jan. 27, at the Parker House, when arrangements were made for the celebration of the one hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of the society. It will be in the form of a public banquet at the Parker House on March 17. The prominent invited guests include Governor Russell, Mayor Matthews, Collector Beard, and the presidents of the French, British, and Scots Charitable Societies. Mr. Patrick Donahoe, proprietor of The Pilot, will be the guest of honor, in recognition of his having been a member of the society for fifty years.

MR. ROBERT MOORE, one of our most respectable Irish-American citizens, died at his residence on Columbus avenue, Sunday, Feb. 8th, aged seventy-five years. Mr. Moore, although seventy-five years old, arose early, as has been his life-long custom, and before breakfast stepped out to shovel the snow from the sidewalk in front of his house. Re-entering the house by the basement door he took a glass of water, sat for a moment before the fire in the kitchen and then suddenly fell back in his chair and expired without uttering a word. The funeral took place from the church of the Immaculate Conception on Tuesday morning, Feb. 10th, and was largely attended. May his soul rest in peace.

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John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial Association of Ward 16.

A NUMBER of gentlemen gathered at the residence of Mr. James O'Connell, 31 Rochester street, Boston, Thursday, Jan. 22, to devise ways and means towards raising a fund for the proposed memorial to the late John Boyle O'Reilly — a statue and an endowed alcove in the Boston Public Library. Eloquent addresses were made by several of the gentlemen present, and an association to be known as the John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial Association of Ward 16 was organized, and the following board of government elected: President, James O'Connell; vice-president, John F. Marrin; recording secretary, James F. Ryan; financial secretary, John J. Hurley; treasurer, David McCarthy; board of directors, James M. O'Brien, Peter M. Kendrick, John H. Carroll.

Holy Cross College Alumni.

THE Alumni Association of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., held its annual reunion and dinner at the Parker House, Boston, on the evening of Jan. 15. Previous to the dinner an hour was spent in the parlor in renewing old acquaintanceship, in which pleasant occupation Gov. Russell, the chief invited guest, took a prominent part. The Governor was introduced to all the members present by the Rev. Dr. Conaty. As he was obliged to retire before the dinner hour, he spoke cordially of his happiness in meeting the members of the alumni, and wished success to the college and its graduates. After the departure of the Governor a business meeting was held which was presided over by the president, the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, after which the alumni and their guests proceeded to the banquet hall. Among the guests were the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, D. D., of Worcester; Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, D. D., V. G., of Boston; the Rev. M. A. O'Kane, S. J., president of Holy Cross College; the Rev. E. I. Devitt, president of Boston College; Mr. Patrick Donahoe and Hon. Patrick Maguire. The president, the Rev. Dr. Conaty, presided at the banquet, having on his right the senior graduate of the college, the Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D. D., of Portland, and on his left the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Griffin, D. D., of Worcester.

Toward the close of the banquet, the exercises were opened by the president, the Rev. Dr. Conaty, who congratulated the alumni upon the largest number ever present at an alumni reunion. He extended a special greeting to Bishop Healy, who was introduced as the first speaker. He delighted the audience with some of his humorous reminiscences as a "forty-niner."

To the toast "Alma Mater," the Rev. M. A. O'Kane, president of Holy Cross College, made response after a most enthusiastic reception. Attributing the great success of the college to her alumni, he predicted in the near future that Holy Cross will have a building capable of accommodating at least five hundred students, and a hall befitting the alumni of the college.

F. McKeon, '79, responded to the toast "The Alumni," and spoke of the pleasure of being always "a boy" at such gatherings.

Mr. Robert Johnson then sang "The Dear Little Shamrock of Ireland," after which Mr. Lane, the visiting Member of Parliament, was called upon. After explaining his visit to Boston as due to a desire to renew acquaintance with General Collins and Father O'Callaghan, both of whom he first met in Ireland, he spoke in complimentary terms of the oratory he had listened to while sitting at the table.

Gen. John W. Corcoran, one of the alumni, was called upon to respond for the Old Bay State. After expressing regret for the absence of Gov. Russell, whom he characterized as the most liberal-minded Governor in the present generation, he expressed the hope that Holy Cross College may in the future, as in the past, contribute to the citizenship of the State the diffusion of intelligence and friendly intercourse between man and man.

"Our Sister Colleges" drew a response from the Rev. E. I. Devitt, the new president of Boston College, also an alumnus. Rev. P. A. McKenna, '67, spoke for the "Old Boys," and Mr. Thomas Flatley for "The Faculty," in one of his witty speeches, filled with anecdote.

The Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., D.D., was called upon to make some remarks; and after declaring his pleasure at being present, he expressed the hope that a plan should be formulated by which a congress of Catholic college alumni be gathered for the centennial.

The secretary, Richard H. Mooney, '79, returned his thanks for the cooperation of the members, and urged renewed effort for success.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe spoke of his years of acquaintance with Holy Cross.

The Rev. Dr. Beaven, of Holyoke, was called on for "Benediction," which he gave.

The president said the parting word, and then led off with "Auld Lang Syne," after which the members dispersed, conscious of having assisted a the largest and pleasantest gatherin of the "Boys of Holy Cross."

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. BOSTON, APRIL, 1891. No. 4.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Revisiting Ireland.

NEWRY, March, 1891.

"On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!"

AT LOUGH NEAGH.

OUR own Tom Moore tells us that it was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says, that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.

Anything that appears in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is usually accepted as genuine, and may be taken as standard matter to be relied upon. I had my doubts concerning an article that appeared at page 39, of the January number, headed, "Strange Chemical Properties of an Irish Lake," and having had an opportunity of testing the matter by a personal visit, I lay the result before my readers. The article went on to state that the writer happened to meet an "English gentleman" who was going to Lough Neagh to "visit his men and inspect his petrifying beds." The "English gentleman" informed his companion that the waters of Lough Neagh petrified wood in a month, and that razor hones could be manufactured from the petrified wood; a patent was taken out and the "English gentleman" was making a fortune out of the hones, while the natives, around the shores of Lough Neagh, "were in a semi-starving condition all around."

"Here was a valuable natural factory at the very doors of the people," unutilized by the improvident Irish who preferred starvation to a little work, very little work, indeed, and a fortune lying at their feet.

Unnecessary to inform my readers that the Lough borders on

five of the finest, richest counties in Ireland, where the farmers are among the first and best in Ireland, so far as their worldly condition is concerned. The Lough contains one hundred and fifty-four square miles, and is the finest sheet of water in the three kingdoms, certainly a good-sized "natural factory," for the production of pollen and other fish that inhabit its waters.

"In days 'lang syne,' when some English gentlemen were visiting Shane's Castle, near Randalstown, they asked the butler for a hone to rub a razor on. Finding the hone a good one, the butler told them it was made from petrified holly in the waters of Lough Neagh," said my informant, Owen Kelly, a well-to-do farmer who has spent sixty years of his life on the banks of the Lough, and who has seen about as much of Lough Neagh hones as he has of the "round towers of other days."

"How long would it take," asked the English gentleman, "to petrify holly into stone?"

"Oh, about a month, or thereabouts," replied the butler, whose perquisites at the castle were always regulated by the length of time the visitors stayed.

"The butler was a bit of an Irish wag, you see," said Kelly, "and he always endeavored to turn his wit to practical account especially when exercised upon English gentlemen."

In not a few instances I was laughed at for my pains, as I made further inquiries about Lough Neagh hones made from petrified wood. The old story is well remembered, and it is said that seven years is the time, instead of a month, for the chemical change sought for; but the whole thing is a myth!

There is a fine well near the Lough, known as Carnfield Well, which is said to dry up every Halloween night, and that crystals form at the bottom of the well which are much sought after by sea-faring men, as the ship that carries one of the crystals will never be lost. I was shown one of these by an old farmer. It was about an inch long, one quarter of an inch thick, smooth and rounded, and nearly the color of clouded amber, but darker. It is quite probable that such stones are found at the bottom of Carnfield Well. (*Cairn*, Celtic, stone.)

SHANE'S CASTLE.

The ancient seat of Shawn O'Neill, situated on the banks of Lough Neagh, and adjoining the town of Randalstown, is now a mass of ruins. It must have been a magnificent pile of massive architecture in its day. There are underground passages leading from it for a great distance, and lighted from above by iron gratings at certain points. These passages are filled with stones and *debris* so as to render them difficult of exploration. I tried it but had soon to desist. It is said that these passages could hold, in the event of a siege to the castle, five thousand retainers, of The O'Neill. The present mansion, built by the late Lord O'Neill is of brick, and unpretentious in style. Shane's Castle was burned at the beginning of this century. For

many years it had been the scene of nightly revels that were a scandal to civilization. During one of those revels the Banshee's Room took fire, and it was with difficulty that the history and records of the castle were saved; the whole building was destroyed. The Banshee's Room is still pointed out; it is one of the best preserved parts of the castle. It contained a bed, made up every evening for the benefit of the White Woman that was supposed to follow the family of the O'Neill's, and to appear when death threatened any male member of the family.

"How oft has the Banshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by love."

. . . . . .

"We're fallen upon gloomy days;
Star after star decays;
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled."

The late Lord O'Neill was an old bachelor. He had served in the English army. In his old age he lived in the mansion near the old castle, and took great pleasure in welcoming visiting parties to the noble demesne and park which surrounded the castle. He erected summer-houses and neat little hive-shaped moss houses and retreats for the people who came to spend a day upon the grounds, often joining in a picnic and entering with jest into the frolicsome games of youth. He never married and was the last of his great race. His old tenants to this day speak in terms of love and admiration of him. The successor of The O'Neill was a Protestant minister called Chichester. He is now Lord Chichester O'Neill, the latter name being adopted. His first official act was to close up the grounds of the castle against the people, permitting the gates to be opened only on certain days, and otherwise restricting what had been a pleasure to the public for generations.

This interloping Chichester, who has not a drop of the "ould blood" in his whole *corpus*, has a strong leaning to Orangeism which he occasionally exhibits in the House of Lords, where he has a seat in right of his succession to the lands of O'Neill.

THE G. A. A.

These letters do not stand for Grand Army of America, which some people might think. On the contrary they stand for Gaelic Athletic Association, a society of young Irishmen which has sprung into existence during the past ten years in this country, and which promises to restore among the people not a few of the ancient games which once made Ireland famous, and her sons foremost among the athletes of the world. Foot-racing, foot-ball, and hurling games, are those chiefly practised at present, and in vogue during all seasons of the year. It is really fine excitement to be present at, if not to take part in, a good foot-ball game, such as took place on a recent Sunday between a city club and the hardy mountain-reared chaps of old Castle-wellan, in a valley near the latter place called Leitrim. It was a tough

tussle among the young Irish giants for over an hour; but eventually the mountaineers won, and subsequently treated their opponents in true Irish style to a good dinner, where the game was fought over again, this time verbally.

On the road to the grounds we passed through the outskirts of Ballinahinch, on one side of which stands the Windmill Hill, occupied by the English forces during the Rebellion of '98, while the insurgents occupied a lower hill on the opposite side. This place is planted with trees showing the exact position taken by the rebels, and to this day it is a matter of interest to military authorities to observe the excellent disposition then made of the Irish forces which, after a hard struggle, won the day! The battle of Ballinahinch was the most famous northern battle of '98.

I noticed several foot-ball games in progress among little fellows of ten and twelve, as we whirled over the roads on our Irish jaunting-car. But, would you believe it; although the morning was sharp and cold there were lots of those youngsters actually engaged in the game barefooted! Anything but foot-ball for bare feet. Yet there they were unconscious of physical suffering, or the danger of accident in their love for the game. True, they were playing in a grassy field; but bare feet mixed up among a lot of well-shod, kicking feet, was rather a stiff thing even to look at. Again, some of those players had on a single shoe, while the other foot was bare, the shoe, of course, being on the kicking foot. This was called "bunching partners," one fellow having a pair of shoes who lends his partner one of them. Thus we see that Irish children are not over particular when they engage in out-door sports.

THE BITTER CRY OF DISTRESS.

There is scarcely a townland on the seaboard, from the north-west of Ireland around to the south-east, wherein the cry of distress has not been heard. It is pitiful, and the treatment of the people has been almost merciless. The government has opened some relief works here and there, and have undertaken the construction of a few light railroads which will eventually benefit the districts through which they pass. These things which do not benefit ten per cent. of those in actual want are supplemented by Balfour's relief fund. When the seventh subscription list of this fund was published, containing the larger part of all that will be subscribed, the entire sum did not equal that of a single subscription by a New Yorker to the famine fund of 1879. This year the Queen has munificently subscribed a couple of hundred pounds, the price of a few of her fat porkers. Magnanimous sovereign! A Jew next door to her gave five times as much! Good Jew. H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, was half as good as his thrifty mother, having given one hundred pounds. Perhaps royalty is too poor to do better. The Freeman in acknowledging the latter gift had it "H. R. H. The Price of Wales one hundred pounds." Some wag in the printing-office had taken the letter n out of the word Prince and made one hundred pounds the *price* of his Royal Highness.

The places most affected by the distress are Donegal, Ballina, Crossmalina, Bunavella, Letterbrick, Deel, the Partry Mountains, where starving men and women come in every "Board" day (Poor Law Guardians), fifteen and twenty miles, begging for work or bread; Ballinrobe, Ballyshannon, Kilrush, Castlebar, Achill Island, Oughterard, Arran Islands, Carna, Galway, Tuam, Dunmore, Dromore west, Middleton, Boyle, Monastereden, Cullmore, Killaloe; to which place Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, sent two hundred and fifty dollars; Tralee, Kenmare, Brosna, Ennis, Ballymount, Achadoe, Bantry, Schull, Skibbereen, Dunmanus, Bandon, Clonakilty, where one hundred starving fishermen and their wives waited on the Poor Law Guardians for help and had to march away as they came; Newmarket, Mallow, Castletownbere, Whiddy Island, out to Mizen Head, and Oh! fate of famine, beautiful and matchless Glengariffe, renowned in song and story, and glorious Gougane-Barra, equally famous as one of the beauty spots of this earth, also afflicted with famine.

The officials of Dublin Castle call most of those places "congested districts," although the census to be taken in a couple of months will show that the population of Ireland has decreased over six hundred thousand in the last decade, thus leaving it exactly one-half what it was forty-two years ago!

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where beasts increase and men decay."

It isn't worth while to discuss the question of this famine. Better far for Ireland if there wasn't a potato grown within its borders. People of a couple of generations ago remember when a dish of potatoes was a rarity at an Irish table on Christmas Day! They had not been grown or cultivated then to become the staple food of the people. Walter Raleigh's present of the American tuber to Youghal, county Cork, was as fatal a gift to the Irish people, as England's gift of free rum from Jamaica to the citizens of Cork.

Just look at the spectacle of Ireland at this moment: The farmers sell their own good beef and mutton to the English, and buy the tough beef of Chicago steers instead; they sell their pork and eat American pork, when they eat any pork at all; they sell their own corn and live on Indian meal; and now only think of it — they sell their own butter and buy Danish butter instead, not a bad article, but absolutely flavorless compared with Irish butter.

Home Rule will do much for this country, if it changes all this and puts a stop to artificial famines; but it will take Home Rule for many a day to reach the root of Irish evils. Ireland must produce a better generation of men before she finds her present condition materially improved.

AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN MITCHEL.

The grave of the great John Mitchel, as pure an Irish patriot as ever breathed the air of this life, lies in the Old Meeting-House Green situated on the High street in this thriving little town. The Mitchel family vault was opened recently for the interment of William Hazlet

Mitchel, the brother of John. The funeral was a remarkable procession, inasmuch as it embraced representatives of all classes, rich and poor, professional, clerical, and mercantile. Nearly all the Catholic clergy of the town and neighborhood were present, for William H. Mitchel was beloved by all classes. Deceased visited America shortly after the '48 movement in which John Mitchel was one of the great moving spirits, if not the greatest.

There are but few graves in this Old Meeting-House Green. A tombstone, humble looking and aged, covers the last resting-place (meantime) of John Mitchel! The vault is enclosed by an iron railing.

The Green is peculiarly situated. It is surrounded on three sides by the Convent of Poor Clares, and the grounds attached, which are pretty extensive. On the fourth side it is enclosed by the rear of a lot of old, dingy, and squalid-looking tenements. The entrance to the Green is through an arched gateway, the convent premises extending overhead. This Convent of Poor Clares was the first sheltering home in which the restless spirit of the unfortunate ex-Nun of Kenmare found peace and supernatural life and joy; a peace and joy she has never known since she left Kenmare, and which she can never know again until her feet tread the path of the prodigal-penitent on the way to the bosom of that Church whose arms are still extended to embrace the wayward and the erring.

Newry can boast of having two fine flax spinning mills, a jute, and two jute spinning mills, also a linen weaving factory. These employ some sixteen hundred pairs of hands, chiefly females who earn from five shillings to ten shillings a week. The town also contains a linen handkerchief manufactory, a stocking factory, four flour and Indian corn grinding mills, ale, porter, and aerated water manufactories, and some tanneries. Surrounding the town which is built in a valley, and is divided by two counties, Down and Armagh, are several fine granite quarries which send out finished stone to all parts of the world.

During my visit all those places mentioned were as busy as bee-hives, and gave a marked character of steady industry to the town. The population is about thirty-two thousand, to accommodate which there are three branch banks, and three local newspapers.

BESSBROOK.

This is a neat, clean-looking little village adjoining Newry, and occupied chiefly by the workers of the Bessbrook Spinning Company. It is a remarkable village inasmuch as it does not contain a single liquor saloon nor a pawn office, the devil's adjunct of the whiskey shop. Neither does Bessbrook boast of a lawyer or a doctor. The inhabitants live in a country district like a little paradise.

Within five or six miles of Newry are Warrenpoint and Rosstrevor, beautiful watering-places, the latter the birthplace and residence of the late John Martin, brother-in-law of John Mitchel. Mourne mountain rises here in all its sublime magnificence, and gives character to all the surrounding scenery which is amongst some of the finest in all

Ireland. Rosstrevor is so situated, owing to the conformation of the hills, that none but breezes from the south enter its delightful waters. Carlingford Lough, the famous oyster ground, lies opposite to Warrenpoint shore.

THE "NATION."

The Nation newspaper, started in Dublin in the early forties by Charles Gavan Duffy, previously nominal proprietor and editor of the Belfast Vindicator, and published at twelve cents, now enters on a new career at the reduced price of two cents.

An aged elm-tree is pointed out in Phœnix Park, Dublin, bearing four D's carved in the bark. It is related that the first thought of starting the Nation arose among a company of gentlemen who were strolling through the Park on a Sunday afternoon after a visit which they had paid to the Strawberry Beds. They sat down under the elm-tree, and began to debate the question of the newspaper which subsequently flashed over Ireland with the brilliancy of a meteor, and became the greatest power for political and historical education which Irishmen ever possessed. One of the gentlemen quietly carved a D in the elm, another of the gentlemen followed the example of his companion, then there was a laugh, and the remaining two gentlemen also carved a D each.

The little meeting was composed of Duffy, Davis, Doheny, and Dillon. After the retirement of Duffy, the Nation might be said to have also retired. For many years past it continued to drag along rather lazily until now it seems to have taken on a new lease of life, and bids fair to outrival many of its contemporaries.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

Recently a large and sorrowful meeting was held in the court-house of Dunmore, in the county of Galway, under the presidency of the Very Rev. Canon McEvilly, for the purpose of imploring the heartless government of this country to establish some useful works in the vicinity for the purpose of assisting the poor, starved peasantry who have been rendered absolutely destitute by the failure of the potato crop. The laborers and small farmers of the surrounding country flocked into Dunmore, and certainly the appearance of the poor people was of itself enough to excite the commiseration of those who saw their pinched, hungry faces, and the ragged tatters they wore in the shape of clothing. Speaking to an eye-witness of the assemblage, I was informed that young men not over twenty and twenty-five years of age looked like old, withered men of forty and fifty years old. The weather was biting cold, and the men shivered like babes. They were listless and heart-broken, although few complaints were heard except those that proceeded from the lips of their pastor who occupied the chair. Such meetings are now common over the whole of the western seaboard.

During the same week, and in the same county, there was a meeting of a different kind held; this was the meet of the Galway

Blazers' Hunt on the Fair Green of Ballinasloe, for the purpose of starting and chasing a fox! The "meet" was composed of ladies and gentlemen well clothed, well mounted on good horses, and there wasn't a pinched or hungry look on one of the whole batch of lady and gentlemen hunters. Oh, no! On the contrary, there were lots of red and bibulous noses that it took a fortune to cultivate and bring to the ripe and strawberry appearance which they presented. The first fox started gave a look of contempt at his well-clothed and booted pursuers, sniggered a foxy snigger at the ladies, and then parted company with the gallant hunters. Another fox was soon on foot, and to show his contempt for the nobility and gentry, with their hounds and whips and red coats, quietly sneaked into a foul smelling sewer — the hunters didn't follow. For all this gallant work, without even a single "brush" to carry home as a trophy of the chase, the lords and ladies fair were given a grand banquet and ball at Castlegar House. The house was gorgeously decorated, and the avenue leading to it for over a mile was lighted up by Chinese lanterns. There were nearly two hundred guests at the ball besides the officers of the Connaught Rangers, the officers of the second battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, officers of the Royal Artillery, and those of a Lancashire regiment. There was no one present to sing —

"Stop! for thy tread's on an empire's dust,"

nor to remind the rich, gay revellers, of the meeting of starving men at Dunmore, only a few miles away. 'Twas thus the French Revolution was inaugurated, only the French peasants were not as badly off as the peasants of Dunmore, for they had black bread to eat while those of Dunmore had not even a potato.

These social contrasts in Ireland, the outcome of the present system of landlordism, make up a frightful picture of a desolated country. Those fox-hunting *Squireens* are they who would lay the lash of their whips on the backs of their serfs, but that of late years the serfs have more spinal straightness than in days gone by. Still, the old contrast of wealth and starvation stares the visitor full in the face wherever he goes throughout Ireland.

POLITICS.

The late political hell-broth, that stirred this country to its depths a couple of months ago, has somewhat simmered down; but there is still enough of it visible to create disturbance, and impart soreness of mind to all true lovers of Ireland. Heretofore, when engaged in this correspondence, I have carefully refrained from offering any opinion of my own on Irish politics. When I have good reason to believe that the political opinions of my readers are in accord with my own, then, indeed, I may safely give expression to the latter, otherwise it were an impertinence. But, I believe I may safely convey an exact and impartial view of the political situation here, gathered from the closest observation, and from correspondence with those best entitled to show how matters stand.

Mr. Parnell has appeared before large gatherings of his followers —

a little over three months ago all Irishmen were his followers — and addressed stirring speeches to them. These speeches were of the highest order as regards what a true Home Rule Bill should be for Ireland. They were enthusiastically cheered, and the speaker was equally enthusiastically received wherever he appeared. The great and statesman-like work of Mr. Parnell for fourteen years in the cause of Ireland was heartily and affectionately acknowledged on all sides, and the numerous addresses presented to him breathed sentiments of devoted loyalty; but it must be acknowledged that in the five or six places where those demonstrations were held only certain sections of the people took part in them. For instance, the Irish priesthood and those who follow their advice in these matters, certainly a very large and influential following, were conspicuous by their absence. These latter say: It is not clauses in the Home Rule Bill that are to be discussed just now, nor whether "English dictation" will or will not be accepted by the Irish people; but whether Mr. Parnell is, after the disclosures of the Divorce Court, to remain leader of the Irish nation, and of the Irish Parliamentary party. The Bishops of Ireland say emphatically: No. The priesthood follows suit and reiterate the same answer. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and other leading members of the English Liberal party also say: No. That is, that they will not work in harmony with the Irish Parliamentary party should Mr. Parnell remain their leader. The English House of Commons is composed of over six hundred members. The Irish representatives among these number one hundred and three, consequently the Irish representatives supposing that all were Home Rulers (there are only eighty-five of these), could not carry a Home Rule Bill through Parliament, without the aid of an English party, till the crack of doom. Some people cry out "no religion in politics." This is an exceedingly foolish cry, at least for Catholics. Morality cannot be divorced from politics neither in America nor in Ireland; but morality is based on religion, so neither can religion be divorced from politics, and only the unthinking and heedless will speak the contrary.

But neither the leadership of a party nor the advocate of a cause based on justice are essential to the ultimate triumph of that cause. If Parnell and the whole Irish Parliamentary party were sunk out of sight Home Rule for Ireland is absolutely safe owing to its present commanding position and the essential requirements of these countries. It does not follow from this that Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party did not force Home Rule into its present commanding position. They did, and, even more, they made its success certain. O'Connell won Emancipation, but not inside the House of Commons but outside of that assemblage. Speaking of O'Connell reminds me of the present split among Irishmen, although the cause of the present split differs from all others that preceded it, especially in its character of a public scandal. There were splits among the "United" Irishmen of '98, splits among the adherents of Robert Emmet, splits among the Independent Oppositionists, splits among the Repealers, splits in St. Patrick's Brotherhood, splits in the ranks of the Fenians, splits among the Land

Leaguers, and we need not feel too sore at what is certain to be only a temporary split among Home Rulers. The agitation for Emancipation was a religious agitation, consequently there was no room for a split in that direction, neither was there room for a split among Home Rulers if Mr. Parnell had only seen fit to have taken a vacation in winter.

But Ireland has survived all splits, and all enemies, home and foreign. It is hard to see her suffering from no cause which she herself could have avoided; it is hard to see her people decimated; but she is a recuperative nation and possesses a recuperative race of sound, moral, and religious people.

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall shine round thee yet."

PETER MCCORRY.

Secret Societies.

ARCHBISHOP JANSSENS has issued a Lenten pastoral letter in which he treats on marriage, secret societies, and Sunday observance.

"In no diocese of the United States," says the Archbishop, "are so many applications of dispensations for first cousins made as in our diocese, and when we recently asked the Holy See for a renewal of faculties, Rome expressed surprise that the cases granted should already have been exhausted. The Church is exceedingly opposed to such marriages. They cause many physical ills, as eminent physicians and experience attest; they breed a spirit of clanishness and of narrow family ties, which is opposed to the broad spirit of brotherly love, and which not unfrequently causes jealousy and enmity. It is the duty of parents to watch over their children, to prevent too much familiarity, and to oppose any tendency they perceive in their children for such marriages. Pastors, too, should occasionally warn the faithful not to contract marriage between such near relatives."

In regard to secret societies, the Archbishop says that the order of Free Masons is the one so far which has come under the absolute ban of the Catholic Church. Any Catholic joining the Masons is cut off from the communion of the Church, and cannot receive the sacrament and Christian burial unless before death he renounces the organization. The Archbishop says there are other societies which, "on account of their oaths, their secrecy, and their ritual, are exceedingly dangerous to the faith of Catholics," and this is the way he tells about the alleged evils:

"Some of these secret societies bear a close resemblance to the sect of the Masons; they claim a chaplain, who, without authority, ministers to the living and to the dead; they use rites and ceremonies which many consider a good enough substitute for religion; they prescribe oaths by which members abdicate their liberty and promise to obey all orders that may be given them from a supreme, a grand, or

another lodge, and the members invoke upon themselves all the anguish and torments possible for men to suffer if they fail in their obligations. Again, these societies are generally officered by men who belong to the Masons. Daily experience abundantly teaches that these secret and dangerous societies root up faith in positive religion; they lead men to belittle the teachings of Christianity, and to abandon the practice of their religious duties. As a rule, Catholics when joining these societies, soon cease to hear Mass on Sundays, cease to frequent the sacraments, and the spirit of evil infatuation takes such a hold on some that they would prefer leaving the Church of God rather than to give up such dangerous associations.

"If these societies have no other purpose, as they pretend, but to foster a spirit of sociability, of benevolence, of charity, and of relief in distress, why, then, do they shroud their meetings in secrecy? Why do they exact oaths, by which they bind the conscience and liberty of their members? Why do they add rites and ceremonies to their proceedings, unless it be to set up another religion, and to weaken the reign of Christ and of His Church among men?"

These rules, which have been approved by the bishops of the province, are laid down by the Archbishop: "The clergy should be zealous in dissuading their people from joining these associations which the Archbishops of the country, after mature deliberation, declare to be dangerous to the faith of Catholics, and which, as is known by experience in this province, lead to indifferentism as to revealed religion and to the neglect of Christian duties.

"In the confessional penitents should be urged to leave such societies. Absolution, however, should not be refused unless the confessor, after a careful examination, considers a society to be for his penitent a proximate occasion of sin."

"At the funeral of a member of such a society no rites or ceremonies peculiar to the society can be tolerated, and the priest is forbidden to attend the funeral whenever such ceremonies have been performed before, or are to be performed after the services of the Church. The clergy are also forbidden to officiate whenever any of these societies attend the funeral in regalia."

Archbishop Janssens forbids picnics or excursions to be held on Sundays, in the night, on fast days, or with the use of intoxicating liquors.

THE new Catholic Cathedral of Armagh is an edifice of great beauty, whose white towers and turrets are visible from all points of the hilly city. It is situated in the midst of a fine park, and is reached by ten tiers of stone steps, or about eighty steps in all, from the street below. Within it is beautifully decorated. The main altar is near the centre, after the manner of a Roman basilica. It quite eclipses the Protestant cathedral on an opposite hill: but the latter has more glorious associations, inasmuch as it was once St. Patrick's own church. At the dedication of the new cathedral eight thousand pounds, or the equivalent of about forty thousand dollars, was given by the people whose generosity to the Church is something stupendous.

An Irish Rosary.

A ROSARY of bogwood,
Of Irish bogwood dear,
Enlink'd with chains of purest gold, —
A chaplet without peer!

With trembling hands I touch it,
For mem'ries, fond and sweet,
Of holy Faith and Fatherland,
Within its circlet meet!

Behold! the ancient Irish cross
Swings from the dusky spheres, —
Type of the *Cros-na-Sceaptra*,
That Clonmacnoise reveres!

Cross of the Scriptures, — set of yore,
By Abbot Colman's hand,
Above the grave of Flann, who wore
The crown of Ireland.

And who, long ages since, upreared
('Mid princely cares and joys),
The *Teampull Mac Diarmuid*,
Glory of Clonmacnoise!

Ah! me, beside the Shannon's wave,
(By Round Towers sentinel'd),
In ruins, ghostly as the grave,
Lies the Great Church of old!

About its broken walls are wreathed
The ivy and the moss; —
And naught remains to tell the tale
Save the ancient Irish Cross!

O little *Cros-na-Sceaptra!*
(Swinging from these dark beads),
Whene'er I press thee to my lips,
My heart for Erin bleeds.

And, kissing *thee*, blest Rosary!
My soul grows faint with fear, —
For ev'ry grain in thy bright chain
Is link'd unto a tear!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHEN St. Francis of Sales saw that some were afflicted because he had been calumniated, he said: "Let them alone. It is a cross of words, a breath of air, the remembrance of which should perish with its sound. One must be very delicate to be unable to suffer the bite of a fly. What wrong can they do us by having an evil opinion of us, when we should have the same opinion of ourselves."

Christianizing the Theatre.

We doubt not many members of the theatrical profession, especially the younger ones, enjoy the ostracism from the Kingdom of Heaven which tradition promulgates against them; and the inheritance of a bad name, may be, prevents many serious and thoughtful actors from seeking the aids and consolations of religion. This results from a gross misconception of the spirit of the Church, a misconception which cannot be too soon removed. The Church has launched no condemnation against the stage, as such, and considered as an institution of pleasure or instruction. She has condemned the abuses of the theatre; and inasmuch as these abuses generally accompany the profession when money is the sole object of actors and managers, the censures of her councils cannot often be arraigned on the score of blind cruelty and prejudice. St. Thomas has stated the position of the Church very well in his matchless Summa:

Ad tertium dicendum, quod, sicut dictum est (art. præc.), ludus est necesarius ad conversationem humanæ vitæ. Ad omnia autem quæ sunt utilia conversationi humanæ, deputari possunt aliqua officia licita. Et ideo etiam officium histrionum, quod ordinatur ad solatium hominibus exhibendum, non est secundum se illicitum (2): nec sunt in statu peccati, dummodo moderate ludo utantur, id est, non utendo aliquibus illicitis verbis vel factis ad ludum, et non adhibendo ludum negotiis et temporibus indebitis. Et quamvis in rebus humanis non utantur alio officio per comparationem ad alios homines; tamen per comparationem ad seipsos et ad Deum alias habent seriosas et virtuosas operationes; puta dum orant et suas passiones, et operationes componunt, et quandoque etiam pauperibus eleemosynas largiuntur. Unde illi qui moderate eis subveniunt, non peccant, sed juste faciunt, mercedem ministerii eorum eis tribuendo. Si qui autem superflue sua in tales consumunt, vel etiam custentant illos histriones qui illicitis ludis utuntur, peccant, quasi eos in peccato fovent̃es.

Unde Augustinus dicit super Joannem (tract 100 ante med), quod "donare res suas histrionibus, vitium est immane, non virtus" nisi forte aliquis histrio esset in extrema necessitate, in qua esset ei Subveniendum: dicit enim Ambrosius (De offic. refertur cap. Pasce, dist 86): "Pasce fame morientem: quisquis enim pascendo hominem servare poteris, si non paveris, occidisti." — St. Thomas, 2 2æ g 168 a. 3 ad 3m.

We doubt if ever actor framed a better defence of his profession against the flings of its censors and critics, than is here contained in the statement of the Angel of the Schools. He not only asserts that play is lawful, but that it is necessary to the conservation of human life. Nay, farther; he declares that stage plays may be so written and presented as to please God and subserve the ends of religion.

Now, we ask the question; why do not our theatres close their doors on Good Friday? Society regards the day as especially sacred, and there is a growing disposition all over the Christian world to observe it more or less religiously. The great mercantile exchanges usually close on that day. Why, then, should the theatres and playhouses continue their levity when all the world tries to be serious? In New York this year an attempt was made, and we believe successfully in many cases, to induce the managers to declare a histrionic fast and abstinence. The matter should be brought home to the theatrical profession, and the appeal, if placed on grounds not absolutely insulting

to the men and women who wear buskins, will be favorably received and acted on. The gulf between the stage and the better classes of society should be bridged or filled up altogether, and nothing will tend more to this end than a move on the part of the players to pay tribute to the religious sentiments and traditions of Christianity.

Western Watchman.

The Relics of Calvary.

A FRENCH writer locates the relics of the cross and crucifixion as follows:

The Wood of the Cross — The largest portions are in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome, and in the Cathedral of Paris.

The Title of the Cross — The tablet on which is the well-known inscription I. N. R. I. (Jesus Nazarenus, Rex. Judæorum — Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,) is preserved in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome.

The Crown of Thorns — It forms part of the treasure of Our Lady of Paris, but is devoid of thorns, which have been granted to a great many churches. This relic, with the fragments of the cross, is borne in triumph by twelve canons or curés of Paris in the solemn procession which is held at eight o'clock Good Friday night in Notre Dame.

The Church of St. Sernin, in Toulouse, has a fragment of the crown, which was given it by St. Louis, through his brother Alphonse, count of Poitiers and Toulouse.

The Nails — One, history relates, was thrown by St. Helena into the Adriatic to calm a storm; the second is in the famous iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings (used by Napoleon I. in his coronation); the third is in the church of Notre Dame, in Paris. At Monza, near Milan, is a nail whose authenticity Benedict XIV. is said to have established.

The Sponge — Is at Rome, in the basilica of St. John Lateran.

The Lance — The point is at Paris and the rest at Rome.

The Robe — It was given to the Church of Treves by St. Helena. (It is known as the Holy Coat.)

The Tunic — Charlemagne gave it to the monastery of Argenteuil, near Paris, where his sister was a nun. The Church of Argenteuil has the relic to this day.

The different pieces of the Winding Sheet — The largest is at Turin. The Church of Cadonin, department of Dordogne (France), has the cloth in which the head was wrapped.

Rome has the linen with which Veronica wiped Christ's face.

The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is at Rome in the Church of St. Praxedes since 1223. The other part is at Jerusalem, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

THE desire of honor is a tie which binds the soul to the earth and prevents it from attaining the summit of perfection. — *St. Teresa.*

Sherman, the Pacificator.

WHO began the late war, who planned it, and who carried it on to a happy conclusion, may remain open questions; but there can be no dispute as to who ended the war. That honor belongs to General Sherman. He was the first to discover that a mighty war was before us in 1861; he was the first to discern that the great conflict was over when Lee and Johnson surrendered their swords. It must be said of General Sherman that he did not pursue warfare for any glory or profit that was in it; he fought to restore peace to the country. When he left this city to assume command in the Federal Army, he enlisted as a peacemaker. He said that civilians had brought on the war; it was the duty of our soldiers to bring back peace. He had no love for the military profession; he abhorred standing armies; he hated the civil strife that made both for the time being necessary evils. We all remember the address he delivered to the people of Atlanta before he set out on his famous "march to the sea." It was the proclamation of a patriot and a lover of peace.

We may or may not have had the bravest armies the world ever saw; ours may or may not have been the most skilful generals of modern times; we may or may not have won for ourselves the credit of being the greatest military nation on earth; but one thing cannot be denied; after the greatest war of ancient or modern times, and after conquering the mightest foe that ever asked for terms, we made the most humane use of victory, and signed the most memorable peace the annals of the world record. After fighting for four long years, a million of men in arms confronted each other for a final struggle; but when the leaders of the two mighty hosts came together, after deciding that further carnage was criminal, they sheathed their swords, and taking up the pen of peace, with one stroke, blotted out two armies, and sent back that million of men to their families and farms. These were terms not of surrender, but of brotherly love and reconciliation. The hour after Sherman signed the furlough of Johnson's army, peace spread her white wings from Maine to Georgia, and the United States was a peaceful and united nation again. This was the work of Sherman alone. A vast majority of the people of the North and the dominant sentiment of the public men at Washington was for vengeance. Treason was put down by the army; it was to be punished and made odious by the courts. The public imagination was disturbed by visions of gibbets and convict ships. Prisons seemed to open wide their doors everywhere to receive the assassins of liberty. By one stroke of his pen William Tecumseh Sherman swung back those huge doors; dispelled those spectres of vengeance; blotted out the felony docket in every court in the country, and raised thirteen million of his countrymen to the rank and rights of American freeman.

There is no disputing the claim of Sherman to this unique glory. It is his; it will never belong to another. When on his triumphal entry into Washington he was received by the President and his Cabinet; by both houses of Congress; by the Supreme Court, and

representatives of every government in the world, — the conqueror of the Rebellion stood with bronzed brow the very personification of the military hero; at that very moment his thoughts were of peace; and when Secretary Stanton rose and offered him his hand, he spurned it, because that hand still reeked with blood; that hand had tried to crush the pen that wrote the terms of the great capitulation. In refusing to take the hand of the great war secretary, Sherman administered a slap on the cheek to the narrow and bigoted spirit of Puritanism who could see no dignity in a prostrate enemy, and acknowledged no bravery in a defeated foe. That slap in the face made the cheek of our haughty and disdainful goddess of liberty turn crimson. It has done her good. That act made us a generous and chivalrous people. That one act humanized mankind. No man could have spurned Stanton's hand that day but Sherman. It hurled him by that one act from the highest pinnacle of civic fame and launched him into the last ditch of the late war, where he still lies among the rubbish of the conflict. The country owes more to Sherman than any or all the generals of the late war, and the day is not far distant when he will take rank side by side with Washington, the one recognized as the "Father of his country;" the other as the "Pacificator of his country."

Western Watchman.

Cardinal Mezzofanti.

In "Occasional Papers," by Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, there are some charming, interesting, and edifying passages. The Cardinal's reminiscences especially are full of interest. There is one in which Cardinal Mezzofanti figures, showing that the great linguist had not a mere parrot-like knowledge of the half-hundred languages, including English, with which he was said to be conversant. Cardinal Moran observes: "More than once, in familiar conversation, I myself have heard him speak in a most learned way about our national literature, and cite long passages from Moore and Milton, and other classical writers. On one occasion, in 1847, I accompanied the late Archbishop of Tuam to some solemn ceremony at the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. While waiting in the vestibule, Cardinal Mezzofanti happened to be passing, and stopped to speak to the Archbishop. After a few sentences in Irish, the Cardinal continued the conversation in English, expressing his regret that he had not had leisure to devote more attention to the Celtic, a language that he prized so much. When His Grace addressed some complimentary words to him on his wonderful knowledge of so many languages, the Cardinal exclaimed: *vox et præterea nihil* — "I am a voice and nothing more." He was then old, and the words seemed most appropriate; for he was so remarkably thin, and slender, and weak, that one would fancy the first breeze would carry him away. Two years later he died, and his remains were deposited at San Onofrio, where Tasso rests in peace."

It is a very certain thing that God never fails those who have no other care but to please Him in all things. — *St. Teresa.*

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

In response to a vote of thanks proposed by Bishop Ilsley, and seconded by the Earl of Gainsborough,

His Eminence said if he were to speak till to-morrow he could not say one thousandth part of what he felt at their kindness and at the honor which had been conferred upon him. He felt the great and enormous kindness that had been shown to him, and it was a great surprise to him, as well as a blessing, that he should have been so honored with the Pope's recognition. He never felt in his life, nor did he now feel, that he deserved such an honor. At the same time he could not help feeling very pleased as well as grateful for it. From his heart he returned them his thanks.

IN AN OXFORD PULPIT AGAIN.

On Saturday, May 22d, 1880, Cardinal Newman arrived at Oxford about five o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded to Trinity College, where he had been made an Honorary Fellow two years earlier, and where he was cordially welcomed as a guest. His Eminence, having been entertained at dinner by the President and Fellows of Trinity, attended the College "gaudy" in the evening, at which there was a large and distinguished company, the conversazione taking place in the College gardens which were illuminated by limelight. The Cardinal, whose voice had not been heard from any pulpit in Oxford since his secession from the Church of England, preached on Sunday in the then new Church of St. Aloysius, both in the morning and in the evening, to crowded congregations. In the morning,

His Eminence said that during the last half-year they had been engaged in tracing out the first steps of our Lord's coming on earth. They began with Advent, and it might be said that they began with November, because, November being the month given to the memory of the dead, they were reminded of the cause of the death of the Son from which a series of doctrines began. They started from Advent; firstly, they adverted to our Lord's coming upon earth, to His incarnation, His taking the flesh, and then they went on to trace Him into the wilderness, and the wonderful truths that were taught concerning Him were commemorated.

So they were led on through His history to His resurrection, to His ascension, and then to the coming of the Holy Ghost. They were led on to contemplate the facts and details of those great events. They began naturally and suitably with tracing Almighty God Himself, who was indeed their Lord. To Him they came Who was the beginning and the end. Such was the course of the half-year which was full of change. It was the ruling of the economy of the Son of God upon earth, and the other half of the year was a time of rest and peace and contemplation, and, looking upon this part and that part in detail, they could see all the great things which He had done for them. They commemorated the most glorious mystery and the most joyous mystery. They commemorated what they did not understand, but what they understood sufficiently well to be thankful for. It was a mystery which must ever be before them, which they ever enjoyed,

and which they could never understand here. And not even in heaven, for Almighty God alone understood Himself. Sometimes the great mystery was compared, and with great reason, to the sun in this physical world. The sun, they knew, was the cause of all good to them; the sun was the source of heat, light, and growth, and of all they were in a certain sense. They could not look at it. If they attempted to look at it they were blinded, and so it was in respect to that great mystery of the Holy Trinity in Unity. They could take it as presented to them. If they attempted to decide upon the point; if they attempted by their own skill and wit to come to a conclusion about it, other or beyond what Almighty God had told them by Revelation, they were as if they blinded themselves. That blindness was what they meant by heresy. They attempted to do that which they could not do. They knew that certain great truths were told them by that mystery. They must take them and use them; but if they attempted to compare them, and so to unite them into one another, or to add anything more than what the Church had done, or what had been done for them by the Apostles themselves, more than what was put into them, or had grown up in such fulness in the past, then they in fact blinded themselves, and their faith became heresy. They blinded themselves because they attempted what was beyond human reason. Such was the heresy of Arius. There were certain truths, and he wished to unite them in his own way; whereas the great defence of the Catholic faith was that they did not understand it, but they must take what was given them. If they looked into what was told them they found certain great characteristics. To those who took it as the Church's truth it was perfectly intelligible for all practical or devotional purposes for which it was given them, but if they attempted to go beyond that they failed. God had given them certain truths which were useful and needful, but which could not be compared. One of the first duties of the Church was when a man became a Catholic to put that truth among other truths before him, and it was most irrational in him to become a Catholic and not accept it. He must take the truth as it was given. Those who were familiar with Greek and Latin knew that there were modes of expression for which they had no English, and therefore he could not use the words which were there used. They were accustomed to use the words of Him Who bore witness that there were in Heaven the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and they believed that the Father was God, and that was intelligible enough. Any one who believed in a God could on that account fully understand those words. The Father was God — the poorest, the least educated, the dullest, could take in the truth tha the Father was God, and could point out and contemplate what was told him. That the Son was God was perfectly intelligible. All Catholics, not to say any others, knew what it was to believe in the Son of God, and to obey Him; and, then, again, to say, thirdly, the Holy Ghost was God, and to worship Him as such, was perfectly intelligible, and they had no difficulty in believing it. In these propositions there were no difficulties. It was only when they compared

them together one with the other, when they wanted to know how this was true, and how the other two were true too, that there was a difficulty. When men wanted to try and find out something which would make it simpler, they drifted into error, commonly called heresy, as against the words given them from the beginning. So also they could see how it was — that it was quite as clear why those great truths, those mysteries, were given them. It would be impossible for them to understand what was told them about an Infinite Being without a certain knowledge. They must partly comprehend what they were led to. They could not do more than to submit in the nature of things. They would recollect that they were speaking of an Infinite Almighty God, and how could they reason about infinities? Directly they began to attempt it they found out how insurmountable it was. Their only resource was to take what was given them, and then there was no difficulty in believing what clearly from the nature of things was above them.

But if he were asked why it was that God in his mercy — in His great love for them — had told them so much, he could but answer that it was cruelly ungrateful in those who believed that He had spoken to refuse to accept it. The difficulty was that Almighty God should not have spoken to the whole world. After he had spoken to them it had been as well that, for a time, great parts of the world should be in darkness; but if He could be with them He must tell them something of Himself. How could He come to them in the way of knowledge except He did so in their way? Supposing God withheld Himself from them; supposing He left them when they departed this life, how awful was their position. They knew what were their feelings in the presence of strangers, and they knew how great the trial was of going into an unknown world. If they did not learn to accustom themselves to the idea of an Infinite Father, an Infinite Son, and an Infinite Holy Ghost, what a loss it was in the prospect of the next world. It was a great mystery of God, and miserable were those who did not feel it. Therefore, in order that they might not come to an unknown place those truths were mercifully told them. First of all was knowledge of God and love of God. If they abused their reason, if they got habits of unbelief, or complaints, or despair, or of those heresies and dreadful imaginings concerning Almighty God, how terrible was the prospect. Was it possible that anything could be true which was against the constitution of their minds? They could not deny that religion was required of them. It was part of themselves. The spirit was part of themselves; and, therefore, it was consistent with their nature to believe and to rejoice in believing. It was the attributes of Almighty God that ought to be to them solace and strength. Where should they be without love of God? They knew here how miserable it was to live alone. He knew that many people in a certain measure could be happy in themselves; but to the individual society of some kind was quite a necessity. To be alone was a punishment so severe that though it was once given to culprits or criminals, it was now not so given. Solitary confinement would drive

a man mad. So now they must think what would be the state of their souls hereafter if they had nothing to rely upon, if they had nowhere to go to, if they had no one to pray to, if they had withheld prayer in this life, and they could not free themselves from the moral responsibility of those dreadful things in which they had indulged; they could not think of Him, they could not pray, they could not remember, and if they did they had formed in their minds such very different ideas of truth and holiness that they could not love Him. They knew bold men would say, "We will go to hell rather than believe this;" but where would such sayings be when the Almighty God Himself came? His Eminence quoted several passages from the Psalms and Holy Writ, and in conclusion remarked that the word "Eternity" was often on their lips; but they did not recollect that eternity itself was a dreadful, an awful thing to contemplate. It was Almighty God Who was the strength of eternity, and if they lived without His Word — without the vision of God — if they were without the love of God, what was eternity but misery? Let them take care that immortality might be a mercy to them and not a curse. Man might live a long life; but when he looked back upon it he thought nothing of it all. He besought them to beg of Almighty God to touch their hearts, and to create in them the beginning of a new life. He hoped God would bless them.

In the evening Cardinal Newman took his text from the 10th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, the 14th and following verses.

His Eminence said they knew that Almighty God not only created them in His mercy, which they expected from Him; but, with a still greater mercy, did not leave them to themselves. He did not leave the world to itself, but He watched over those whom he had made; there was His providence and His covenant. He showed by the workings of their nature what was right, and what was holy and true, and by His grace He enabled the whole human race of man to do enough for its own salvation. Such was the mercy and providence for the whole world; but besides that they knew that He had from the beginning a chosen people. He had chosen them Himself whom He had decreed to be brought closer unto Himself, and to receive greater privileges. They read the record and history of that very abundant grace of His, in Scripture, and of that providence and that careful moral governance which He exercised over His own. He had called Him Whom He had elected a characteristic name by which was signified that more intimate mercy and love which He had for his people — that was the name of "Shepherd." He called Himself in the Holy Scriptures "the Shepherd of Israel." They were the sheep of the Pastor. They could recollect many passages of the Old Testament to the same effect. There was that beautiful Psalm, the twenty-third. David said: "The Lord is my Shepherd, and I want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasturage. He hath turned me out to the water of refreshment. He hath comforted my soul. He hath led me on to the paths of justice for His name's sake; for, although I should walk into the

midst of the shadow of death, I will not fear, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they have comforted me." That is the special character which Almighty God took upon Himself with regard to His chosen people. It was the gracious continuation of His mercy and providence. He spoke of them as knowing them, and hence it was that it showed a remarkable love for those who were proved by their works.

The preacher referred to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, as pre-eminently shepherds. Again, Moses was a shepherd. David when a youth was a shepherd. God thus singled them out as if peculiar to Him — those who were entitled to that office; and, of course, He thus in His great providence, in His mercy, showed that He meant to extend His mercy upon those whom He chose to guide others. He called them shepherds. They knew that in the prophet Ezekiel a great deal was said about shepherds. The bishop was specially called a shepherd. But the infinite fulness of the title was in Almighty God Himself. When Our Lord came He called Himself the Good Shepherd; and if they had read that, not having heard about God — supposing that it was not the teaching of the Church; supposing they were left to conjecture when they found our Lord calling Himself especially the Shepherd — it would be obvious to them to consider that it was a title which was peculiar and characteristic of Almighty God. When David was called a shepherd, he was one of those who were chosen to be a representative by Divine grace, a Vicegerent, a Vicar of the True Shepherd; and they knew that was the case, though in another aspect of his character he was a man of blood. There was One only holy, only the Almighty God Himself; therefore, though David was thus chosen, and honored, and raised by God, he, of course, was not necessarily what a shepherd ought to be. He brought not good, but evil upon his people. When the pestilence took place on account of David's sin, he said, "These sheep, what have they done?" He felt that he had not fulfilled his office of being a true and faithful shepherd of the sheep, it still being true that he was a shepherd, and that he was a man after God's own heart. Now, that being the state of the case in the old Testament, in the old dispensation, yet He appointed others to take His place. When they came to the New Testament there a Man appeared who was Almighty God. Almighty God, Our Lord Jesus Christ, assumed the title Himself. The preacher did not recollect that He anywhere spoke of all the Apostles as being shepherds, though, of course, in one sense they were shepherds, too; but He did not give the name to all of them. When in St. Matthew He spoke of St. Peter as the rock, He did not speak — it was not His will then to speak — of St. Peter as the shepherd; but he thought it very remarkable, and a point demanding very great consideration, that there was one passage they knew, in which our Lord committed His sheep to one of His Apostles. He says, "Feed My sheep." He said it to St. Peter. He (His Eminence) did not on consideration find anything parallel to that in the case of the other Apostles. There was that great characteristic title of Almighty God, that office which He exercised towards His elected people, towards those whom He described as His sheep. That title, that office, He

delegated on His going away to one of His Apostles, and he was St. Peter. He saw nothing like such a delegation of so especial and so peculiar an office to any other Apostle. The Church acknowledged St. Peter as the Pastor, and according to the law of the Church, the rule of the Church, the Shepherd; and when they came to look back upon the passage in which He thus delegated His office, which made St. Peter what he might call a Vicegerent or Vicar, there seemed to be occasion for it, for He was going away; therefore, He did it. When He was going away they knew that He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and earth." He would be with His Apostles till the end of time — always. It did not seem to accord. St. Peter had not neglected his sheep, for the sheep had not yet been given. It was sometimes said it was the restoration of St. Peter after his fall; his fall was the denial of his Lord, and had no connection with the bringing of others into the Church, which our Lord emphasized three times in those words in which He gave him the charge, and which had some correspondence to St. Peter's three denials; but still there was involved, notwithstanding the circumstances of his denial, the charge to St. Peter, and not to the Apostles generally. Then it seemed remarkable that that high gift should have been given in the Old Testament. They knew that it was given by God to David, who became the Vicegerent of Almighty God. It seemed to him that that passage was parallel to that which regarded St. Peter. They knew that our Lord had a treble office: He was the king, the prophet, and the priest, and the word shepherd combined all these things, and was explained in the Psalm that he had read to them. He had the office of ruling, He had the office of feeding, because they knew that a shepherd fed his sheep; and thirdly, in those countries they knew that the shepherd's office was one full of great danger. He had to defend his sheep from the wild beasts. As in the case of David, he had to take care of his pastorate, and to defend his sheep from the inclement weather. In the case of Jacob, there was a great deal of danger in the office of shepherd. It was an office which would really be given to the representative of our Lord. It was something that seemed to him different from any other office which was given to any one else under the new covenant. They were all there Catholics, and they all believed it, and there was no need to say this in order to strengthen their faith; but it was pleasant and a cause of thanksgiving that they could contemplate and consider this, which was a matter of faith. The Apostles died off; and, therefore, there must in the nature of things be a succession, and then he wanted to know, if Bishops were to succeed, why was not the head of the Apostles to have a succession? Somewhere they must look for that succession; that seemed plain. When they had reason to believe a thing it was a great confirmation to find from the nature of the case that it must be according to their apprehension. It must be considered that no large body could exist without a head. There were small republics; but when a small polity became large, the tendency was, from the necessity of the case, to have a head. They knew that when the great Roman Empire had conquered the

known world it could not get on without a head. There must be a centralization of power. The great republic on the other side of the world could not get on without a head; and, humanly speaking, unless Almighty God moved by miracles, he did not see how the Catholic Church could possibly get on without a central authority. From the nature of the case this seemed to be as clear as possible to the eye of reason. He had no need to say those things to Catholics such as they were; but they all had various necessities of, he was going to say, controversy; they might be asked questions, and St. Peter told them that they should have an answer for questions. They all had to do good if they could, and they could not do more good than by bringing souls into the ark of salvation. They knew the blessedness, beyond measure, of the principles of the Church. In conclusion, His Eminence said, "Your faith depends not upon reason, but upon the Word of God; and may God bless you."

Eastertide

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT FEAST.

THE reader has probably heard it remarked a good many times within the past few days that Easter comes early this year, falling as it does upon the 29th of March. The fixing of the proper time for celebrating this holiday was a famous matter of dispute as far back as the second century, when the Eastern Church contended that it ought to be observed on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, holding it to be the same as the Hebrew feast of the Passover. The Western Church maintained that it fell, not upon the 14th of that month, but upon the Sunday following that day, and this opinion was declared the correct one by the Council of Nice, which was held in the year 325. This Council, however, while it decreed that Easter should always be observed on Sunday did not lay down any rules by which the precise Sunday for its celebration could be determined. Without entering into any description of the complicated process by which this matter was finally settled, it is sufficient to say that Easter is now observed always on the first Sunday after the paschal full moon; that is to say, the full moon that happens on or next after the 21st of March. The earliest possible date on which the feast can come, consequently, is the 22d of March, and the latest one is April 25. The Jewish Passover, from which it was the object of the Church to separate Easter, so that the two festivals should not fall on the same day, usually occurs in Holy Week, never coming earlier than the 25th of March, or later than April 25. The two days have, however, sometimes coincided, the last time they did so being in 1825, when both fell on April 3, and their next simultaneous occurrence will be in 1903, which will see both come on April 12.

Since the beginning of the present century Easter has only fallen on its earliest possible date, March 22, to wit, in 1818, and, if you were not alive to see it then, you can make up your mind that you never will behold it, as the same thing will not happen again, either

in this century or in the following one. In 1886, the feast came as late as it possibly could, April 25, and that year witnessed something then which had not taken place before since 1666, and which will not be seen again until 1943. In 1845 and in 1856, the feast fell on the 23d of March; in 1861 and 1872, it came on the 31st; in 1869, 1875, and 1880, on the 28th, and in 1882 on the 25th of the same month. The latest Easters of recent years, from that of 1886, already mentioned, were 1867 and 1878, April 21; 1862, April 20; and 1859, April 24; only day in advance of the latest possible date. This year Easter comes early, falling on March 29, and in 1894 it will again come very early, its date then being March 25. Easter, being the most ancient of all the Christian feasts, is also the most important, and its date determines the date of all the other movable feasts, so that an early Easter means an early Whit Sunday, and *vice versa*.

The most ancient of all customs connected with Easter is probably that of the Beltane fires, though the origin of these is unquestionably pagan, and the fires were tokens of worship to the Sun god, whose return to the northern skies was celebrated at the vernal equinox, as was his departure therefrom observed later in the year. When Christianity supplanted heathenism in the northern nations, the early Beltane fires were used to commemorate the coming of Easter, and the later ceremonies were variously held in honor either of St. John's eve, in June, or of Halloween. Cormac, the Archbishop of Cashel, makes mention of the Beltane feast in the tenth century, the time of his reign, and the following account of its observance among the Scotch Highlanders has been preserved, though, as will be seen, it is made more of a May than an Easter feast: "The young folks of a hamlet meet in the moors on the first of May. They cut a table in the green sod of a round figure, by cutting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They then kindle a fire and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up they divide the cake into as many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions with charcoal until it is perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet, and every one, blindfolded, draws out a portion. The bonnet-holder is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favor they meant to implore in rendering the year productive. The devoted person is then compelled to leap three times through the flames."

The custom of giving and eating eggs at Easter is another very ancient one, and, as just seen, eggs had their part to play in the Beltane ceremonies. Just how far back goes the custom which connects eggs with Easter it would be difficult to state. There are those who trace it away back to the earliest beginning of the world, when the egg was regarded as a suitable present and food for a time when nature began her annual era of reviveration. The symbolism of the

Easter egg among Christian countries is self-apparent, and it appears to have been the custom of the primitive Christians to interchange gifts of eggs with each other on the day that commemorated the Resurrection of the Redeemer of the world from the tomb. The early Christians of Mesopotamia got the credit of being the first to dye and decorate Easter eggs, and their decorations were all symbolical of Christian thoughts. Their principal practice was to stain the Easter egg red in memory of the blood Christ shed upon Mount Calvery. The Persians are said to employ eggs, frequently colored ones, in their celebration of the first day of the solar year in March. The Egyptians, ancient Gauls and Romans, also, had the habit of interchanging and eating eggs on certain festivals, and the Jews were accustomed to use them in their observance of the Passover. In Scotland, on the approach of Easter, the peasants search the moors in quest of the eggs of wild fowls, and it is considered a lucky sign when one finds any. The use of colored and decorated eggs at Easter is now common in a great many countries, and particularly in our own, where all sorts and varieties of Easter offerings are annually in vogue. One of the prettiest scenes to be witnessed in Washington, is that where the children enter the White House grounds and enjoy an hour or so in rolling their Easter eggs down the grassy slopes, an exhibition which never fails to bring the inmates of the presidential mansion to the windows that they may view the happy youngsters at their play. Another common practice of late years, judging from the number of them displayed in the store windows, is the interchanging of Easter cards, and some of these are exquisitely gotten up and suggest very appropriate thoughts for the festival.

As might be expected from the fact that it is the first and most important feast in the ecclesiastical calendar, the Church celebrates Easter with all the pomp and solemnity at her command.

On Easter Sunday the Pope gives his famous blessing *urbi et orbi* from the loggia of St. Peter's, a ceremony which has often been painted in words, but to which no language can do adequate justice.

At Siena Convent, in Drogheda, is the head of the venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, who suffered for the faith at Tybourn, London, 1681. He was hanged, quartered, beheaded and burned, according to the barbarous laws of England. The head is in wonderful preservation, though somewhat shrunken. The skin was discolored by the fire and smoke, and is still quite dark — the blistering done by the flames is apparent, and the mark of the hangman's rope is on the severed neck. This relic of a saintly man, and of horrible times of persecution, is kept with great veneration in a beautiful ebony case, richly adorned with wrought silver. The expression is sweet and benevolent, and the lips are parted in a smile, showing the teeth which are perfect. Altogether the beautiful expression of patience and joy seems quite wonderful on a face subjected to such diabolical cruelty two hundred and nine years ago.

Eastertide.

To me sweet Easter cometh fair and bright,
Bringing exceeding joyance and delight,
For the new time comes, clothed as a bride,
And the sad gray days vanish utterly;
Comes the young Spring, knee-deep in shining flowers,
And the old earth rejoiceth through the hours;
She hath forgotten her fairest ones that died,
When the fierce winter blighted flower and tree.

Somewhere while small glad waters croon a song,
And a soft wind is captive all day long,
I know the violet's feet are lately set,
And the pale primrose star of hope hath risen.
About the land the grave large hills are blue,
And the great trees grow emerald green of hue,
For now each curled babe leaf begins to fret,
Waking and stirring in its cradle prison.

Now from our slow delicious northern spring,
In paschal days my thoughts are wandering
Unto that Orient land, bloom bright and warm;
Where the dear Jesus walked in days of old;
I think all things, in these dim mystic days,
Grew fair with full delight before His face,
Bloomed the gray desert, azure grew the storm,
And the skies shone in newer rose and gold.

The air was sweet with music of harp-strings,
And the white sudden flash of angels' wings,
As the high sentinels passed that guarded Him.
The birds sang faint for rapture in the sky,
The small, meek flowers about His pathway lay
Flushed with desire that in some gracious day
He in His healing hands might gather them,
Or that beneath His feet their hearts might lie.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

PARENTS, who have their hearts set on the acquisition and accumulation of wealth and other earthly things, and who teach their children to do the same, will close their days on earth in sorrow. When old age comes to them, they will learn for a certainty that everything they labored for will pass into the hands of their children and will prove to them a legacy of misery and pain; for the children, like themselves, will have to give up, in time, what they have to give up of the world's goods and possessions; and neither parent nor child will have any treasure laid up for the world to come, and therefore, no hope for joy beyond the grave.

Temperance in Speaking and Hearing.

MANY of the troubles of this life, and many spiritual losses of the next, arise from the too free use of words — intemperance in speech. "Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have perished by their own tongue." (Eccles. xxviii. 22.) It is the greatest wisdom to know when to speak and when to be silent; what we should say, and what we should not. Hence, it is difficult to find rules on the subject. Wise men, however, have given us some which can always be followed with safety. As a rule, it is better to say too little, than risk saying too much. One good authority says: "I have had sometimes to regret what I said, but never what I left unsaid." The apostle confirms this wisdom of silence: "Let every man be swift to hear, but slow to speak." (St. James i. 19.) Before him Solomon had said: "He that setteth bounds to his words is knowing and wise, and the man of understanding is of a precious spirit." (Prov. xvii. 27.) Immoderate speech is a sign of many faults in the speaker; is dangerous to the hearers; and rarely escapes being injurious to the absent. In the speaker it is a sign of vanity. He who talks much generally speaks much of himself; which betrays self-esteem and vanity. Even simple persons can perceive this; and, hence, instead of securing that good opinion which he covets, the great talker loses in the estimation of his hearers. The habit of much speaking is seldom accompanied by sufficient reflection, and, consequently, they who have it will say many things that are silly. From the very nature of things the man of full knowledge is averse to much speaking, whilst he who is shallow loves the display of much talk.

Although intemperance in the use of words is the fault of many, all feel respect for "a man of few words." When such a one speaks his words are received with attention; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, and be known as a great talker, his words lose their value and pass unheeded. It is equally true that a man of little or of no knowledge will pass for a man of good sense if he only be sparing of his words. "Even a fool, if he hold his peace, shall be counted wise; and, if he close his lips, a man of understanding. (Prov. xvii. 28.)

It will be said, perhaps, that some who are known to be men of great knowledge talk much. It is true. There are exceptions to every general rule. Great men have their faults, and that is, sometimes, one of them.

The words of an immoderate talker are of many kinds; and all of them are more or less dangerous to the hearers. There are *boastful words* which disgust us; and *sharp words* which pain us; and *hasty words* which break off friendships that even great trials could not shake. Beside these are many other kinds, equally bad; such as *idle words*, for which we shall be "judged"; and *injurious words* which produce strife, hatred, revenge, and blood-shed. "As the vapor of a chimney and the smoke of the fire goeth up before the fire, so do

injurious words and reproaches and threats before blood." (Eccles. xxii. 30.)

The inspired writers warn us against other kinds. "*Contend* not in words; for it is to no profit, but to the subversion of the hearers. . . . Shun profane and vain speeches; for they grow much towards impiety, and their speech spreadeth like a cancer." (II. Tim. ii. 14 and 16.) "A harsh word stirreth up fury; . . . the mouth of fools babbleth out folly; . . . an immoderate (tongue) shall crush the spirit." (Prov. 15.) "Where there are many words there is oftentimes want." (Prov. xiv. 23.) "The lips of a fool shall throw him down headlong. The beginning of his words is folly, and the end of his talk is a mischievous error." (Eccles. x.) "The lips of the unwise will be telling foolish things; but the words of the wise shall be weighed in a balance." (Eccles. xxi. 28.) "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; . . . a restless evil full of deadly poison." (St. James iii.)

As intemperance in speech exposes the vanity and defects of the speaker, and is disgusting, annoying, and dangerous to the hearer, so, too, it is often injurious to the absent. To hold attention, a great talker will speak of the private affairs and of the character of the absent. He knows the latest rumors; is full of insinuations; forms uncharitable judgments without scruple, and pours them out to his hearers without mercy. Detraction, calumny, and slander are his "stock in trade." How many a character has been blackened in the estimation of others by the mischievous words of thoughtless speakers! "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have dealt deceitfully; the poison of asps is under their lips." (Rom. iii. 13.)

The hearing and uttering of words are closely related. Where words are spoken, hearers are supposed to be. Hence there is as much prudence required in hearing as there is in speaking. Words which should not be spoken, should not be heard. Words which should be spoken with caution, should be listened to with caution. As the speaking of words affects the speaker, the hearer, and the absent, so does the hearing of words. With regard to the speaker, prudence in hearing often requires that we should not judge a man even by his own words. Thoughtless words certainly indicate want of wisdom; but the speaker of them may have a good heart withal, and be capable of true and generous friendship. If we value and retain as friends only those who talk wisely and well, our friends will be "few and far between." Some have a habit of misrepresenting themselves in conversation. It is curious that it should be so; but so it is. Such put on an air of trifling when they feel deeply. There are some who cannot bear to let their true feelings appear before others, and will assume indifference, speak triflingly, and, as it were, thoughtlessly, to conceal themselves. Hence the prudent listener will not always believe a man against himself. God alone knows how much unhappiness there is in the world, amongst neighbors, friends, and families, through this imprudence of taking people "at their word." As a rule,

except in cases of extraordinary wickedness, any man is better than he represents himself.

The hearer himself, too, is sometimes affected injuriously by his own want of wisdom in hearing. Many deprive themselves of the great advantages of friendship by not making due allowance for the hasty, unconsidered words of their friends. If a friend speaks evidently without deliberation, it is not fair to judge his words as if they were "weighed in a balance." Some are too ready to take offence at another's words. Few they are who have not at times to regret their own words. We should not judge others, then, by those words which they themselves condemn and regret. Others, again attach a meaning to expressions which the speaker never intended. An imaginative person, listening to a thoughtless speaker, will take a wrong meaning, and out of it will spin a tissue of suppositions and surmises never thought of by the speaker. How many, after months of irritation, discover such errors, which a little wise discernment in hearing could easily have avoided.

Lastly indiscretion in hearing affects those who are absent. The prudent hearer believes not all that is said against absent persons. He knows that since all are not wise and charitable, idle and malicious rumors will be circulated against even the best and most irreproachable characters. Hence, when he hears such, he values them at their true worth; that is, he does not set any value on them at all.

Thus prudence in hearing is not less necessary than prudence in speaking; and the want of it seems more blamable than the want of the latter. Thoughtless words are often uttered, in the "flow of ideas," without reflection; but the hearer has time for deliberate reflection.

The mischief done to others by an incautious hearer is very great, and that he is a danger to himself is equally true. "Take heed to thyself and attend diligently to what thou hearest; for thou walkest in danger of thy ruin." (Eccles. xiii. 16.)

If wise and Christian prudence were always used in speaking and hearing, what a happy effect it would produce in the life of the great human family! More than three-fourths of the grievances of life are imaginary and sentimental, arising from mistakes and misunderstandings — all springing from the want of that prudence; but as long as men "bridle not their tongues," those evils must continue. Mankind must be perfect, and the millennium have come, before "the tongue shall have ceased to offend," for — "If any man offend not in word, the same is a *perfect* man." (St. James iii. 2.) REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

Rules for a Long Life.

THE use of plain food, with plenty of fruit. Personal cleanliness by frequent ablutions from head to foot. Flannel next to the skin the year round. Open-air exercise every day. Ventilation of sleeping rooms summer and winter. Eight hours sleep each day.

The Pope Celebrates His Eighty-First Birthday.

ROME, March 2. — The Pope, to-day, is receiving congratulations upon the occasion of the eighty-first anniversary of his birthday. He was born on the 2d of March, 1810. Upon receiving the visit of the Sacred College of Cardinals, His Holiness compared the position and difficulties of the church in present times with the position of the church in the days of Pope Gregory.

The Pope said that he was gratified at the progress of the faith in England. He also said that if God spared him till his episcopal jubilee, he would devote part of the offering he might receive to the suppression of slavery.

Giovacchio (Joachim) Pecci, which was the Pope's name before he was raised to the chair of St. Peter, belonged to a noble, but not wealthy family of Carpineto Romano, a small town situated among the Alban Hills, off the railroad that leads from Rome to Naples. The little borough, for it is naught else, has nothing to show a stranger save a handful of small, tumble-down, smoke-blackened houses.

A description of the Pope as he is to-day is given by Jean de Bonneson, who interviewed the Holy Father some three weeks ago:

"The first impression," says Bonneson, "is remarkable. The Pope is already more of heaven than of earth. Life appears to have left the ascetic body, that might be taken for the ideal of a clothed soul. The old masters, the mystic painters, often represented the saints so that the elongated bodies appeared to have lost the human form. One of them must return to earth if a correct portrait of Leo XIII. is to be painted. The triumphant smile that played over the features in the jubilee days — the human smile — is gone. The thin lips are closed tightly, and are so pale that the mouth seems merely a line across the face. The great, deep-set eyes, shine like oriental pearls of an indescribable hue. With three bendings of the knees I come to the feet of the holy father, and I feel a hand heavy with blessings, laid on my head. During the audience of seventeen minutes this hand is not once lifted, but presses, heavier and heavier, upon my whole being, whether words of pardon are falling from the Father's lips, or comments on contemporary affairs in France. His life is most regular, and his diet of the simplest. He rises early and betakes himself first to his chapel for private prayers; then he says Mass, after which he takes his coffee and a slice of bread. Then he commences his work, after which he walks in the vatican garden. In summer his walks are deferred until the evening. He always dines alone. The entertaining at the vatican is done by Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro, secretary of state, in his magnificent apartment in the vatican. His holiness drinks but little wine, and always mixes it with water. All his meals are perfectly simple. After supper he betakes himself to prayer. He often works late into the night, and only the careful watching of his physician, Dr. Ceccarelli, prevents him from overtasking his strength.

LEST children should grow up with an indifference for religion and afterward become infidels, the Catholic Church wisely foresees the danger and guards against it by demanding that the child of every Catholic parent be instructed in the knowledge of God at the same time that it is instructed in the knowledge of the world. That is, no matter what the child studies in earthly affairs, it must at the same time study all about heavenly affairs, and even make the study of heavenly affairs of more importance than that of the earthly ones.

Emmet's Day.

THE 4th of March was the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the birth of that noble young martyr-patriot, Robert Emmet. The young hero was the son of Dr. Robert Emmet, a prominent and skilful physician of Dublin. The eventful dates of his short life are as follows: Born March 4th, 1778. Expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, on account of his patriotic speeches in a college society, February, 1798. An exile in France with many other Irish refugees, in conference with Napoleon I., he was assured of assistance by him when war would occur between France and England. In 1802 Emmet returned to Dublin and set about organizing the patriots, and in manufacturing arms and munitions of war. May, 1803, the war between France and England broke out and raised high hopes in Ireland. As prematurely arranged, on the 23d of July, 1803, the uprising took place in Dublin; but only about one hundred armed men responded to the call of Emmet. Even this force melted away before the Castle was reached, and no attack was made on the government. Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice, and Rev. Mr. Wolfe, who unfortunately happened to be passing by in a carriage at the time, were killed by the unorganized crowd, notwithstanding the protests of Emmet. After the deplorable failure of the people to respond to the agreed signals of Emmet, he had many opportunities to escape, but lingered to take a last farewell of his betrothed, Sarah Curran. On the 25th of August of the same year Emmet was arrested in the house of Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. The 19th of the following month he was brought to trial before Lord Norbury. The packed jury found him guilty without leaving their seats. When the verdict was rendered Emmet delivered that immortal speech which freed him from guilt in the eyes of all liberty-loving people, and which scored so fearlessly the accursed system of English government in Ireland. At ten o'clock the same evening (19th) he was sentenced to be executed the following day. About the hour of noon on the 20th of September, 1803, the sentence of the law was carried out, and the mortal life of a great young man ended. After Emmet was hanged his head was severed from his body, and the executioner, while holding up the head by the hair, proclaimed the death of a "traitor!" Thus ended as noble a life as can be found in the history of any nation. Only twenty-five years old, — and yet meeting his death without a tremor, but only regretting that he could do no more for his poor, oppressed, and downtrodden country! Though Emmet died eighty-eight years ago, his spirit still lives. The patriotic motives that led him to do and die for Ireland is still uppermost in the breasts of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, not only in Ireland but in every civilized nation.

MERIT does not consist in enjoyment, it is acquired by sufferings, by works, by love. St. Paul was raised but once to the third heaven; Jesus was glorified but once on Mount Tabor. Our Lord said to me one day: "My life has been full of sufferings and labors;" hence there is no other way to acquire merit. — *St. Teresa.*

The Late General Sherman's Great Heart.

I HEARD a new story about General Sherman lately, says a writer in the Press, illustrating the two sides of his character — the determined fighting general and the tender, humane, kind-hearted man. It was told to me by a friend, who heard it in Washington from one of the soldiers of the army that marched to the sea with Sherman. The great march had been delayed for hours by severe fighting in the piney woods of Georgia. The contest had been going on over a wide field, and the soldiers had been obliged to literally mow down the trees to get at the enemy. At nightfall, when firing ceased, the enemy fell back, and Sherman discovered a clump of trees in his front, which seemed to shelter some kind of a habitation. With the caution of an old soldier he ordered an inspection to be made of the place, lest it might hide spies or more dangerous enemies. The soldiers who went forward at his command found a cabin, which showed that it had suffered from the battle. Its roof had been blown off, the gable end was knocked in, the windows were shattered, and its sides were badly battered. Inside, in a sheltered corner, on a couch made of mattresses and blankets, lay two women, mother and daughter, and by the latter's side a new-born babe. The soldiers fell back half in awe, while one of their number reported to General Sherman.

Booted and spurred, with his beard untrimmed and his clothes begrimed with the toil of march and smoke of battle, the old veteran rode up to the cabin and dismounted. He sent an orderly for his surgeon, who was directed to tend the young woman and her offspring. Food was brought for the old lady, who was wellnigh famished. When the roof had been replaced by his direction the chaplain was called and the baby was christened, the names Anna Shell being given to her. The old General held the infant while the chaplain pronounced the ceremony, and then the General told the boys to fill the cabin with coffee, pork, tea, flour and hardtack. As he got ready to move away the old lady, whose son was in the Confederate army and was the father of the infant, fell on her knees and clasped her arms around his limbs, while she blessed him for his kindness, invoked long life and even success at arms for him. Said she: "We did not know the Yanks were kind like you. We were told you would be cruel to us. We had no idea that you would be kind. If you are all like this I shall be glad if you conquer." The General smiled grimly as he said: "We make no war on women and children, and only on men as long as they take arms against the government." I am told that an army poet commemorated the baby episode in a poem of which the last two lines run like this:

> "Thus for the first time in the records of earth,
> Had a bloody battle field been the scene of a birth."

LET us bless God that we are children of His Mother; let us imitate her and consider our great happiness in having her as Patron. — *St. Teresa.*

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.

Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

We spoke little more, as we crossed the darkened hill-sides to Kildoona. Eager questions thronged to my lips a dozen times at least, but I dared not give them utterance. In the shadows I stole a furtive glance at my sister's face now and then, and I was shocked at the haggard pallor of the features, the rigid compression of the colorless lips.

It was a relief to me when the ruddy fire light from the Kildoona kitchen beamed upon us through the deepening shadows. We stole around to the rear of the house and noiselessly entered the back hall.

"Come into the kitchen," Marion said. "I am chilled to the very bone."

So we entered the big fire-lit kitchen; a genuine old Irish kitchen, with its ample dresser, well furnished with plates, dishes, mugs, and old-world pewter-ware; its big deal tables; its high-backed settle and capacious flour-bin; its vast hearth and great open fireplace, where the turf and the bog-wood were piled just now in a glowing heap, the blue smoke careering up the yawning chimney, the fitful flame leaping into long crackling tongues, then dying down again and plunging the room in shadow.

On the clean-swept hearth reclined a shaggy red setter dog, poor old "Rollo," my outcast brother's constant companion in the happy days gone by; and on Rollo's back our huge tortoise-shell cat, "Minnie," was curled up cosily, purring and blinking, and evidently supremely happy.

Rollo wagged his tail in welcome, as we entered, and we were glad to find the kitchen deserted. It was too early as yet for "visitors"; for our big kitchen at Kildoona was a favorite resort of the "neighbors" during the long winter nights, and occasionally old Thady Donal Oge, the piper, would favor us with a musical treat, or wild Conn Rinka, the fiddler, would "make the rafters ring" (to quote Nell Connor) with the lively strains of "The Geese in the Bog," or "Lady Mary Ramsay's Reel."

Marion and I seated ourselves on a low stool in the firelight. My sister shivered visibly and held out her trembling little hands before the ruddy flame. I crept closer to her and wound my arm about her waist, and again questions thronged thick and fast to my lips, but I forbore to ask them just yet.

"I shall wait until to-morrow," I decided presently; "then I shall insist upon knowing all!"

Until to-morrow! Alas, little I dreamed that moment what "to-morrow" was to bring forth for me!

We fell into a reverie as we sat before the fire, and were aroused at last by a low growl from Rollo and a sudden cocking of his shaggy ears.

Now, Rollo was on the best possible terms with all our nightly lookers-in; so that this inhospitable growl of his was, to say the least, suspicious.

I started from my reverie, and instinctively lifted my eyes to the door. At this moment the fire light leaped up brightly, and in that momentary flicker I beheld a very ill-omened face, and a pair of small, cunning, treacherous eyes fixed side-long upon mine.

The face and eyes belonged to a tall, gaunt figure, who stood motionless, just inside the door. I was no longer surprised at Rollo's growl. The furtive intruder was an idle, prowling "ne'er-do-well," usually known in our country-side as "Black Randal," and, occasionally, as "Randal the Rake"; and if my outcast brother had any enemy within a dozen miles of Kildoona, that implacable foe was Randal Darragh.

This ill-feeling originated in a poaching affair of Black Randal's. He was caught red-handed, and as Richard happened to be in the company of his captors, my brother's evidence was taken in our local court. It was impossible to shirk the matter; Richard was forced to speak out. The case was as clear as daylight, and Randal Darragh was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and, worse than that, watched relentlessly by the authorities ever since.

From that hour Black Randal hated my brother; at least so I was informed. Whenever I chanced to meet the fellow he treated me to his silkiest smile and most honeyed language. But for the past ten years I had not seen his evil countenance in our house half-a-dozen times.

His sudden appearance now, was, to me, ominous and disconcerting.

When I glanced up the intruder smiled, or rather leered, displaying the hideous yellow and blackened fangs which did duty for teeth between his coarse, sensual lips. He had a lean, narrow, evil face, almost shocking in its physical ugliness, a great square chin and under jaw, small, furtive black eyes, scarce distinguishable beneath the penthouse, shaggy, black brows above. A low, retreating forehead was thatched with the coarsest and blackest hair I have ever seen. Randal Darragh's costume consisted of an old brown velveteen shooting-jacket, given to him by some country sporting gentleman, a tattered velveteen waistcoat, patched knee-breeches of dark brown corduroy and a wide-leafed hat pulled down low over one side of his forehead, and lending an additional character of furtive cunning to the countenance.

In one hand he grasped a formidable-looking black-thorn stick which might be supposed to have done duty in many a fair, tavern, or

faction-fight. But that supposition would be altogether an incorrect one; for Randal Darragh was a coward. To crouch behind a ditch, armed with a pocketful of stones, would have been more to his taste than to meet a foe openly and in public.

"Fine night, young ladies," Randal said, in his oiliest way, and again Rollo growled and showed signs of a more decisive move, only that I bade him "lie down!" and gave the shaggy ear a warning pull. "We'll have some frost, I'm thinking."

At the sound of the fellow's jarring voice, Marion started and shivered. She glanced at him in a wild kind of way, and as he shambled nearer to the hearth she still continued staring at the spot where he had first stood, as though she expected some one else to follow.

"Yes, it is a fine night, Randal," I returned, thinking it best to be outwardly civil with one whom I believed to be an enemy of ours, at heart. "We were taking a walk on the hills, and we felt cold. Rollo, lie down, sir!"

"Poor Rollo! Poor old fellow!" leered Black Randal, holding out his hand toward the dog. "Sure, you knows me, boy, don't you? Many's the time poor Master Richard and meself thravelled the bogs after snipe with you, old doggie! Here, boy — here."

But Rollo showed no signs of relenting, and, with another leer, Randal Darragh glided furtively to the big settle and took up his position in the corner nearest to the fire.

What in the world did the fellow want, thought I? And what dark motive lay underneath his seemingly friendly reminiscence of "poor Master Richard?" That this man's object in coming here to-night was a sinister one, I never doubted for a moment.

"Come, Marion," I said presently; "tea will soon be ready. Let us take off our hats and jackets."

I rose quickly and as I passed Randal Darragh, I gave Rollo's ear a smart pull.

"He won't bite," I said, again endeavoring to conceal my aversion toward this intruder. "Nell will be down presently."

I passed on, but to my surprise, I saw Randal Darragh place one of his coarse hands on my sister's arm, as she rose to follow me. Then he said something, in a very low voice close to her ear, and then I fancied I saw him thrust his hand into the pocket of his shooting-coat and draw out a folded paper, which he slipped furtively into Marion's hand. This little piece of by-play all took place in quarter of a minute; and, but for my wits' being sharpened by my previous suspicion, I doubt if I should have noticed it at all.

I turned away at once, as though I had observed nothing, and Marion followed in a moment. As we ascended the stair, I again heard Rollo growl, and fearing lest this evil-minded fellow should strike the dog, I suddenly resolved to return to the kitchen and bring Rollo away.

"I shan't trust that fellow," I said to Marion; "I shall call Rollo. You can go up stairs before me."

As I passed her I glanced into her face. She was as white as a ghost, and I saw that she was literally unable to speak now, so violent was the sudden agitation which had apparently seized upon her.

"Stranger and stranger," I thought, as I went back to the kitchen. "Oh, me, when am I to be delivered from this hateful atmosphere of mystery!"

But here was Black Randal already leaving the house. He was stealing on tip-toe from the kitchen. He started and laughed rather uneasily as he beheld me.

"What, Randal, going so soon?" I exclaimed. "Oh, you needn't have minded Rollo. I never knew him to bite any one yet."

"Wisha, it wasn't that at all, Miss Alice," was his reply; "but I remimbered a message I had up at the cross-roads at the cobbler's. Good-night, Miss." Then he paused for a moment, and ran his fingers through his coarse hair. "Wisha, tell me, Miss Alice, is it true that poor Master Richard is coming home agin?"

"We hope so," I replied curtly, utterly unable to wear the mask any longer. "Good-night."

I turned away and left him, and a moment later I heard the back door close behind his ungainly figure.

"So then," I thought, as I slowly ascended the stairs, "his object in coming here was to have that whispered word with Marion, and to deliver some message or other to her! Good Heavens! what does it all mean? That Randal Darragh, my brother's enemy, should be the one to convey a private message to my sister is incomprehensible."

When I entered Marion's room she was pacing nervously up and down the floor, in the subdued light of a lamp, her hands clasped together, that dismaying pallor in her face which I had already observed upon the stairs.

I went over to her and took her hands in mine, and gazed earnestly into her eyes.

"Marion," I said, in clear, low tones, "what did Randal Darragh want of you? What was that folded paper which he took from his pocket and placed in your hand just now?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE NIGHT THAT FOLLOWED.

As I put this direct question, I saw my sister's dark eyes fill with tears; her pale lips quivered, and her head suddenly sank upon my shoulder. For a moment or two it seemed as though she could not speak, and again I inwardly reproached myself for my selfish importunity.

"Alice, Alice," she groaned at last, "why do you torture me thus? Do you not know well that my silence toward you is caused by no unkind distrust? Should the time ever come when I can speak out the full truth to any one, *you* shall be the very first to hear it; but now my lips are sealed — must be sealed! Ask me no further questions, I implore of you!"

"Be it so, be it so, darling," I cried hurriedly. "I will trouble you no more. I have treated you cruelly all through this hateful day; but henceforward I promise to say nothing more to you concerning this mystery."

"'Henceforward'!" she repeated, and a long sigh escaped her lips. "Alas, dear, you little know how easily your promise can be fulfilled!"

Her words scared me. I started and felt my blood run cold.

"What do you mean, Marion?"

"Nothing — nothing," she said hurriedly. "I scarce know what I said. Alice," she added, in a low, earnest whisper, "you must make me another promise, too. I shall ask you to say nothing to any one of what you may have observed, or fancied, to-day and last night. You speak of a 'folded paper' which Randal Darragh placed in my hand. I neither acknowledge nor deny that; but keep your own counsel, Alice. Make no one — *no* — *one*! — the wiser of all this. Do you promise, dear? Look me in the face and say '*yes*.'"

I gave her the promise unhesitatingly, and a long, strange, never-to-be-forgotten look passed between us. Then she moved away from me, and, as if unconscious of my presence, resumed her nervous pacing up and down the room.

Oh, me! How can I dwell upon the night that followed? To this hour the recollection of that dark experience of my life chills my heart and causes my hand to tremble.

We had tea in the Elm Parlor, and rarely had I seen the old-fashioned room look so cheerful as to-night. Such a fire as blazed in the big grate! — a roaring structure of turf, bog-wood, and sea-coal, with an enormous beach-log across the top. How it laughed and leaped up the wide chimney! What genial gleams it flung upon the dark-red flock papering of the walls, the crimson window-hangings, the big oaken book-case in the alcove, the tea-table drawn close to the hearth, with its old-world evening-service of low, shallow cups, gorgeous in their hues of crimson, purple, bronze, and gold.

And how merry and companionable Aunt Anne looked as she did the honors behind the tea-tray, her rosy cheeks wreathed in smiles, her blue Celtic eyes sparkling, her neat little gray lace cap upon her wavy dark-brown hair, her small, plump hands partly hidden with pretty red-and-black "mittens"; for Aunt Anne had a lively horror of chilblains, and during the winter months adopted all manner of precautions against those insidious foes.

"Do you know what it is, my dears? Your poor father looks and feels younger since he had that talk with Father William to-day. He feels now that Richard's return is but a question of time. He has infinite reliance on Father William's tact in poking out the boy, wherever he has hidden himself."

"I am quite sure Father William will leave nothing undone," I returned. "His heart is in the business. He was very fond of Richard — very."

"Fond of him, child! Why the poor dear man looked upon the

boy as a credit to his congregation of a Sunday! He it was, you know, who instructed Richard for his first Confession and Communion, and for Confirmation later on; and, for that matter, indeed, we may go back farther still. Father William christened the boy, so no wonder he should feel an interest in him. Indeed he had hopes at one time that Richard had a vocation for the Church; and to this day he often says to me that there was a good priest lost in the boy, and that, had he been treated otherwise at home, he would have followed that sacred calling."

And just then Aunt Anne's eyes chanced to glance toward Marion, and instantly her bright countenance fell.

"Marion, my heart, you are unwell. You are eating nothing, and, dear me, child, how pale you are! It cannot be possible that that silly fancy of yours last night, still weighs upon your mind!"

"I have a headache, Aunt; that is all," my sister murmured faintly. "I know I shall feel better after this cup of tea."

"I hope so, dear; and do you know what? — You ought to bathe your feet and go to bed. Don't remain up later. Alice, insist upon her going to bed. Do you hear me?"

"Very well, Aunt, I will do my best," said I; "but, you know," I added laughingly, "it is not so very easy a matter to 'insist upon' Marion's doing anything against her own sweet will."

"Oh, folly, child! Does she want to die? — Such a color! Dear me! — and she has only broken up her bread and not eaten one morsel."

Aunt Anne bustled away ere long, to see after my father's supper, and Marion and I were left alone. My sister rose from the tea-table and began to pace up and down the room, pausing now and then and glancing all about her, in a strange sort of way, as though she were silently taking leave of the old spot and photographing every detail upon her mind.

"Come, Alice," she said at last, in a very low voice, "I feel my head worse. I will take Aunt Anne's advice and go to bed."

On our way to our rooms we paid a brief visit to my father. He was still reclining in his arm-chair opposite the fire. Marion stooped and kissed him; and I who watched her closely, detected the sudden moisture which dimmed her eyes.

Then we left him and went to Marion's room. My sister and I occupied adjoining apartments, one opening into the other. Oftentimes we remained together for the night just as the whim swayed us. But to-night Marion chose to be alone, and so we said good-night and parted.

I soon fell asleep; but it was an unpleasant, broken slumber. Strange dreams affrighted me; — conflicting visions, in which the figures of Randal Darragh, Marion, Father William, my brother Richard, and some mysterious stranger whom I instinctively hated — passed and repassed in bewildering confusion.

One scene alone, in all that perplexing phantasmagoria, stood out distinctly and terribly before me. It was this:

I was all alone on the wild hills between Kildoona and Rath-

ronayne. It was midnight; and far and near stretched the snow — a dead-white, staring, chilling mantle, covering hill and glen, bank and pathway; a dreadful trackless waste of snow through which I was blindly endeavoring to struggle on. My heart lay dead within me. Some unspeakable horror weighed heavily upon my spirit. I felt dimly that I had been flung forth from Kildoona, driven thence by the terror of some dire discovery, the details of which were vague, undefined, but no less agitating on that account.

One impulse swayed me pitilessly — the impulse to struggle on to Rathronayne, and there to find shelter for the night. But my limbs were becoming numbed, lifeless; the snow began falling, falling, falling. I waded through its cruel drifts, and now it was almost knee-deep. Bitterly worn out, faint, despairing, I succumbed at last, and sank forward with a groan of anguish. Just then I fancied I felt clinging arms about my neck, the touch of lips upon mine.

I started and woke up. Oh, thank God! — it was but a dream. The cold dew was thick upon my forehead; my heart was beating with a thud — thud that I could hear.

So I lay trembling and breathing inaudible prayers for some time, in the darkness of my room. Then by degrees the terror passed away; but a strange loneliness followed, and I yearned for my sister's companionship until morning dawned.

But I did not like to wake her. And still the solitude grew unbearable. I determined at last to steal noiselessly into her room and nestle beside her as she slept. So I glided across the floor; and, to my surprise, found the door of communication wide open. Marion must have opened it, then, after I had fallen asleep.

I entered her room; paused and listened. The silence was unbroken. She must be in a deep sleep, thought I, as I noiselessly approached the bed.

Still no sound; not even the faintest breathing was audible. In a sudden panic, I flew to the bed. I stooped close to the pillow. Great Heaven! The bed was empty. My sister was gone.

For a moment or two after this discovery a dreadful weakness overcame me, and I sank helplessly upon the deserted couch. The recollection of the clinging arms and the pressure of unseen lips to mine, suddenly rushed across my mind. Ah! that was reality. That was no dream. The arms were Marion's — the lips were hers! But why —

I could not finish the thought. The suspicion which smote me at that instant, filled my failing heart with fire. I sprang from the bed and hastily lighted the lamp. I gazed wildly about the room. Yes; Marion was, in truth, gone. Her hat and cloak were missing; so was a small black bag, or reticule, which had always been hung over the dressing-table. She was gone! As I slept, she had bidden her farewell. The entire truth smote me now; and my heart seemed to turn to stone within me.

I stood helplessly in the middle of the forsaken room. I strove to realize all this to bring it home to me as a reality, and as I stood

thus, there rang in my ears certain words which my sister had used this evening, words which at the time had puzzled and dismayed me sorely:

"There is nothing before me but secrecy, darkness, misery, flight! Henceforth, Alice, I implore of you to forget my very name. Try to tear from your heart the memory that you once had a sister. Let me be as though I never lived."

Oh! Marion, Marion, and was *this* the key to those sinister words? Had I lost you forevermore!

How long I stood thus, paralyzed with horror and anguish, I know not. But the reaction set in, and a wild excitement thrilled me. One thought and one only, filled my heart; I should follow my sister; I should find her out and learn all this mystery, ere it was too late. Oh, thank Heaven! — I had discovered her flight so soon. Surely, I still had time to recall her.

I scarce remember what immediately followed. Until the chilly November night-wind struck upon my fevered temples like a curling lash, until the frozen bracken and heather crackled beneath my flying feet, I was not clearly aware of my surroundings. Then I became tolerably calm; and now I remembered that I had found the back door open as I flew from Kildoona, and that it was thus, doubtless, that Marion had made her mysterious exit from her home.

And here I was, fleeing along the star-lit hill-side, fleeing blindly, not knowing, in truth, in what direction to seek the lost one. Oh, whither had she gone? Where was I to look for her?

Then I bethought me of Randal Darragh and his sinister visit. He surely knew something of this dark move of my sister's. Although I shrank from the thought, I decided to go on at once to the wretched cabin occupied by Nance Darragh, Randal's mother, and there make inquiries forthwith.

Nance Darragh's cabin was situated about a mile and a half away — a wretched mud structure buried under a lofty crag overlooking the sea. In five minutes I had got down on the winding road by the cliffs, and was hurrying along breathlessly in the darkness.

Far below I heard the sullen roar of the Atlantic surge, sometimes swelling into a long-drawn anthem of wrath and sorrow, then seeming to die away along the wild coast, like the distant mutterings of a cathedral organ.

At other times I had loved the sea, found in its mighty voice a music which thrilled my heart and braced and elevated my spirit. Now, that hopeless dirge was hateful to my ears, and the wistful piping of the night wind through the withered furze, bracken, heath and long, rank *fenane* grass upon the cliff-tops, sounded to me like the wail of elfin mourners lamenting my sister's nameless fate.

Oh, how far, how wearily far, Nance Darragh's cabin appeared to me to-night! Should I never reach it? I gazed eagerly through the shadows, but no glimmer of light caught my eyes. All was darkness, mystery, silence, save for the voice of the Atlantic surf alone.

Stay! What sound was that?

I paused, thunder-struck, while every drop of blood in my veins seemed to turn to ice. I listened panting, incredulous.

The night-hush was broken by a sudden hideous sound — the long, shrill scream of a woman, which rang in my tortured ears like the knell of doom, and died away with a choking moan into a silence more dreadful than before.

The cry seemed to come from a distant part of the cliffs, perhaps quarter of a mile away; and the voice — the voice — ah, Heaven! I could not mistake it. It was Marion's voice — my sister's; and as that dire conviction flashed upon me, I reeled forward blindly, and dropped senseless upon the road.

To be continued.

Our Saviour's Sentence

THE following is a copy of the most memorable sentence that has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world — namely, that of death against the Saviour. The sentence is word for word, as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendent of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the Pontificate of Annas and Caiphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendent of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the Presidential seat of the Prætors, sentenced Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove: —

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the laws.
4. He calls himself the son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely, the King of Israel.
6. He went into the temple followed by a great multitude, carrying palms in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution; forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are (1) Daniel Robani, Pharisee; (2) John Zrobabel; (3) Raphael Robani; (4) Capet.

Jesus is to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of Journea.

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides there are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

THE soul always possesses more interior joy and content when the body is deprived of comforts and amusements than when it has them in abundance. — *St. Teresa.*

Saint Patrick at Aileach.

When Aileach's royal palace crowned fair Greenan's heath-clad height,
And warders on its battlements kept guard both day and night;
When hosts were led to scenes of war by Niall's ancient race,
Who held by force of arms alone their kingship in the place,
Prince Eoghain through many conquests dire attained at length the throne,
And stamped his name forever on the realms he called his own;
By his strong arm each foe was crushed, when, victory greater still
He gained by bowing to the Cross his own fierce, stubborn will:
The haughty king, by grace subdued, to Patrick bent the knee,
And blessing craved for Inis Eoghain girt round by lake and sea.

From the Greenan gazed the Saint o'er all that glorious scene
Of mountain brown, of valley deep, of river and ravine:
He looked on Feval's spacious lake, on Suileach's shadowy tide,
On fair Tir-Connell, green Tir-Eoghain that stretched to Banna's side.
Magh-Ith's broad plain before him lay in all its golden sheen
Of emerald meads, of winding streams, and oak-groves darkly green;
At every glance new beauties rose before his wondering eye,
And raised his thoughts from joys that fade to those that never die.
"If on Thy footstool," cried the Saint, "such lustre Thou'st bestown,
What must the glories be, O Lord, that shine around Thy throne!"

. . . . . .

"I bless thy land and race, good king, I bless thy royal heirs;
Famed for all time shall be the name thy favorite isl'and bears;
Forever shall it bear that name; thy bones within its soil
Shall rest where Uis-ce-Chain's green slopes are watered by the Foyle!
I bless the land from Belach's rath which frowns the Atlantic o'er,
To wild Glengad, to fair Culdaff, to Shroove's bleak, lonely shore;
I bless each mountain, hill, and dale, each river, lake, and rill,
From Feval's tide to Malin-Head, from Suileach to Magh-bile;
This chosen isle forever, Lord, be Thine and Thine alone,
And be the garden of Thy church this sea-girt Inis-Eoghain!

I bless a thousand times, O King, thy royal house and heirs;
In council may their wisdom shine, in war be victory theirs;
Throughout all time may Niall's line their sovereignty maintain,
And rulers be by land and sea whilst Aileach's halls remain!
Forever shall my prayer ascend to God's eternal throne
For blessings on the young and old — the race of Cinel-Eoghain:
Not wealth be theirs, nor pomp, nor power, nor fortune's fleeting dream,
Which pass as to the ocean rolls the unreturning stream;
But faith, and hope, and love divine mark ever as God's own
The virgins pure and valorous sons of rock-bound Inis-Eoghain!"

As when the silent dews of night fall calmly o'er the vale,
As when the odorous blossoms shed their perfume on the gale,
That breathed prayer's prolific power descended on the isle,
More fruitful than the swelling waves of Egypt's lordly Nile.
And passed away the royal king, and passed the Saint away,
And oft since then that isle has felt full many a tyrant's sway;
But Patrick's blessing still remains to guard its faith from ill,
As powerful now as when he prayed on Greenan's heath-clad hill.
Though fallen are Aileach's royal halls — nor king sits on its throne,
Yet lives the race that Patrick blessed in sea-girt Inishowen!

John K. O'Doherty

The Apostle of Ireland.

KEENLY appropriate to the feast of St. Patrick, its memories and associations, are the words of Holy Writ (Ecc. xliv.): "Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation. These were men of mercy whose goodly deeds have not failed. Good things continue for their seed, and their posterity are a holy generation. They have stood in the Covenant and their seed for their sakes remain forever, and their seed and their name live unto generation and generation. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." These words of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, set forth in the divine magnificence of the revealed word of God, the praise of Enoch, Noe, Abraham, and the other patriarchs. They are applied by the Church in her sacred offices to many great saints who have Christianized nations. It is not going beyond the strictest historical truth to say that in no saint have they been more accurately fulfilled than in St. Patrick, and in no race but that which calls him Apostle, and which is proved by the facts of history to have been chosen by God, and predestined in a very special way as the Apostolic Nation — the Irish race, the children of Innisfail, or the Island of Destiny. The illustrious Montalembert tells us in glowing periods of "the preponderance of the Irish race in the conversion of nations, especially in the seventh century." This, he declares, "is incontestable." He shows the unsurpassed glories of Ireland's religious history from the sixth to the twelfth century, and her undeviating constancy under unparalleled conflicts for faith and country.

St. Patrick began his work in Ireland in 432, himself of noble Celtic blood, a relative of St. Martin of Tours, sent by Pope Celestine to the Irish people, whom he knew and loved, for he had been carried a captive into Ireland in his early youth. He died on the 17th of March, this very day, in 465, a day held sacred in his honor ever since. His mission lasted thirty-three years, the lifetime of our blessed Lord on earth. He found Ireland almost wholly Pagan, he left it almost wholly Christian and Catholic, united with Rome, true as now, by the closest ties of filial obedience. A canon of the diocese of Armagh, of the date of St. Patrick, records the immemorial custom of appeals in all matters of importance to the Apostolic See of Rome. St. Columbanus, in the seventh century, speaks of the Pope as "Pastor of pastors," and says "Rome is renowned with us for the chair of Peter only." Another writer, of the same date, says, "the Irish send to Rome not to teach the faith, but to learn there what they must observe."

Another most striking fact is that Ireland was converted without the shedding of the blood of a single martyr. The whole people from the first turned to Christ with a fervor unexampled in the history of Christendom. St. Patrick left behind him a native clergy and bishops in all the Sees of Ireland, as they exist to the present day, the most of them not only consecrated by himself or ordained, but

baptized by his own hands or by his immediate companions. By himself and St. Bridget, his own convert, he peopled the solitudes of Ireland's mountains and valleys with monks and nuns, and by the aid of the princes of Ireland established colleges for the training of a learned clergy and laity, and remodelled the wise and ancient Brehon Laws in perfect accordance with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as we read them in the *Senchus more* to this day.

In the century which followed the conversion of Ireland, St. Colomba and St. Columbanus went forth with their apostolic monks. The former converted Scotland; the centre of monastic life and learning he established at Iona; thence converted Iceland, and made it a centre of learning and piety for the conversion of Scandinavia; thence passed into England, established Lindisfarne; and from this centre reconverted to Christ the whole of the north and midland parts of England; for the Roman mission of St. Augustine had wellnigh failed except in Canterbury and the kingdom of Kent; elsewhere Paganism had resumed its sway.

St. Columbanus passed over with his monks to the Continent; established monasteries even beyond the Alps; for the monastery of Bobbio, in Italy, was founded by the Irish monks. Germany counts amongst her earliest apostles one hundred and fifty saints of Irish birth, thirty-six of whom were martyrs. Forty-five Irish saints lived and died in Gaul, thirty in Belgium, forty-four in England, and many in Italy and Switzerland.

What began with such extraordinary success continued with unabated force, and from the sixth to the ninth century, Ireland was the great centre of Christian learning and civilization to all Europe, whence teachers went forth, and whither students flocked from all parts of western Christendom. All these were the glories of St. Patrick, through his spiritual lineage; "Great things continued with his seed; his seed were a holy generation; they stood in the Covenant. Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise."

The conversion of Ireland in so brief a space, without a single martyr amongst her apostles, the intensity of their conversion, the unexampled faitfulness of the Irish race as the apostles of the nations, their faithful adherence to the Catholic faith, without an instance of heresy or schism, and through centuries of martyrdom, is surely a proof, not only of the influence of her Apostle, but yet more of the singular dispositions of Divine Providence, which, by a long chain of circumstances, fitted this particular nation to become in a special way a Light to the Nations, giving also to its people a certain natural adaptation to supernatural truth when it was presented to the regenerated intelligence of a naturally noble people.

It must not be forgotten that the Irish, before their conversion, possessed an ancient civilization of a high order, and were a highly cultivated and intellectual race. This is attested by the most ancient writers of Greece and Rome. Centuries before Numa or Lycurgus, Olaffe Festa, the Irish lawgiver, had compiled the code of laws which

St. Patrick, more than a thousand years later, revised according to the Gospel. Alone in all the world the Irish held their representative assembly, or Parliament of Tara, long before the Forum of Rome, or the Areopagus of Athens, had echoed to the eloquence of Cicero or of Pericles.

But they were also a nation in which idolatry had not fallen into its later corruptions, and was in part still restrained by the reminiscences of a primitive revelation which they had brought with them from the East. Their early traditions even tell that the remote ancestors of the race that settled in Ireland met the Israelites under Moses, in their passage through the desert, that the son of Niul, their chief, was bitten by a poisonous serpent, that he was healed by Moses, who laid his rod on the head of the boy, at the same time promising to his posterity that they were destined to dwell in an island in which no venomous reptiles should live, and which they should find in the "path of the setting sun." They went forth on their journeyings, always seeking for the promised land — *Innisfail*, the Island of Destiny. Their worship (when St. Patrick arrived) was of Baal, or the sun as a symbol or revelation of God; and the Baal fire, lighted on the hill-tops of Ireland on St. John's Eve, remind us still of that most ancient form of idolatry.

Thus do early traditions combine with the testimonies of Greek and Roman writers in proof of the early civilization of Ireland, and of a Paganism purer than that of other nations, and more mixed up with, and characterized by, the records of primitive revelation; and this accounts in some degree for the preparation of the Irish nation for the Gospel.

About the time of the Christian era, their military glory on the Continent began, and the Scoti, or Irish, pressed hard on the retiring legions of Rome as gradually she relaxed her grasp on her outlying provinces, and withdrew beyond the Alps to concentrate her forces for the final death-struggle with her relentless foes. The Roman poet, Claudian, in the reign of Theodosius, writes thus:

> "The Scots came thundering from the Irish shores,
> The ocean echoed to their hostile oars."

It was the providence of God, working out the destiny of Ireland, that drew good out of evil, and, through the military glory of Pagan Ireland, led the way to her conversion to the faith. It was in one of these terrible military expeditions of the Irish on the Continent of Europe that Patrick was taken captive into Ireland, where he learnt the language of the people, and was sent back by God as a bishop, with the consecration of Rome, to be their Apostle. It was this energy of character, in peace as in war, that made them heroic soldiers of Christ, men of prayer and active perseverance in adversity, so that they deserve the title not less of the Martyr than of the Apostolic Nation.

In the home struggles, first came the Danish invasion, and the Irish had to fight for faith and country for nearly three hundred years, till the great victory of Clontarf, in 1014, when Sweyn was conquering

and destroying in England broke forever the aggressive power of Paganism, not in Ireland only, but in Europe, no less than the aggressive power of Mahommedanism was broken at Lepanto.

Then, after a brief respite, came the Anglo-Norman invasion; but Ireland still held her nationality by her good sword outside the English pale for another three hundred years. Next came the bitter hatred of religious warfare, and England, and soon Scotland also, brought all their combined strength to destroy her by force of arms, and by laws which Burke, himself a Protestant, declared to be the most iniquitous that had ever been framed by man.

From the ninth to the nineteenth century this indomitable race stood at bay. At length, crushed as a nation but not destroyed, like Israel of old, Ireland cried to God in the depths of her misery, and He sent her a Liberator in the person of the great O'Connell. From that day she has gradually won the greatest of moral victories, by the sheer force of the justice of her cause, before the tribunal of the public opinion of the civilized world.

But here the limited space at command, and also the inexhaustible subject, bid us pause. The history of the past intensifies the belief that Ireland and the Irish race have a great future yet to be written. By the most galling of all persecution in the name of law at home, the Irish people in their millions have been forced to fly to free and happier lands beyond the seas; in America, in Australia, and India they have made a home and a name. It has been at fearful sacrifices of human hearts and human lives, yet enough have survived to plant everywhere the Catholic faith. One-third of the bishops at the Vatican Council were of Irish race — or ruling over populations in great part of Irish origin. Yes, the Irish are a race that have a future. May God bless Ireland and the Irish race in their strength as in their weakness, in weal as in woe; and may the memories revived by each recurring St. Patrick's Day be perpetually treasured as a glorious inheritance in the true hearts of this world-divided but faith-united Catholic people.

FATHER LOCKHART.

THE Teachers' College in Dublin, under the superintendence of the Sisters of Mercy of the Parent Home, Baggott street, is the grandest institution of its kind in the world. The number of ladies in the training class is one hundred and fifty. For each of these the government pays the convent thirty pounds a year. The training course lasts two years. Previous to admission the candidate is examined by the Superintendent-Sister and the Head-Inspector of Schools, in the prescribed studies; Lecturers on Literature, Physics, Mathematics, Method, Hygiene, attend daily, and examine the students in their respective branches three times a year. All are obliged to learn music which is taught by the Sisters. The college is perfect in every detail and exquisitely kept. Each student has a separate room, supplied with every requisite for a lady's toilet room. The apartments, corridors, lecture halls, reception-rooms, are filled with paintings, statuary, flowers, everything, in short, that might be considered adjuncts to culture.

The Pope's Face.

CHRISTIAN REID thus writes of the Sovereign Pontiff: "If ever a human countenance was expressive of intellectual and moral force that of Leo XIII. is; and in his shadowy thinness — in the look, which he has of being more spirit than matter — with the courage of a lion in his calm glance, and the sweetness of a saint on his lips, his is just the type a great painter would select if this epoch were thrown back a thousand years, and he wanted to embody a helmsman fit to steer the barque of Peter through raging seas. It is impossible to imagine anything more majestic than the voice and utterances of Leo XIII. In listening to him one feels elevated into a region as far above the mad cries of revolutionists, and the vague dreams of theorists, as the eternal heaven is above the earth; and in the ability of a great ruler, in diplomatic sagacity and profound wisdom, no one, in all the long line of illustrious Pontiffs, has surpassed him."

A Brave Man's Death.

AN exchange tells a touching story of the last hours of Colonel James Mulligan, the gallant Irish-American soldier, which illustrates the wonderful devotion to principle that characterized him in all the acts of his life. He was an uncompromising teetotaller, and remained so to the last. Dying of three ghastly wounds, the woman at whose house he lay, proffered as a cordial, brandy she had saved from raiding soldiers. He declined the offer, saying, with calm and gentle smile upon the death-bedewed face: "Madam, in all my life I have never touched a drop of liquor. Now that I am come to die, I think it too late to begin." It was Colonel Mulligan who, when his little force was overwhelmed by the whole army of Early and Breckinridge, and devoted soldiers were endeavoring to carry his mortally-stricken body from the field, bade the soldiers lay him down and save the flag.

Opals.

THE Turks believe the opal falls from heaven in the lightning. From its changing color and flitting lights it has been the subject of superstitions, some of which attribute to this beautiful stone a malign influence; especially is it considered an unfortunate gift to a bride, as the supposed bringer of misfortunes and unhappiness. Sir Walter Scott's story, "Anne of Geierstein," is said to have given an evil fame to the opal, that brought it into disfavor by a description of a beautiful opal that lost its lovely colors by coming in contact with water. For a long time after the publication of this story the innocent opal was ostracised by the fashionable world. But as fashions in precious stones are, like fashions in other things, always changing, the opal is again returning to favor. The rainbow hues and brilliancy of the oriental opal will always make it a favorite jewel amongst those who delight in precious stones, and find a great charm in the romance and mystery which have, from the earliest periods of history, gathered around them.

St. Joseph.

FATHER O'HARE, of Ashbourne, England, recently told the following thrilling story at a church festival:

"During several of the twelve years I spent in Africa I had under my pastoral care the sole charge of a district as large as England. Periodically I made a visitation of my scattered flock. On one of these vast excursions I lost my way, and found myself wandering without the slightest idea of the locality. I could see no one. It was a season of drought. No rain had fallen, and my horses were scarcely able to drag along my cart for want of water. At length I came to a Boer farm in this, to me, unknown valley. The whole country was scorched. There was, however, a water dam near the house, and this was all drought. Approaching the Dutch farmer I told him my story, and asked if he would allow my horses to drink. Permission was granted. I told the farmer I was a Catholic priest. He was a Protestant.

"Oh, then," said he, "if you go into the outhouse you will find a laborer who is dying — he is a Catholic."

I entered there and found the poor fellow — a client of St. Joseph — near death. When I told him that I was the Catholic priest of the district of "Oudtshoorn," one hundred and fifty miles away, he lifted his wasted body and exclaimed in accents of deepest gratitude:

"Ah, St. Joseph, I knew you would send me a priest, so as to give me comfort before I die."

"What has St. Joseph to do with the matter?" I asked him, and here was his story:

"When a boy in dear old Ireland my mother, a good Catholic, taught me to say every day, 'St. Joseph, pray for me, that I may die a happy death.' I have never for one day neglected that prayer. I made my first Communion at ten, and served Mass till I was fifteen. I enlisted in the army at twenty-one, and came out to the Kaffir war.

"Before leaving Ireland I went in my uniform and bid my poor old mother good-by, and, as she kissed me tenderly, she sobbed, 'Don't forget your prayer to St. Joseph.' I came to the Kaffir war. When it was over and my time was expired, I was discharged and stayed by choice at the Cape. There was no priest nearer to me than Cape Town — five hundred miles away. I hired on this Dutch farm, and here I have worked for years. Lately I heard of your arrival at Oudtshoorn, one hundred and fifty miles away, and I set out in delicate health in the hope of going to confession and Communion. Arrived at your house weary, I was told you were away on the visitation and might not be back for many months. After a week I returned, and here I landed yesterday nearly dying, and here is the priest to-day sent by St. Joseph."

That night I instructed him and heard his confession. The next morning I said Mass and gave him Holy Communion, and soon after I gave Extreme Unction and the last blessing. He then died, saying with his last breath, "St. Joseph, pray for me that I may die a happy death."

Present State of the Catholic Missions in Equatorial Africa.

THE explorations into Equatorial Africa made during recent years, by Cameron, Livingstone, Stanley, and others, have thrown so much light upon this hitherto unknown region of the world that it no longer deserves to be called the "Dark Continent."

Ere yet these illustrious names were known to the world, Catholic missionaries had penetrated into the wilds, and so silently did these men of God labor, that no sound of their working ever reached the public ear.

About the year in which America was discovered by Columbus, some Portuguese missionaries, undeterred by obstacles, proceeded into the region of the Congo, and there unfurled the banner of salvation. Nearly all the native princes were converted, and a negro, consecrated bishop in Rome, was sent to watch over the infant church in his native land. After a time Portugal discontinued to help the missions. No more European priests came to replace those who had died; neighboring pagan tribes invaded the country, the bright prospect soon faded, and the dawning of the light of faith was shrouded in darkness. In the year 1660, Pope Urban VIII. gave the Congo to the Capuchins, who made San Salvador their headquarters, and they labored zealously, for many years, in and about the capital.

A little later the Franciscans and Jesuits carried the "glad tidings" far into the interior, winning vast numbers of the natives from their ancient superstitions, bringing them to the true fold. The brutal expulsion of the sons of Ignatius, by Pambal, prime minister of Portugal, was a fatal blow to the African missions. Flourishing congregations were left without pastors for more than a century. When Livingstone visited this region, in 1850, he learned that the people could read and write, and he was surprised to find that these accomplishments had been acquired more than a hundred years before, from the Jesuits and Capuchins, whom Pambal had driven out.

When a Father of the Society of the Holy Ghost came there, a few years previous to the explorer, the people were accustomed to assemble regularly for prayer, in a rude chapel, in which were collected all the utensils necessary for the celebration of Mass.

An old man had charge of the chapel and precious altar plate. Ever since their last pastor's decease, the people had prayed that God might send them another, and words fail to express their great joy at the restoration of the mission; a hundred years of ceaseless supplication was heard at last.

In 1634 the Holy See erected the territory of the two Guineas into a prefecture apostolic, and conferred the working of the same on the Capuchins. Good progress was made until the country passed from the jurisdiction of Portugal to that of Holland, when the missionaries were obliged to retire from the field, thus leaving the natives bereft of their spiritual guides.

The philanthropic society organized in Washington, in 1816, for the purpose of creating a colony in Africa for American negroes, established the Republic of Liberia, in 1827. Fourteen years later Bishop Kenrick, then of Philadelphia, sent his Vicar-General, Father Barron, to visit these Afro-American colonists; and traversing Liberia and the countries adjacent, this priest failed to discover any evidence of the Catholic religion, save the ruins of former Portuguese missions. He went to Rome to report this condition of things to the Holy See. Gregory XVI. appointed him bishop. With seven Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost, then recently established, he soon afterwards set out for his post. They arrived during the rainy season, and six of the companions of the bishop died within a year from fever.

The bishop withdrew to Gabon, and the Guineas were left to the charge of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, who ever since have been most devoted to the African Missions. The Senegambia missions were started by them in 1845, and a few years later those in Sierra Leone, in Dahomey, Fernando Po, and other places. The Fathers of this same order opened the Lower Niger missions in 1884, and, thanks to their excellent schools and indefatigable zeal, the work has prospered beyond expectation. Several negro priests have been admitted into their ranks. This is a wise provision, especially in Africa, where the climate in many places is fatal to the white man.

The want of resources to build and maintain schools is the great drawback to these missions, for had the Catholic missionary the means, yes, even half the amount, which Protestants place at the disposal of their agents in heathen countries, he could do far more for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

The missions west of the Niger are worked by the "Fathers of the African missions," a society organized by Monsignor Bresillac for the evangelization of Africa. The first priests of this society were sent out from their Seminary at Lyons, in 1858. Two years later, the Monsignor himself, with several companions, followed. A dreadful epidemic was raging at Freetown on their arrival, and the captain of their vessel tried to dissuade them from landing. They faced the danger with true apostolic courage, but in a few months they became victims to the dread pestilence. Nothing daunted by the fate of their friends, the young scholastics in the Seminary of Lyons, continuing in their noble resolves, the Holy Father, to encourage them, sent his blessing. Three of their number were ordained in 1861 and sent to Dahomey, one of the most God-forsaken sections of Africa. Here the natives have reached the lowest degree of degradation, and Satan rules supreme. Human sacrifice is only too common, the goddess of the sea and the forest, and the god of war must be appeased with blood, which is shed with barbarous cruelty.

The "ambassadors of peace" found a great number of negroes who had some knowledge of Christian Doctrine; these had returned from Brazil and other Christian countries where they had been slaves. With what joy did they hail the advent of the missionaries; and what heartfelt thanks did they offer to Him, who had brought about this

meeting. It was truly providential in that it was a great help in forming the incipient mission.

In Lagos, an important city on the coast of Benin, these Fathers have, besides flourishing schools for children, a normal school for teachers and catechists. This is a most essential element in the scheme of Christianizing the pagan natives; the missionaries must look to the schools for enduring results. The process is slow but sure; for the children, fresh and innocent, can be moulded into exemplary Christians, whereas it is difficult to change the older people who are already set in their ways and incapable of much instruction. In 1880 two of the Fathers, who were highly esteemed by the natives for their great holiness, undertook the evangelization of Abbeokuta, a great city surrounded by a wall thirty-five miles long.

Here they began as usual with a school, feeling their way cautiously in the midst of an immense heathen population. So far they have met with considerable success. True goodness and holiness of life win the heart of the pagan; the sacred character of the missionary counts for nothing with them; but a good life, devoted and pure, is the missionary's best passport. A true man of God is well received by chiefs and people alike, wherever he travels. The table on the following page will show the state of these missions.

Nyanza is a kingdom bordering on the north banks of Lake Victoria in Central Africa.

Its inhabitants possess a knowledge of letters, and are otherwise semi-civilized; their religion is fetichism; to Kintu they have one temple dedicated. This Kintu, they say, was an ancient sage, who came to their land long ago, and told them of the Creator of heaven and earth, of the future life, and of the way to live happily. He appeared many times after death to rebuke those who disregarded his instructions. It seems very probable that Kintu was a Christian missionary, who appeared among this people in some remote age.

When Father Loundel came to the capital of this kingdom in 1879, and his arrival was announced to King Mtasa, he exclaimed, "This must be Kintu." The Father and his companions were well received by the king, who treated them with great consideration, much to the disgust of a Protestant missionary, Mr. Mackey, who got there the year before. Three years later the number of missionaries was increased to twelve.

About twelve years ago the first apostolic laborers of Cardinal Lavigerie's society started for Central Africa. The first band was ten months on the journey before reaching Tanganyika, and it took the second band fifteen months to reach Uganda. Several were killed by the Arabs, and a few died from the excessive hardships encountered. Leo XIII. gave to these Fathers, for an inheritance, this region, teeming with precious souls. On arriving at Tanganyika, the largest body of fresh water in the world in January, 1879, they were charmed by the grandeur of the scenery. Mgr. Bridoux, the Vicar Apostolic of this district, has fully described the lake and its surroundings, the people, their habits, customs, and religious practices, in a series of

Vicariates and Prefectures.*	Population	Catholic	Worked by	Priests	Founded
Apos. Vic. Gaboon	1,000,000	5,000	Cong. Holy Gh.	22	1842
" Pref. below R. Niger					
" " Senegambia	3,300,000	12,000	" "	12 Europ. 4 Native	1863
" " Sierra Leone	1,542,000	2,000	" "	8	1858
" " Cimbebasia	?	?	" "	12	1879
" " Lower Congo	?	700	" "	14	1640
" Vic. Fch. and B. Indep. Congo	?	500	" "	16	1886
" Pref. Gold Coast	?	700	Lyons	5	1879
" " Dahomey	?	3,200	" "	8	1882
" Vic. Coast of Benin	?	13,500	" "	18	1861
" Pref. Niger Binue	?	Few	" "	5	1884
Diocese St. Paul De Loando	2,000,000	1,000,000		36	1596

* Orbis Terrarum Catholicus.

letters to the "*Mission Catholique.*" The people are divided into small tribes, each of which has its own dialect, as well as its own chief. Though they have some vague idea of a Supreme God, yet superstition in one form or another is their only religion. They have an intense fear of the evil spirits, and to propitiate them and ward off injuries seems to be their chief concern. The Supreme God is good, but He takes no interest in His creatures; hence they think that there is no need of praying to Him, since He will neither harm nor help them. This is not a serious obstacle to their conversion, because, when they are made to realize the Providence of God, who is infinitely more powerful than the evil spirits, they are willing to commit themselves

to His keeping. As a general rule they are eager to listen to the missionary and receive his instructions. They have no prejudices to keep them back, or render them hostile to Christianity. Unlike China, Japan, and other Eastern lands, Africa has no national duties, with their temples and priests, to bar the way to the spread of the faith.

The missionaries confine their efforts, in the beginning, almost entirely to the children; schools are opened for the purpose. The Fathers themselves, aided by lay brothers, train the boys, both in letters and agriculture, and Sisters attend to the training of the girls. The missionaries ransom from slavery as many children as their means allow, and rear them in their orphanages. When these boys and girls attain a suitable age, they are paired off and married, settling in the neighborhood of the mission. Thus communities are formed where our holy faith is practised in a manner that would put to shame many highly favored congregations in Europe and America. These poor despised Africans become model Christians. The following table will show the present status of the missions in Central and Eastern Africa:

Vicariates and Prefectures.	Population	Catholic	Worked by	Priests	Founded
Apos. Pref. Sahara	2,500,000 to 4,000,000	?	Algerians	21	1868
" Vic. Nyanza	4,000,000	over 1000	"	10	1880
" " Tanganyika	?	200	"	9	1880
" " Unjanjembe	?	?	"	6	1886
" " Upper Congo	?	?	"	8	1886
" " N. Zanzibar	76,500	1850	Cong. Holy Gh.	18	1860
" Pref. S. "		?	German Ben.		1887
" Prov. Nyassa	?	250	Algerians		1889
" Pref. Mozambique	350,000	large No.	Jesuits (6)	12	1612
Mission Zambesi	?	?	"	20	1879

MISSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Catholic missionaries were excluded from the Cape of Good Hope by the Dutch, and also by the English after they took possession of the place until 1837. Bishop Griffiths was then appointed Vicar Apostolic; but for several years he found it impossible to do much for the natives, as the children of the household had the first claim on his charity. These were Irish settlers at the Cape and also at Natal.

Since that time twelve new Prefectures or Vicariates Apostolic have been formed among the Kaffirs, Hottentots, Bushmen, and Boors. The Catholic missionaries have met with wonderful success in these parts.

They have identified themselves as much as possible with the natives, speaking their language, conversing familiarly with them, teaching them useful arts.

Where they have not been spoiled by contact with European or Arab traders, the natives are found to be true children of nature. They are hospitable almost to a fault; every one passing through their villages is sure of food and lodging.

They never think of putting a price on any service they can render to a stranger; a white man, particularly, may go where he wishes, and everywhere he meets with lavish kindness. How different the treatment the negro receives at the hands of the white man in this enlightened country of ours. One serious difficulty which our missionaries have had to contend with in Southern Africa, has been the ubiquitous presence of Protestant missionaries who, in many instances, were already in possession of the field when Catholic priests arrived on the scene.

To prevent this state of things from occurring in other parts of Africa, the Holy See has erected, within the last few years, a large number of Prefectures wherever it has been possible to secure the necessary missionaries. In 1830, there were only two dioceses in Equatorial Africa, now there are at last thirty-five dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures, not counting those of Northern Africa, which number ten more.

SOUTHERN AFRICA AND ISLANDS.

Vicariates and Prefectures.	Population	Catholic	Worked by	Priests	Founded
Vic. Apos. W. Cape of G. Hope	178,336	37,000	Secular Priests	13	1837
Pref. " Central " "	90,000	600	Secular Priests	5	1874
Vic. " East, " "	109,158	5,000	Seculars and Jesuits	30	1847
Pref. " Orange River	?	320	Silesians	4	1884
Vic. " Natal	1,000,000	4,100	Ob. Im. Mary	18	1850
Pref. Apos. S. African Repub.	874,930	2,000	" "	7	1886
Vic. " Orange Freestate	500,000	3,500	" "	12	1886
Pref. " Annobon	35,000	4,025	Ob. Im. Mary and Cong. Sacred Heart.	19	1855
Vic. " Madagascar	5,000,000	73,640	Jesuits	45	1844
Pref. " Comoro, Mayotte	140,000	5,000		6	1848
Diocese Port Louis	100,000		6 Jesuits, 11 C. Holy Ghost and Seculars	48	1847
Vic. Apos. Seychelles Is.	17,236	14,822	Capuchins	14	1852
Episcopate St. Denis	215,000	French	Mission	72	1850

Not less than nineteen of these have been erected by Leo XIII. within the last twelve years.

The day of Africa's regeneration seems to have dawned at last; never before was there so much active, earnest missionary zeal brought to bear on the "Dark Continent." The work is being done by regular missionary societies, chief among which are the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, organized by the Venerable Father Liebermann, a convert from Judaism, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, started by the saintly bishop Mazenoa, of Marseilles, the Fathers of the African Missions, founded by Monsignor Bresillac, in Lyons, the White Fathers of Algiers, Cardinal Lavigerie's society. Besides these many of the older orders, notably the Jesuits, Franciscans, Lazarists, and Benedictines, are represented on this extensive mission field. Besides the negro priests belonging to the missionary societies, the Propaganda at Rome is annually sending out one or more. The negro alone can stand the noxious climate of the West Coast, which is sometimes called the white man's grave.

It is thought by many, that the Josephites of the United States will eventually send a large contingent of negro missionaries to Africa. Indeed that was the chief reason that induced their superior general, Bishop Vaughan, to send the first Fathers of his society to America. Archbishop Manning, preaching the departure sermon, in the college chapel at Mill Hill in 1872, uttered these prophetic words: "The Reverend Fathers go forth, not only to labor among the negroes of the South, but to found a missionary college like this, in which colored youths may be trained to carry the faith to Africa. . . . We are now going to send into the United States a vanguard to act not so much upon America as upon Africa. Who can tell but that there may not spring up in America an apostolate for Africa? We pray for them to-day that God may accept their mission to the negro of America and to the people of Africa hereafter."

The founding of St. Joseph's Seminary in Baltimore, in 1888, and of its feeder, the Epiphany Apostolic College, a year later, has verified the first part of the Cardinal's prophecy, and may God grant the speedy fulfilment of the rest. The tabulated statements given in this article show at a glance what the Church has been doing for Africa in the present century. As yet the missionaries have only begun to sow the seed of the Word, and surely no one will say the soil has not been fruitful.

The negroes may be barbarians, savages, and whatever else you please, but it is the Church's business to civilize them, as she civilized our pagan forefathers in the north of Europe. If history be true, they were no better than the negroes are to-day in the jungles of Africa. The Church can do for the negro what she did for them; faith and civilization will go hand in hand; and although it is the missionary's chief business to save souls, still to succeed well in this he must also look to the civilization of the natives. Unless he does so, he will hope in vain for permanent results. This is what Catholic missionaries invariably do by teaching agriculture, mechanical trades, and other arts and customs of civilized communities.

To see what the negroes are capable of, you have only to look to the old French colonies of Bourbon, Mauritius, and the Antilles; in these places the missionaries' fondest hopes have been abundantly realized. Livingstone gave it as his deliberate conviction that there was nothing in the customs of the Africans to discourage missionary effort. He writes: "I would say to the missionaries: come on, brothers. Leaving the coast and devoting yourselves to the savages as they are called, you will find, with some drawback, much to admire and to console you." It is comparatively easy to convert the negro, because, though naturally religious, he is without any definite religious doctrine of his own. Besides he looks up to the white man, and instinctively copies his virtues or vices as the case may be. Already the Church of France, of Italy, and of Ireland have taken up this great Apostolic work. Is the Church of America to do nothing? Are we to remain indifferent to the spiritual desolation of those two hundred million souls? God forbid! Ethiopia stretches out her hands to us, imploring spiritual food, the bread of life, the word of God. Is there no one to succor her, no apostolic men like Patrick of old who could not withstand the pleadings of our pagan ancestors in like circumstances? Are there no men nor means forthcoming for this greatest and most meritorious of all works? We are told by a Father of the Church that to co-operate with God in the salvation of souls is the most divine of all divine works. To what nobler cause can one devote his life, than to that of saving immortal souls? On what more glorious altar can one sacrifice his life? Oh, happy the soul and radiant the crown of the poor worn-out missionary who, far from home and friends, offers up the sacrifice of his life amidst the wilds of Africa.

Epiphany Apostolic College, Baltimore, Md.

National Greetings.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.
"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.
"How do you stand?" That's Italian.
"Go with God, senor?" That's Spanish.
"How do you live on?" That's Russian.
"How do you prespire?" That's Egyptian.
"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.
"How do you find yourself?" That's German.
"Thank God how are you?" That's Arabian.
"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.
"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.
"How do you do?" That's English and American.
"Be under the guard of God." That's Ottoman.
"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.
"How is your grandmother's daughter?" That's English, you know.

Learned Women.

THERE is no reason why the female sex should be excluded from the pursuit of science. Though their judgment may not be so solid as that of their brothers, and the sphere of their activity is more circumscribed, still it is evident that they are capable of rising to the very summit of the mountain of wisdom, as history sufficiently demonstrates and the following sketches will prove.

In the third century of our era, there flourished at Alexandria, a city renowned for its learning, and the home of Clement and Origen, a noble virgin named Catherine. St. Catherine, whom the Greeks call Accatharina, glorified God, says the eminent hagiographer, Alban Butler, by an illustrious confession of the faith of Christ at Alexandria, under Maximimus II. We derive our knowledge of this saint from her Acts and from the historian Eusebius. Alban Butler says that the Acts have been adulterated, and, according to the learned Joseph Assemani, the only reliable account we have of the saint is a passage in Eusebius, who, however, does not mention her name. It appears certain, that at an early age, she was imbued with an extraordinary love of learning, and studied the sciences, and was so conversant with philosophy, that, according to her Acts, with which the Greek Menology of Emperor Basil and the Roman Breviary agree, she confuted a company of the ablest heathen philosophers, whom Maximimus had commanded to dispute with her. She not only convinced them, but even succeeded in converting them to Christianity. The Emperor Basil, in his Greek Menology, also relates that this saint, who was of royal blood, was an excellent scholar.

St. Catherine, who had all the attributes that are requisite to render humanity perfect, resisted all the blandishments of the tyrant Maximimus, and preferred banishment to the loss of her virtue. After leading an exemplary life, this model of Christian womanhood died a most edifying death, leaving behind her an example destined to remain illustrious.

According to the passage from Eusebius, which Assemani applies to St. Catherine, a Christian woman, the richest and most noble of all the ladies of Alexandria, illustrious for her high birth and singular learning, resisted successfully the attempts made by the Emperor Maximimus upon her virtue. The tyrant, being vanquished by the constant chastity of the Alexandrian virgin, would not behead her, but, having stripped her of all her estates, sent her into banishment.

The Breviary, however, relates that, after the victory Catherine had gained over the philosophers, the Emperor tried to vanquish her by blandishments and beautiful promises. Seeing, however, that all his efforts were vain, he subjected her to great torture, and even kept her imprisoned for eleven days without food or drink. During this time she converted the Emperor's wife and Porphyrius, a general of the army, who had visited her in prison. She was afterwards condemned to be torn to pieces by wheels stuck with sharp points. The Acts add

that this instrument was miraculously broken. The Greek Menology relates that the philosophers who had been converted by her also suffered martyrdom, and were burned in one fire. Catherine herself, say the Breviary and Menology, was finally beheaded. Her death must have occurred in the beginning of the fourth century, for Maximimus died in 314. Her body was discovered by the Christians in Egypt about the eighth century, and was subsequently removed to the monastery on Mount Sinai, where the principal portion of her relics are preserved to the present day.

St. Catherine is venerated in the church as the patroness and model of Christian philosophers.

There shone resplendently in the Iron Age a simple nun of Gandersheim, known as the White Rose of Gandersheim, who may be said to have shed something of beauty and fragrance over the rugged annals of that dark age. This gifted child of God, Hroswitha, was born in the year 940, and was brought up in the convent school, in Gandersheim, where she studied Greek and Latin, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the other liberal arts. The true nature of her erudition is not left to conjecture. She has left behind her writings which have attracted the favorable notice even of modern critics, who agree in declaring that the Latin poems of this obscure nun of the tenth century are marvels of classical taste and poetic genius. Hroswitha wrote a panegyric on the three Othos, eight poems on various religious subjects, some of them being taken from the life of our Lord, and some from the legends of the Saints, and seven prose dramas, in the style of Terence, being tales of holy women, and having for their subject the praise of chastity. She was perfectly familiar with the sciences of music, astronomy, and dialectics, as then taught in the schools, and was possessed of a certain feminine grace more charming than all her logic. Humility was one of Hroswitha's most prominent virtues, and it was well that she possessed this humility, as the flattery which her eminent productions evoked from the learned world was great. There are phrases scattered through her writings which evince how accurately she had gauged the shallowness of intellectual vanity, and how little hold it had upon her heart. Hroswitha in her intellectual labors preserved her womanly modesty and her deep religious humility, and whilst we are amazed at her learned attainments, her modesty and candor at the same time conquer our hearts.

Hildegard was another shining light, who, from 1098 to 1179, when she passed into another and a brighter sphere, lived a most edifying life, and by her extraordinary talents and profound learning, excited the most intense admiration of the learned men and women of every age. Hildegard was born of most noble parentage in 1098, in the county of Spanheim in the Lower Palatinate of the Rhine. She is commonly referred to as St. Hildegard, abbess and prophetess. From her eighth year she was educated at the Benedictine cloister of Disibodenburg in the principality of Zweibrücken, now in Renish Bavaria, where Jutta, sister of the Count of Spanheim, was at that time abbess. During her life God favored her with heavenly visions; but it was

not until her forty-third year that she felt herself constrained to divulge them. St. Bernard, who preached in that county, examined and approved her prophetic spirit. Committed to writing by her intimate friend, the monk Godifridus, her preternatural gifts now form the first and most important of her works, entitled Scivias.

By means of voluminous correspondence, as well as by extensive journeys, in the course of which her gift of prophecy manifested itself, she wielded, for many years, an influence upon her contemporaries, being imbued with the most widely diffused feelings and beliefs, fears and hopes, of her time. Amongst her correspondents were Popes Anastasius IV. and Adrian IV., the Emperors Conrad III. and Frederick I. and also the theologian Gilbert of Gembloux who submitted numerous questions of dogma to her decision. She died in 1179, and her name was received into the Roman martyrology, September 17th being the day fixed for her commemoration. The works of Hildegard, in addition to Scivias, include *Divinorum operum simplicis hominis liber*, a hitherto unpublished treatise containing later visions and revelations, many of them relating to physical and medical questions; *Vitæ Meritorum*, also unpublished; Lives of St. Rupert and St. Disibod; Expositions of the Rule of St. Benedict, and of the Athanasian Creed; Letters and Exhortations. Being chosen abbess, she seemed always to live in the presence of God, always united to, and constantly conversing interiorly with him. She died at the age of eighty-two on the 17th of September, 1179.

Heloise may also be ranked among the eminent women of her age. She was the abbess of the Paraclete. She was born, probably, in Paris in 1101, but of her parentage nothing is known with certainty. A romance is attached to the early part of her life which was the one dark cloud in a history otherwise said to be fraught with holiness and self-sacrifice, and which was unblemished with spot or stain. In 1116 she was living with her uncle, Fulbert, canon of Notre Dame, on the Island of the Cité in Paris. Pierre Abelard, at this time was a teacher of great renown, and being invited by Fulbert to complete the education of his niece, the pupil was, unfortunately, seduced by the teacher. They were afterwards married and immediately separated; but Heloise, with unselfish devotion, denied the marriage in order to avoid hindering the ecclesiastical advancement of Abelard. Fulbert was so enraged at this that Heloise was obliged to take refuge with friends. She entered the Convent in Argenteuil, where she took the vows and soon became abbess. She remained here nine or ten years until this convent, with the property of other nuns, was alienated. The vacant oratory of the Paraclete in Champagne was formally made over to the nuns, and Heloise became the first of a long line of noble abbesses. During her long life, she had only one personal interview with Abelard; but the voluminous correspondence of these two notable personages form a unique monument of the Middle Ages, and have been published many times. The letters of Heloise especially are called by Hallam, "The first book that gives any pleasure in reading produced in Europe for six hundred years since Boethius's Consola-

tions." Abelard died in 1142, and Heloise lived twenty-two years longer, devoting herself entirely to the enlargement and discipline of her religious house.

In the Middle Ages high-born ladies were trained to a life of practical utility. They learnt to fill the responsible office of head of the family, which demanded in those days no small capacity of government, and they were instructed in a hundred details of domestic life, which ladies of the present day are content to entrust to their servants. Reading, church music, embroidery, confectionery, and surgery, were enumerated as among the most useful branches of female education. But valiant women of the olden time were not mere homely housewives devoid of intellectual culture; on the contrary, many of them were learned in their way, like the saintly Isabel of France, sister to St. Louis, who was an excellent spinster, but was also well read in St. Augustine.

Among the distinguished lovers of learning were Mary de Bohun, the first wife of Henry Bolingbroke, who was well skilled in Latin and Divinity. The character of not a few of those grand, heroic women whose names so beautify the pages of history, might be summed up in the words with which Gabrielle de Bourbon is described by the biographer of Bayard. She was, he says, devout, religious, chaste, and charitable; grave without haughtiness, magnanimous without pride, and not ignorant of letters, specially delighting in reading and hearing read the sacred scriptures. Lady Devagilla and Ella Longspie were conspicuous for the interest they took in literature; and, in the following century, their noble example was followed by Philippa of Hainault, the foundress of Queen's College, Oxford, and Mary de St. Pal, the widowed countess of Pembroke, who founded Pembroke College, Cambridge, and was chosen, on account of her learning and virtue, to direct the education of the Queen Philippa's daughters. No one can study the histories of those times without being frequently struck by the superiority which appears in the character of this illustrious woman. The chroniclers often allude to the happy influence exerted over their lords by such queens as Eleanor of Castile, and the good Queen Maude.

The practical mind of Philippa of Hainault was employed in introducing useful arts into England, just as a few years later the intelligence and commanding powers of Margaret, the great countess of Ormonde, were similarly exercised in Ireland while she introduced weavers and other artisans, built school-houses, and was ever showing herself liberal, bountiful, and devout.

If from the Middle Ages we turn our eyes to epochs more modern, we find many names of illustrious women who have given the world great examples of learning.

We notice in studying the biographies of learned women a long line of linguists who have distinguished themselves. Among the sovereigns who have won renown as such, the proportion of queens is very considerable. The three names, Cleopatra, Zenobia, and Christina of Sweden, unquestionably represent a larger aggregate of languages than any three of king-linguists, if we exclude

Mithridates. Only a few years since, the world beheld an example of linguistic talent in the late Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, consort of William III. She is said to have been acquainted with twelve languages. The nun, Hroswitha of Gandersheim, whom I have already mentioned, was also acquainted with Greek — a rare accomplishment in the tenth century. Tarquinia Motza was conversant in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as well as the ordinary modern languages.

Ellen Cornaro Piscopia knew Italian, Spanish, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and even Arabic. Strange as it may seem, the University of Bologna numbers several ladies among the occupants of its chairs.

The beautiful Novella di Andrea, daughter of the great jurist, Giovanni di Andrea, professor of law in the University of Bologna in the fifteenth century, was wont to take her father's place as lecturer in law, observing, however, the precaution of wearing a veil, lest her beauty should distract the attention of her pupils. Her mother, Milancia, was scarcely less learned.

The learned ladies of Bologna are not alone among their countrywomen. The celebrated Dominican Nun, Cassandra Fedeli, of Venice, Alessandra Scala, of Florence, and Olympia Fulvia Morata, of Ferrara, are all equally distinguished as proficients in at least two learned languages: Latin and Greek.

Margherita Gaetana, of Milan, was familiar with Latin at nine years of age, and while still extremely young, mastered Greek and Hebrew, together with French, Spanish, and German. In the very meridian of her fame, nevertheless, she renounced the brilliant career which lay open to her, in order to devote herself to God as a sister of charity. Another fair Italian, Modesta Pozzo, born at Venice in 1555, deserves to be mentioned, although she is better known for her extraordinary power of memory than her skill in languages. She was able to repeat the longest sermon after hearing it but once. Nor are we without examples in other countries. Many Spanish and Portuguese ladies, learned in languages, are enumerated by Nicholas de Antonio. Donai Anna De Villegas, and D. Cecilia Di Arellano, besides being excellent Latinists, were mistresses of French, Italian, and Portuguese. To these languages D. Cecilia de Morellas added Greek as one of her accomplishments, and D. Juliana de Morello, a nun of the Dominican Order in the middle of the seventeenth century, in addition to these languages, was not only a learned Hebraist, but an acute and skilful disputant in the philosophy of the schools. The accomplished and gifted Anne Maria Schuman, of whom Cologne is still justly proud, in addition to her numerous gifts in painting, sculpture, music, and poetry, was proficient in eight languages, among which were Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Ethiopic. The brilliant but eccentric Russian Princess Dashkoff holds a still more prominent place in the world of letters. Some women of Anglo-Saxon descent, though less showy, may, perhaps, advance a more solid title to distinction. The beautiful Mrs. Carter, translator of Epictetus, well deserves to be mentioned,

and the amiable and singularly gifted Elizabeth Smith is a not unworthy consort for the most eminent linguist of any age. With scarcely any assistance she taught herself the French, Italian, Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persian.

Even the New World has supplied some names to this interesting catalogue. The Mexican poetess, Juanita Inez de la Cruz, better known as the nun of Mexico, a marvel of precious knowledge, learned Latin in twenty lessons when a mere girl. Her acquaintance in general learning was most varied and extensive. In her seventeenth year she was invited to dispute with forty learned men and proved a match for each in his own department — thus reminding us of St. Catherine. She died in 1695 A.D., leaving behind many works still regarded as classics in language, which fill several volumes, and have passed through twelve successive editions in Spain. All, with the exception of two, are on sacred subjects. During the life of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, the celebrated Clotilda Tambroni excited the admiration of the learned of that age. A community of tastes, as well as of studies, formed a close bond of intimacy between her and Mezzofanti, and led to an affectionate and lasting friendship in after life.

The Signora Tambroni was an excellent linguist, being familiar with Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and English, and a poetess of some reputation, not only in her own, but also in the learned languages. This distinguished lady's name appears the last in the list of Lady Professors at Bologna.

Another eminent woman of our own times was Agnes Strickland, a popular historical writer. She was the third daughter of Thomas Strickland, of Roydon Hall, Suffolk. Her first literary efforts were historical romances in verse, in the style of Walter Scott. From this she passed to prose histories, written in simple style for the young. A picturesque sketch of the Pilgrim of Walsingham appeared in 1835, and two volumes of tales and stories from history in the following year. She, also, with the assistance of her sister, wrote the history of the Queens of England, from Mathilda of Flanders, to Queen Anne. The first volume appeared in 1840, and the twelfth and last in 1849. This distinguished writer was a warm partisan on the side of royalty and the church; she made industrious study of official records and other public documents, gave copious extracts of them, and drew interesting pictures of manners and customs.

Following the lives of the Queens of England, she wrote the lives of the Queens of Scotland, completing the series in eight volumes in 1859. Miss Strickland also wrote the Bachelor Kings of England, about whom she published a volume in 1861. She then followed with the lives of the Seven Bishops, which work was published in 1866. Her last work was the lives of the last four Stuart princesses, published in 1872. In 1871 she obtained a civil list pension of one hundred pounds — four hundred and eighty-six dollars — in recognition of her merits. She died in Roydon Hall on the 8th of July, 1874.

Lucy Myers Mitchell, archæologist, was one of the most clever

women of the nineteenth century. She was a daughter of Rev. Austin H. Wright, a missionary and physician among the Nestorians at the time of her birth. She was born in Oroomiah, Persia, in 1845. She was educated in the United States, chiefly at Mount Holyoke Seminary. In 1864 she returned to Persia, and in 1867 married Samuel S. Mitchell, an artist, and subsequently spent the greater part of her time in Europe. While abroad she became deeply interested in classical archæology, and published a series of letters on recent archæological researches and discoveries, and several illustrated articles on Greek sculpture. She published her history of ancient sculpture in New York in 1883. After establishing herself in Berlin she began collecting materials for a history of Greek vases and vase paintings. In 1884 she was taken sick while collecting, and died on March 10, 1888.

The celebrated astronomer, Maria Mitchell, has only lately passed away. This remarkable woman was of Quaker parentage. Her father was a schoolmaster in Nantucket, and from him she acquired the rudiments of astronomy. She was an intelligent girl, and became an enthusiastic coöperator in her father's astronomical labors. She worked hard with her father in his little private conservatory, and was fast becoming an expert observer. She gave special attention to the observation of comets. Miss Mitchell inherited her father's passion for mathematics, and one of the first things she learned was the use of the sextant. The achievement which first brought her into fame was her discovery of the great comet in 1847. For this she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark. She made a mathematical calculation of the comet's course. She visited the principal observatories of Europe, and on her return to this country was presented by her friends with a well-equipped observatory. She was engaged in the coast survey, and also upon the Nautical Almanac. She was appointed professor of astronomy at Vassar College soon after the opening of the institution in 1865, which post she held until Jan. 1, 1888. She was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was the first woman elected to membership. She was also a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Her heart was in her science and with her Vassar girls. She was heart and soul with every movement for the education and industrial progress of women. Maria Mitchell departed this life June 29, 1889. She was beloved by all who knew her for her sweet and amiable disposition, and, as time goes on, her name will be handed down to posterity as one who devoted her time and energies to the enlightenment of mankind. Her works will reflect a brightness upon her memory something akin to the light that emanates from those celestial bodies, she loved so well to contemplate in all their glory, and whose magnitude and distances she was so conversant with.

There are among our Catholic women of Boston several whose names are well known in the literary world; for instance, Louise Imogene Guiney, a poetess of no mean rebuke; Mary Elizabeth Blake, also of poetical claim; Mary C. Crowley; and, not least, Katharine Eleanor Conway, associate editor of the Boston Pilot. Given to study

from childhood she has obtained an enviable reputation in the world of letters. Her literary criticisms, contributions to various periodicals, and, above all her poetry, have spread her fame far and wide.

We must not omit to mention the name of the distinguished archæologist, Mrs. Le Plongeon. Mme. Alice Le Plongeon was born in the great city of London, of English parents. Her girlhood was as uneventful as that of most maidens who are kept at their studies and allowed very few frivolous pleasures. But her ambition was to travel over the world. When yet in her teens she met Dr. Le Plongeon in the libraries of the British Museum, he having journeyed thither from California for the special purpose of studying certain old Spanish manuscripts that he needed to complete his researches in Peruvian history and antiquities. Kindred tastes and sentiments drew together the learned man and the school-girl. After her marriage, Mme. Le Plongeon entered heart and soul into the work that Dr. Le Plongeon had commenced as far back as 1862 — the work of bringing to light the history of the civilized nations that occupied some parts of America prior to its discovery by Columbus. To this work, Mme., as well as Dr. Le Plongeon, has since given her whole time; she has been her husband's enthusiastic companion and supporter, and her name must live with his. Accounts of their discoveries have appeared in the leading illustrated papers of the principal cities of the world: Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, St. Petersburg, etc. Even in India their name is well known as travellers, discoverers, and writers. Mme. Le Plongeon is the only woman who has lived among the deserted old cities in the forests of Yucatan. She has endured much hardship during her journeyings, and escaped many dangers, having lived for months together on the territory of hostile Indians who give no quarter. In recognition of her services to Science, the Geographical Society of Paris has asked for her portrait to place in its album of celebrated travellers.

And now we will close our sketch of eminent women with a glance at the life of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, the famous Egyptologist, who visited some time since our city of Boston. Miss Edwards, who is an English author, was born in 1831. She, while very young, developed a taste for literature and her fame as a writer became known throughout Europe. Among her works are short histories of France and England, and numerous novels. This talented lady has distinguished herself in the fields of art, literature, criticism, and archæology, and with all those acquirements she is endowed with that sweetness of manner and dignity which is so charming in women. Dr. Edward's lectures on Egyptology which she delivered in Boston, have added more laurels to those already won. The New England Woman's Press Association extended the hospitalities of the Club to Miss Edwards during her visit to Boston, giving a reception and breakfast in her honor at the Parker House, where a large number of distinguished literary people were invited to meet her.

There are many more women whom we might deservedly call eminent, and who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life;

but those we have cited will show to what heights woman can attain. They have shown untiring devotion in their domestic sphere; they have displayed heroic courage in time of danger; and their gentle ministrations to the sick and suffering have been the theme of every tongue. They have been justly called the Guardian Angel of the home. Woman's love and self-sacrifice are proverbial, and when duty, whose call is imperative, summons them to perform work foreign to their tastes and inclinations, they unhesitatingly and cheerfully obey.

In the pagan world there have been a few women eminent for their attainments and virtue; but the present elevated platform on which the female sex stands is altogether due to the influence of Christianity, which broke its chains of captivity, giving back to it its true liberty. Every unprejudiced mind will also admit the unbounded debt of gratitude which the sex owes to that sublime type of womanhood — the VIRGIN MOTHER of CHRIST.

MARY E. MCKAY.

Importance of Home Instruction of Children by Mothers.

IN the course of a recent sermon in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons said: "There are many modern 'Rachels' weeping for their children, mothers who connive at their children's downfall by indulging their caprices and desires. An imperative obligation rests upon you, mothers, of instructing your children in Christian principles at home. The best of all schools is the home, the oldest, best, most sacred, and most influential. No school can supplant it. The forming of the child's character begins at the mother's knee. The mind of a child is like soft wax, and is then susceptible of impressions the most lasting. Children often understand better than older persons suppose they do. For this reason mothers are best suited to be their instructors. In the order of nature the mother is the first to give nourishment to the child unless superseded in this duty by modern appliances. The God of nature has in like manner ordained that the mother should give spiritual nourishment to the child. To the child the mother is more infallible than a pope. She is its guide, philosopher, and friend. She sees all its movements, follows its steps, and can improve every opportunity to impress its mind. I could give a long catalogue of characters who were especially profited by the instruction, piety, and prayers of their mothers. St. Augustine, St. Louis, our own Washington, Judge Gaston, and a long line of others might be mentioned. We admire the beautiful works of art which are the emanations of human genius; but the mother's part in moulding the immortal character of the child is higher than the artist's. She can make the home the sanctuary of domestic joy, of good breeding, of sobriety, not of discord, of boisterous words, crimination, and recrimination. Have prayers in the household circle nightly. I do not say morning prayers also, because that is not always possible. In such a home the angels of God, we are told, and even the Lord Himself, are present. The children of a good mother, who does her duty in inculcating sound principles of religious faith, hope, and charity, will rise up day by day and call her blessed."

The Garden of Gethsemane.

LIEUTENANT LYNCH, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea in the year 1848, visited the Garden of Gethsemane. He says:

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller, and less imposing ones, which skirt the Pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above on either hand, towers a very lofty mountain, with the deep and yawning chasm of Jehosaphat below it. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a silent city of the dead.

"Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it.

"The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent's stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest, and one of the present growth may mark the very spot where He knelt and prayed and wept.

"No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation.

"Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation.

"The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give ample food for contemplation — for they tell of the sufferings of the Redeemer."

What She Meant.

THE young man was evidently honest in his intentions, but three years of constant courting had failed to overcome his excessive bashfulness. They were sitting in chairs at a respectable distance apart. Said the young man, having spent five minutes in search of a subject:

"How do you get along with your cooking?"

"Nicely," replied the young miss; "I'm improving wonderful. I can make splendid cake now."

"Can you?" said the young man in a pleased manner; "what kind do you like best?"

"I like one made with flour and sugar and citron and raisins and currants, and lots of those things, and beautiful frosting on top," responded the young miss.

"Why, that's wedding cake," exclaimed the young man, nervously.

"I meant wedding," said the young miss shyly.

They are married.

"Erin Go Bragh."

From Mr. Charles de Kay's "Irish Kings and Brehons," an illustrated article in the June Century, we quote as follows: War-cries, meant to keep the fighting men aware of the place of their own clan in battle, or when scattered in woods and hills, came down to the baronial period, and were used by the Anglo-Norman nobles out of consideration for their Gaelic retainers. The commonest shout was some name of famous place or famous man with the addition *aboo*, a word well fitted for the clamor of a band of fighters, being at once more musical and less wearying to the voice than our "hurrah." The Kildare retainers cried "*Crom aboo!*" in honor of Crom Castle, a citadel in Limerick county, originally a stronghold of the O'Donovans, which one of the intrusive Geraldine families named after the town of Kildare, occupied while turning Irish. The O'Neills cried out, "*Lawv dareg aboo!*" because the Lawv dareg or Red Hand was the badge of the family and clan. The O'Briens cried, "*Lawv Laider!*" or "*Laudir aboo!*" or "Stong Hand Aboo!" The translator of Geoffery Keating's "History of Ireland" suggests as the meaning of *aboo* the Irish word *booa*, victory; but analogy would point rather to *boa* (*beotha*), lively, awake, spirited; when *aboo* would be an exclamation like *alerte!* and *vive!* A parallel in Irish is the well-known *Erin go bra!* "Erin till judgment day!" where *go bra*, forever, implies the same idea of living which the word *beotha* actually contains, since the latter is the Keltic equivalent of Greek *bios*. "*Yabu!*" is the exclamation of Tartar horsemen when urging their steeds forward. While on this topic it may be interesting to note that this Irish word, or its Welsh equivalent *yu byw*, corrupted to *boo* and *boh*, is found in our colloquial expression, "He doesn't dare say boo to a goose;" in other words, he is too cowardly to sound his war-cry in the presence of the most peaceful of creatures.

The City of Drogheda.

Drogheda, near the mouth of the Boyne, is the capital of Louth. It is a very ancient and picturesque city, built on many hills, and is full of holy memories and historic associations. Twice in the seventeenth century it was the scene of some of "the bloodiest pictures in the book of time." Cromwell paid it a terrible visit. He massacred young and old; men, women, and children. Many defenceless people hurried with their children to the square or market-place, near St. Peter's Church, and were there murdered in cold blood by the terrible ruffian, who "liked the sport" of spearing the babes of Irish mothers whose husbands were fighting for their king. The "sport" was kept up by his soldiers until a hill, still shown, was covered with blood rushing down like a torrent. An attempt was made to call this "Cromwell's Hill," but the name is so execrated in Ireland that it could not be done. "The Curse of Cromwell" is the most terrible of Irish imprecations.

The Shamrock's History.

When King Lerry, surrounded by his lords, vassals, and Druids, was celebrating his birthday at Tara, the ancient capital of Ireland, it happened to be on the eve of Easter. The time had come when all the fires were to be extinguished, that, after a while, they might be relighted by the sacred torch consecrated to the heathen gods. In the interval of hallowed darkness suddenly there appeared a brilliant light at the top of the Slope of Chariots. The sparks and flames rose from the mysterious camp of profanation of the ancient faith of Tara. Who had dared to profane the sacred darkness by unholy fires? What bold blasphemer ventered to light the torch until the flame had been brought from the altar of the gods? The warriors grasped their arms and rushed up the hill to tear the infidel to pieces. They seized him and dragged him down to the hall of judgment; but all the while he kept reciting prayers to the unknown God; and when brought before the assembly of enraged idolators, St. Patrick, who for seven years had been Milcho's herdsman slave, stood forth, like the heroic Paul, and answered for himself. In his lonesome captivity St. Patrick had learned to love the Irish people, and with the burden of salvation he had traversed the great plains from the mouth of the Boyne to the Slope of the Chariots. He stood and preached to them all night — from the birth of the stars to the grand ascension of the sun. He spoke as never man had spoken in Tara. He told them the story of the Nazarene, of the Blessed Trinity — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — of Baptism, of the Eucharist, of all the sublime faith of the Church of Rome. Towards daylight the people began to believe, and fell into debate, one with another. The arch-Druid, the king, and two beautiful maidens were converted and baptized. The tumult increased; the true fires of heaven were blazing in the dark valley of paganism, and St. Patrick preached on until the day-dawn began to reveal the course of the Blackwater, the Boyne, and the hills of Cavan and the heights of Slane. But the people could not understand the strange doctrine of the Trinity — how three persons should constitute one God — and with daylight their hearts began to return to their idols. Suddenly the apostle caught up a sprig of shamrock, which had been holding up its triple-palms in the adoration of the one true God, and holding it forth, he showed the people that three leaves growing from a single stock constitute but one. Instantly the quick-witted people understood the mystery; they rushed upon the apostle and would have carried him on their shoulders, and from that hour the faith of Patrick was planted in the Irish heart, and that faith since has never failed.

Let us take no new untrodden paths in search of repose, but let us follow the old ones traced by Our Saviour and pursued by the Saints. These are no other than the paths of the Cross and mortification; otherwise we shall not find Jesus Christ. — *St. Teresa.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Auld Lang Syne.

IRISH GAELIC TRANSLATION.

I.

Ar chóir sean-cháirde leigean uainn
Gan cuimhniughadh 'rra go deo?
Ar chóir sean cháirde leigean uainn,
'S an t-am bhi ann fad ó,
Air son an am' fad ó, a ghradh,
Air son an am' fad ó,
A's ólfamuid deoch mhuinteardha
Air son an am' fad ó.

II.

Bhiodh mise 's tú baint neoininidh,
'S aig imirt d' oidhch' 's de ló;
Acht is iomdha cos a shiubhlamar,
O d'imthigh an t-am fad ó.
O d'imthigh an t-am fad ó, a ghradh, etc.

III.

O d'eirigh grian bhidhmís araon,
Ag siubhal 'san sruth le gleo,
Acht bhi tonnta treuna eadarainn,
O d'imthigh an t-am fad ó.
O d' imthigh an t-am fad ó, a ghradh, etc.

IV.

A's so mo lámh dhuit, chara dhil,
A's tabhair dham lámh go beo,
A's olfamuid aon ghloine mhaith
Air son an am' fad ó.
Air son an am' fad ó, a ghradh, etc.

EOGHAN O'GRAMHNA.

The Child and the Loaf.

WHEN the venerable B. Gerard was a child, he went into a church where there was an image of the Blessed Virgin. The infant Jesus left the arms of the Blessed Virgin, and came to Gerard, and gave him a beautiful loaf of white bread. His mother asked him where he got it. He answered that a child had given it to him. He went to this church many times, and each time the infant Jesus came and played with him, and gave another loaf. When he was seven years old he saw other people going up to the altar to receive Holy Communion. When he came to the altar the priest told him to go back. This made him very sorrowful. The next night the great Archangel Saint Michael came to him, and gave him Holy Communion. If God has a great love for children, he will take great care of them.

Fairy Tales.

II.—The House in the Lake.—Continued.

"I AM afraid I must make you smaller, Enda," said the queen, "or you will never be able to seat yourself at my fairy table."

And having said this, she touched Enda with the golden wand, and at once he became as small as her tallest page. Then she struck the steps of her throne, and all the nobles of her court, headed by her bards, took their places at the festive board.

The feast went on right merrily, and when the tiny jewelled drinking-cups were placed upon the table, the queen ordered the harpers to play.

And the little harpers struck the chords, and as Enda listened to the music it seemed to him as if he were being slowly lifted from his seat, and when the music ended the fairies vanished, the shining star went out, and Enda was in perfect darkness. The air blew keenly in his face, and he knew not where he was. At last he saw a faint, gray light, and soon this light grew broader and brighter, and as the shadows fled before it, he could hardly believe his eyes when he found himself in his curragh on the lake, and the moonlight streaming down from the mountain-tops.

For a moment he thought he must have been dreaming; but there in the boat before him were the crystal helmet, and the water-dress, and the gleaming spear, and the golden bowl of perfumed water that was to remove the spell of enchantment from the white swan of the lake, and sailing towards him from the sedgy bank came the snow-white swan; and when she touched the boat, Enda put out his hands and lifted her in, and then over her plumage he poured the perfumed water from the golden bowl, and the Princess Mave, in all her maiden beauty, stood before him.

"Take your oar, Enda," she said, "and row to the southern bank."

Enda seized his oar, and the curragh sped across the waters swifter than a swallow in its flight. When the boat touched the shore Enda jumped out, and lifted the princess on to the bank.

"Send your boat adrift, Enda," she said; "but first take out your shining spear; the water-dress and the crystal helmet will take care of themselves."

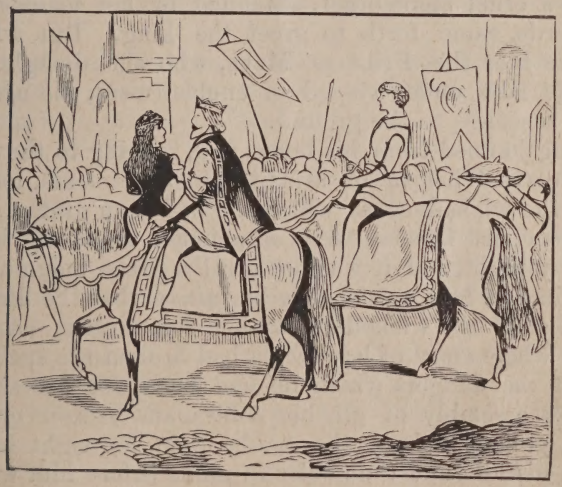
Enda took out the spear, and then pushed the boat from the bank. It sped on towards the hut in the middle of the lake; but before it had reached half-way six nymphs sprang up from the water and seizing the helmet and dress, sank with them beneath the tide, and the boat went on until it pushed its prow against the steps of the little hut, where it remained.

Then Enda and the princess turned towards the south, and it was not long until they came to a deep forest, that was folding up its

shadows and spreading out its mossy glades before the glancing footsteps of the morning. They had not gone far through the forest when they heard the music of hounds and the cries of huntsmen, and crashing towards them through the low branches they saw a fierce wild boar. Enda, gently pushing the princess behind him, levelled his spear and when the boar came close to him he drove it into his throat. The brute fell dead at his feet, and the dogs rushing up began to tear it to pieces. The princess fainted at the sight, and while Enda was endeavoring to restore her, the king of Erin, followed by his huntsmen, appeared, and when the king saw the princess he started in amazement, as he recognized the features of his daughter Mave.

At that moment the princess came to herself, and her father, lifting her tenderly in his arms, kissed her again and again.

"I have mourned you as dead, my darling," said he, "and now



The king, ordering Edna to mount one of them, lifted Mave on to his own, and mounted behind her.

you are restored to me more lovely than ever. I would gladly have given up my throne for this. But say, who is the champion who has brought you hither, and who has slain the wild boar we have hunted so many years in vain?"

The princess blushed like a rose as she said:

"His name is Enda, father; it is he has brought me back to you."

Then the king embraced Enda and said:

"Forgive me, Enda, for asking any questions about you before you have shared the hospitality of my court. My palace lies beyond the forest, and we shall reach it soon."

Then the king ordered his huntsman to sound the bugle-horn, and all his nobles galloped up in answer to it, and when they saw the Princess Mave they were so dazzled by her beauty that they scarcely gave a thought to the death of the wild boar.

"It is my daughter, Mave, come back to me," said the king.

And all the nobles lowered their lances, and bowed in homage to the lady.

"And there stands the champion who has brought her home," said the king, pointing to Enda.

The nobles looked at Enda, and bowed courteously; but in their hearts they were jealous of the champion, for they saw he was already a favorite of the king's.

Then the pages came up, leading milk-white steeds, with golden bridles, and the king, ordering Enda to mount one of them, lifted Mave on to his own, and mounted behind her. The pages, carrying the boar's head on a hollow shield, preceded by the huntsmen sounding their horns, set out towards the palace, and the royal party followed them.

As the procession approached the palace crowds came rushing out to see the trophies of the chase, and through the snow-white door the queen, Mave's cruel stepmother, attended by her maids-of-honor and the royal bards, came forth to greet the king. But when she saw seated before him the Princess Mave, who she thought was at the bottom of the lake under a spell of enchantment, she uttered a loud cry, and fell senseless to the ground.

The king jumped from his horse, and, rushing to the queen, lifted her up and carried her in his arms to her apartments, for he had no suspicion of the wickedness of which she had been guilty.

And the court Leeches were summoned to attend her; but she died that very night, and it was not until a green mound, worthy of a queen of Erin, had been raised over her grave, that the Princess Mave told her father of the wickedness of her stepmother. And when she told him the whole story of how Enda had broken the spell of enchantment, and of the dangers which he had faced for her sake, the king summoned an assembly of all his nobles, and seated on his throne, wearing his golden helmet, the bards upon his right hand and the Druids upon his left, and the nobles in ranks before him with gleaming helmets and flashing spears, he told them the story of the princess, and of the service which Enda had rendered to her.

"And now," said the king, "if the princess is willing to take her deliverer for her husband, I am willing that she shall be his bride; and if you, my subjects, Bards, and Druids and Nobles and Chiefs of Erin, have anything to say against this union, speak. But first, Mave," said the king, as he drew the blushing princess to him, "speak, darling, as becomes the daughter of a king — speak in the presence of the nobles of Erin, and say if it is your wish to become Enda's bride."

The princess flung her white arms around her father's neck as she murmured:

"Father, it was Enda brought me back to you, and before all the princes and nobles of Erin I am willing to be his bride."

And she buried her head upon the king's breast, and as he stroked her silken hair falling to her feet, the bards struck their golden harps; but the sound of the joyous music could hardly drown the murmurs of the jealous nobles.

When the music ceased the king beckoned Enda to him, and was about to place his hand in Mave's, when a Druid, whose white beard almost touched the ground, and who had been a favorite of the dead stepmother, and hated Mave for her sake, stepped forward and said:

"O King of Erin, never yet has the daughter of a king been freely given in marriage to any save a battle champion; and that stripling there has never struck his spear against a warrior's shield."

A murmur of approbation rose from the jealous princes, and Congal, the bravest of them all, stepped out from the ranks, and said:

"The Druid speaks the truth, O king! That stripling has never faced a battle champion yet, and, speaking for all the nobles of your land, I challenge him to fight any one of us; and as he is young and unused to arms, we are willing that the youngest and least experienced amongst us should be set against him."

When Congal had spoken, the nobles, in approval of his words, struck their shields with their swords, and the brazen sound ascended to the skies.

The face of the princess, blushing a moment before like a rose, became as white as a lily; but the color returned to her cheeks when she heard Enda's voice ringing loud and clear.

"It is true, O king!" said he, "that I have never used my spear in battle yet. The Prince Congal has challenged me to meet the youngest and least experienced of the chiefs of Erin. I have risked my life already for your daughter's sake. I would face death a thousand times for the chance of winning her for my bride; but I would scorn to claim her hand if I dared not meet the boldest battle champion of the nobles of Erin, and here before you, O king, and bards, druids, and nobles, and chiefs of Erin, and here, in the presence of the Lady Mave, I challenge the boldest of them all."

The king's eyes flashed with joy as he listened to the brave words of Enda.

"It is well," said the king; "the contest shall take place to-morrow on the lawn outside our palace gates; but before our assembly dissolves I call on you, nobles and chiefs of Erin, to name your boldest champion."

Loud cries of "Congal! Congal!" answered the king's speech.

"Are you willing, Congal?" asked the king.

"Willing, O king!" answered Congal.

"It is well," said the king. "We shall all meet again to-night in our banquet-hall."

And the king, with the princess Mave on his arm, attended by his bards and druids, entered the palace, and the chiefs and nobles went their several ways.

At the feast that night the princess sat beside the king, and Enda beside the princess, and the bards and druids, nobles and chiefs, took their places in due order. And the bards sang songs of love and battle, and never merrier hours were spent than those which passed away that night in the banquet-hall of Erin's king.

When the feast was over Enda retired to his apartment to spend

the night dreaming of the Princess Mave, and Congal went to his quarters; but not to sleep or dream, for the druid who had provoked the contest came to him bringing his golden wand, and all night long the druid was weaving spells to charm the shield and spear and helmet of Congal, to make them invulnerable in the battle of the morrow.

But while Enda lay dreaming of the Princess Mave, the little fairy woman who gave him the water-dress and crystal helmet and shining spear on the banks of the Boyne, slid into his room, and she placed beside his couch a silver helmet and a silver shield. And she rubbed the helmet, and the shield, and the blue blade and haft of his spear with the juice of the red rowan berries, and she let a drop fall upon his face and hands, and then she slid out as silently as she came.

When the morning broke, Enda sprang from his couch, and he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the silver shield and helmet. At the sight of them he longed for the hour of battle, and he watched with eager gaze the sun climbing the sky; and, after hours of suspense, he heard the trumpet's sound and the clangor of the hollow shields, struck by the hard-pointed spears.

Putting on the helmet, and fastening the shield upon his left arm, and taking the spear in his right hand, he stepped out bravely to the fight. The edge of the lawn before the palace gates was ringed by the princes, nobles, and chiefs of Erin. And the palace walls were thronged by all the beauties of the Court and all the noble ladies of the land. And on his throne, surrounded by his druids, his brehons, and his bards, was the king of Erin, and at his feet sat the lovely Lady Mave.

As Enda stepped out upon the lawn, he saw Congal advancing from the ranks of the nobles, and the two champions approached each other until they met right in front of the throne.

They both turned towards the throne, and bowed to the king and the Princess Mave; and then facing each other again, they retired a pace, and when their spears were poised, ready for battle, the king gave the signal, which was answered by the clang of stricken shields, and Congal and Enda launched their gleaming spears. They flashed like lightning in the sunlit air, and in a second Congal's had broken against Enda's shield; but Enda's, piercing Congal's helmet, hurled him senseless on the plain.

The nobles and chiefs could hardly realize that in that single second their boldest champion was overthrown; but when they saw him stretched motionless on the grassy sward, from out their ranks six warriors advanced to where the chieftain lay, and sadly they bore him away upon their battle-shields, and Enda remained victor upon the field.

And then the king's voice rang out clear as the sound of a trumpet in the still morning:

"Bards and brehons, princes and nobles, and chiefs of Erin, Enda has proved himself a battle champion, and who amongst you now will dare gainsay his right to claim my daughter for his bride?"

And no answer came.

But when he summoned Enda to his throne and placed the lady's hand in his, a cheer arose from the great assembly, that proved that jealousy was extinguished in all hearts, and that all believed that Enda was worthy of the winsome bride; and never since that day, although a thousand years have passed, was there in all the world a brighter and a gayer wedding than the wedding of Enda and the Princess Mave. EDMUND LEAMY, M. P.

Boys and Girls.

DON'T be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken; and if you permit yourself to be so very positive in your mistakes a good many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. Never make a positive statement unless you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, or if there is room for, any remove the possibility by examination before speaking, or speak cautiously. Don't be too certain. "John, where is the hammer?" — "It is in the corn-crib." — "No, it is not there; I have just been looking there." — "Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago." — "If you saw it there, it must be there, of course; but suppose you go and fetch it." John goes to the corn-crib, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was the axe I saw; the handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure; I thought it was the hammer." — "But you said positively that you did see the hammer, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about a small matter, unless you are quite sure, for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too sure."

A Woman Explorer.

MRS. SHELDON, the lady whose approaching trip to Central Africa is beginning to be talked of, lives in London where she is well known. She expects to be in Africa for three months. The London correspondent of the Liverpool Post says that she goes straight to Zanzibar, and thence to Moambosa, where the real toil of the travel commences. She will be the only white woman in the party, though she intends to engage the services of several black women. Under Mr. Stanley's advice she will recruit an escort of twenty armed men. Her goal is Mount Kilima Njaro, some two hundred and fifty miles from the coast, in a country where no white woman has ever yet been seen. The object of Mrs. Sheldon's journey is to study the ways and customs, the legends and folk-lore, of the natives, and she will, of course, write a book. Mr. Stanley takes great personal interest in the expedition, and has furnished Mrs. Sheldon with a number of letters that will be of use to her in carrying it out. She is an American.

Long-Lived People.

When the French Ministry, some twenty-five years ago, issued a circular to all its prefects making inquiries as to the conditions most favorable to longevity, all the reports agreed in naming a well-to-do condition of life as most important, if not quite indispensable. It should also be born in mind that the most wonderful cases of longevity are almost invariably reported from countries where verification of the asserted facts is impossible. For instance, the Lancet some time ago quoted the case of an old man of Bogota, San Salvador, who "confessed to being one hundred and eighty years old, though his neighbors believed him to be much more."

With no possible check from authentic records, his kindly neighbors might well have given him an additional century with impunity. Something of this kind doubtless happened in the case of an old native of Bengal, who was reported by Dr. C. W. De Lacy as having attained the antediluvian age of three hundred and seventy. Dr. De Lacy reports several cases as to which we recommend a due degree of doubt. A certain Thomas Whittington, who died in 1804, at the reputed age of one hundred and four, never drank, we are seriously told, any liquor but gin, but of that fiery compound he consumed from a pint to a pint and a half daily. This is probably more than any of the doctor's readers will find it easy to swallow. — *All the Year Round.*

Beware of Dogs.

The horrible laceration at Danbury, Conn., of a little six-year-old girl by a bull-dog, while on her way to school, gives occasion once more for indignant protest against the condition of the dog laws in most, if not all, the states of the union. What took place the day before yesterday in Connecticut may take place any day in Massachusetts. More than once in this state the flesh of children, as well as of men and women, has been torn by the teeth of ferocious canine brutes, when the victims were so truly about their proper business as was the Danbury child. It is high time for efficient means to be adopted which shall, in this respect, afford citizens and their families the protection which is the inalienable right of every human being. This protection need not interfere, in the slightest degree, with the rights of dog owners and the lovers of that animal, the best specimens of which are well entitled to be called "noble." The true friend of man's most affectionate dumb companion ought to be, and we take it for granted would be, foremost in support of any well-considered measure designed to remove what is now an intolerable evil. There ought to be vested authority which can and must refuse a license for any dog known to be, on account of his ferocity, a menace to the lives and limbs of the public. Eminent lawyers in this city are quoted as declaring that, in the present state of the law, while a man whose goose has been killed by his neighbor's dog can, on the fact being proved, obtain in every case compensation from the public treasury, if not from an individual, the man whose flesh has been stripped to the bone by that same dog may, though the facts are proved, be unable to recover a single dollar for damages.

School in Mason City, Iowa.

THE Sisters of St. Francis have opened a school in the above city, and on a recent Sunday Father M. Carolan spoke to his congregation about the Sisters and Catholic Schools in the following words:

The Sisters, the spouses of Christ, have come amongst us. There was a time not long ago when some of you who are here present never expected the arrival of the day that you would kneel in adoration before this altar with Sisters whose lives and virginity are consecrated to the King who is eternal. We have reason to rejoice, to be glad, to sing a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for this remarkable epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in Mason City. The Sisters have come amongst us not as hypocrites or pharisees, teaching one thing and practising another, but as ladies of culture and refinement, schooled in the odor of sanctity, and living witnesses that the purity of the gospel of Jesus can be practised to-day with as little difficulty as it was when the Church of God was an assemblage of Saints. They have come amongst us not as strangers, for there is no Mason and Dixon's Line in the Catholic Church, and I am sure they feel at home when daily adoring their God in the Holy Sacrifice which Malachi, the prophet, foretold five hundred years before the coming of Christ, was to be offered up in every country and in every clime from the rising to the setting sun. They have not come amongst us to seek the applause of the world or the eulogy of the press. No, my brethren, poverty, chastity, obedience are the distinguishing characteristics that adorn their holy lives, and to these virtues the world, dissolute as it is, is bound to pay homage. You will be told by those "who are tossed to and fro," as St. Paul says, "by every kind of doctrine, who are unworthy to loose the latchets of their shoes, that these Sisters have come to Mason City to oppose the public schools, to teach Romanism, superstition, and keep the rising generation in ignorance. Their intelligence and refinement are living contradictions of those false assertions. That building which you, with your limited means, have erected is also a manifest contradiction of their charges, and will stand as a monument of your faith and generosity to which your children will point with pride when you and I are numbered with the dead. The Sisters have not come here to antagonize the public schools, but to impart to your children a moral and secular training; for a system of education from which the name of God is eliminated produces a generation of civilized pagans — not so honest as the pagans of old — and defiles the image of God which is the immortal soul. Our schools are not an institution in which religion alone will be taught; your children will receive here a secular training equal, if not superior, to the public schools, and to that training will be added moral culture which is necessary to equip them for the paths of life and qualify them for the citizenship of heaven. With the acquisition of secular knowledge the Sister will imprint on their hearts the truth taught by Jesus Christ, and for which your forefathers died in the isle of Saints beyond the sea.

Woe to me, woe to you, parents, if we do not assist the Sisters in imparting that knowledge to the rising generation. Your children of to-day in twelve or fifteen years hence will be the Church of God in America. And if we do not our duty to the little ones — "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," says our Blessed Lord, "and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven," — who are the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ and heirs of Heaven, it was better for me that I had never been ordained a priest; it was better for me and better for you that we were never born, for the blood of Jesus would be shed for us in vain. "He that neglects the care of his own," says St. Paul, "especially those of his own household, denies the faith and is worse than an infidel." We have here in America, the land of Columbus the Catholic, we have here the most fertile field in the Church of God. We are not coerced by penal enactments, nor hampered by the tyranny of kings or despotism of emperors. We have a constitutional guarantee that Congress cannot establish any form of religion nor prevent the free exercise thereof. We have a fair field and want no favor. Our mission is to Catholicize and Christianize America. The sects are torn into shreds, believing one thing to-day and another to-morrow. America has nothing to fear from us Catholics. The valor of Catholic soldiers and self-sacrificing Sisters has shone like meteors in the midnight air over every battle-field from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico.

The history of America cannot furnish the name of a Catholic traitor from John Barry, the Wexford boy and founder of the American navy to Phil Sheridan, the hero of Winchester. The American people need not be alarmed at the increase of Catholic schools. The constitution of America has been signed by Catholic hands and sealed by Catholic blood. I myself, priest that I am, have joyfully renounced, as millions of Irishmen have done, all allegiance to England, and have sworn fidelity to the American flag, and next to the duty I owe to my God, comes the duty I owe to the stars and stripes, whose folds in stained glass adorn the tower of your school. Our mission, I repeat, is to Christianize America. We have "hung our banner on the outer wall." We have nailed our colors to the topmost mast. We have more than twelve millions of united Catholics in America to-day who are governed and guided by a hierarchy, the most learned and holy in the Church of God. In a few years there will be a Catholic school in every parish taught by Catholic Sisters of high order of talents. In ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence your children of to-day will constitute the Church of Christ in America. Then God will look down from His eternal throne on a country and a people the fairest that have ever adorned His footstool. Be kind to the Sisters, who for the cause of God, for their own immortal souls and the souls of your children, bade adieu to their own mothers, some of whom, I suppose, are lying in their cold and silent graves. They bade farewell to their homes, friends, and associations, left all things and bound themselves by solemn vows to imitate the virtue of Mary, the Mother of God, and walk in the footsteps of her divine Son, in order to be united with the Virgins

whom St. John saw "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." I now thank the ladies of the congregation for their kindness and generosity in furnishing the Sisters' house, and assure you that the more you become acquainted with them, the more exalted will be your idea of culture and refinement which, combined with humility and sanctity, make the Sisterhood of to-day the brightest ornament in the Church of God.

A Warning to Girls.

A LITTLE GIRL in Washington died recently from over exertion in jumping the rope. She had "kept up" eighty times; that night she died. Jumping the rope is a harmless amusement for little girls, if not carried too far; but it is always liable to the danger of over exertion, for an emulation or rivalry is aroused, and the thoughtless little folks try to tire each other down; and though it is very rare that this imprudence terminates so sadly as in the case of Nettie Williams, still there is no doubt that serious injuries sometimes result. A rhythmic jolting up and down is the severest strain that can be brought to bear on anything. Ice that will bear twenty boys who stand still may be broken by one who springs up and down in rhythmic and measured time. The trotting of a single horse across a bridge is a severer strain than ten times the dead weight of the horse and wagon. It is because rhythmic motion strikes a series of blows. It must be remembered that some of the internal organs are suspended in positions by very delicate and fragile membranes. Sudden and violent jolts or shocks sometimes tear these membranes with most deplorable consequences. But a regularly recurring vertical motion like skipping the rope may bring upon them a strain as severe as a very violent single shock or strain. The effect may not at once be apparent; but the child may never have its health again. We should be sorry to think, however, that the natural romps and games of little girls could be attended with danger. Animal spirits and the love of running and leaping were given to insure that they might be induced to take sufficient exercise to secure physical development. The prettiest sight in all the world is a group of little girls at play. Yet great care should be taken that their games should be healthful in their motions.

Stop and Think.

YOUNG man, before you quit the total abstinence society, stop and think. Has not total abstinence been money in your pocket? Has it not meant health of body and clearness of mind for you? Has it not given you character and standing in the community, and made you, while more respected abroad, more beloved at home? Has it not called forth greater confidence on the part of your employers? Has it not made work easier, and helped you to accomplish better results in it? In fine, has it not been the level by which your life has been kept true to the lines of square and honorable dealing? Why throw it away? Has it not been the ladder by which you have surely risen?

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To help to defeat the Church in her provisions for the eternal welfare of the child, some Catholic parents join in with the natural enemies of the Church and force their children to attend schools where it is against state law for children to be taught the knowledge of God, and where they are practically instructed to ignore God.

THE reason why some Catholics take sides against the Church in this most important matter is because they think that it is of more importance to have a child trained in the knowledge of earthly affairs than in the knowledge of heavenly matters. They believe that education in religion is but a secondary affair, and that after children have learned how to make a living, or shine in society, they can manage to pick up, almost anywhere, and with little effort, as much knowledge about God as they will need. These Catholic parents in name have come to this conclusion from seeing the worldly success of those people who do not give religion even a thought.

IT would be better for the Catholic Church if this kind of parents were cut off from her body. They do the Church more harm than good. For to be good Catholics, and to be of benefit to the Church, all her members must be obedient to her; they must do what she commands them to do. They have not the license of the followers of Martin Luther to make a new religion every time they feel like doing so. The good Catholic parents will always obey the Church, and at her command will keep their children out of schools which have been denounced as dangerous and injurious by the Church for their irreligion.

WHATEVER Catholic children there are in the public schools, today, in this country, in spite of the command of the Catholic Church to them not to attend such schools, may be, with few exceptions, classed as the relatives and friends of the Catholic teachers employed in such schools, or the children of Catholic parents who are so ignorant of their religion, either from being brought up in the public schools, or from other causes, that they will hardly be held accountable by Almighty God for their opposition to the law of the Church.

PRESIDENT MORRILL says that the public school system is "twenty-five centuries behind the proper wisdom of the times." That's a "hard saying," and the President will have to expect that few of the alumni and alumnæ of the public schools, as they are beginning to call themselves, will put much faith in his saying. President Morrill sees that the fake business and know-all college trick is being worked on the American people by the paid superintendents, *et als*, and objects to the imposition. What can he do outside of a printed protest? Nothing. He has no public to tax for money to carry out his ideas, and besides that it takes a Barnum in educational matters to be successful in humbugging the American people into an ecstasy over true education.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Williams

WAS a notable event in the history of the Church in Boston. The bishops of the province presented the Archbishop with a fine bronze bust of himself, the work of the well-known Boston sculptor, Mr. Samuel Kitson. The priests of the Archdiocese presented the Archbishop with an address and a purse. The Catholic Union gave a reception to the Archbishop at Boston College Hall, Thursday evening, March 12, the Rev. E. I. Devitt, S. J., having kindly placed the hall at the disposal of the Union for the reception; addresses, music by a group of prominent artists and full orchestra, and a poem was included in the programme. It is stated that Archbishop Williams' request for a Coadjutor Bishop has been granted by Rome, and that at the council held at the Archbishop's residence on Monday, Feb. 16, these names, as of men suitable for the office, were chosen and were duly forwarded to the Pope: the Rev. John Brady, rector of St. John's Church, Amesbury; the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence, R. I.; and the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., of the Archdiocese of Boston.

THE Newfoundland Legislature, on the 13th inst., passed resolutions in favor of annexation to the United States.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, of the U. S. Navy, died suddenly at Washington, D. C., on Feb. 13, aged seventy-eight years.

MESSRS. O'BRIEN and DILLON surrendered to the English Government on Feb. 13, and were lodged in Clonmel jail. They were afterwards transferred to Galway.

GENERAL SHERMAN used to tell that while travelling in Ireland he was once serenaded by a local band in Cork. To his surprise and delight the musicians played "Marching Through Georgia." He inquired where they had heard the tune, and was further surprised to hear that it was a very old Irish air, the origin of which was lost in antiquity.

Subscribers Changing Address.

SUBSCRIBERS to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE changing their address will kindly have notice of same (giving both the OLD and NEW address) reach us before the tenth of the month preceding issue, in order that the next number may reach the NEW ADDRESS on time.

We hope subscribers will kindly follow the above instructions, and thereby save themselves much annoyance from delay, and save us the frequent expense of mailing TWO copies — one to the old and one to the new address. Subscription terms per year, $2 in advance, six months $1, two copies per year $3. Postage free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

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Standing Bareheaded at Funerals.

THE London Lancet deprecates the practice of remaining bareheaded at funerals. It commends the propriety of cutting short the burial services in cold and inclement weather, and suggests that the hats should be kept on the heads of those in attendance. These suggestions should certainly be approved of, for a funeral ceremony, as at present carried on, involves much risk of contracting grave inflammation of the respiratory organs.

PILOT FAMINE RELIEF FUND.

Archbishop Williams	$100 00
Pilot Publishing Company	100 00
M. M. Cunniff, Boston	200 00
T. B. Fitz, Boston	100 00
P. B. Stone, Boston	20 00
A Friend, Boston	10 00
C. F., Boston	5 00
Patrick Breen, Charlestown	5 00
Edward Kelly, Boston	2 00
A Friend, Boston	50
Andrew Miles, Omaha, Neb.	5 00
Mrs. W. McC., Woonsocket, R. I.	1 00
C. A. M., Woonsocket, R. I.	1 00
John R. Alley, Boston	$100 00
A Friend of the Poor Orphans	100 00
Thos. Kelly & Co., Boston	100 00
A. Shuman & Co., Boston	50 00
P. H. Powers, Boston	25 00
Robert L. Reilly, Buckland, Va.	10 00
Thos. Wynne, Platteville, Ill.	10 00
John Collins, Detroit, Mich.	10 00
John H. Roche, Eastport, Me.	5 00
A Friend	5 00
A Friend, Boston	5 00
A Reverend Friend	5 00
Ellen C. Hinton, Petersburg, Va.	5 00
Rev. Jas. McKenna, Beverly, N. J.	5 00
A Sympathizer, Brookline	5 00
A Friend	5 00
Jas. M. Cavanagh, Warren, Mass.	2 00
A Sympathizer, Newport, R. I.,	2 00
Michael Dundon, East Boston	1 00
A Working Girl, Holyoke, Mass.	1 00
A Friend, Central Falls, R. I.	1 00
Thos. Murray, Boston	1 00
A Friend	1 00
Total,	$1003 50

Pilot Already Distributing the Money.

So urgent is the distress in the West and a portion of the North of Ireland, and so pressing the appeals that have been reaching this office, that The Pilot has already begun distributing the money which is coming in in answers to its request.

Mr. Donahoe sent, last week, one hundred dollars to each of the bishops whose names are appended, believing that none could better know the necessities of the people, or more kindly and impartially distribute the relief.

Most Rev. John McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, County Galway.

Rt. Rev. Patrick Duggan, D.D., Bishop of Clonfert, Loughrea, County Galway.

Rt. Rev. John Lyster, D.D., Bishop of Achonry, County Sligo.

Rt. Rev. Lawrence Gillooly, D.D., Bishop of Elphin, Sligo.

Rt. Rev. Francis J. McCormick, D.D., Bishop of Galway.

Rt. Rev. Hugh Conway, D.D., Bishop of Killala, County Mayo.

Rt. Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, D.D., Bishop of Raphoe, Letterkenny, County Donegal.

Sister M. Austine, Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Tuam, twenty-five dollars.

Sister M. J. Dowdall, Convent of Mercy, Claremorris, twenty-five dollars.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ., Editor and Proprietor, The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

Dear Sir, — I am in receipt of a circular issued by The Pilot, calling for aid for the suffering poor of Ireland from the famine, and take pleasure in handing you my cheque herewith for fifty dollars in aid of this worthy cause. Your appeal ought to have a wide-spread and generous response from all classes who cannot help but realize the worthiness of the movement, and the deplorable fact of destitution and misery as set forth in your able article on the subject. Every one regrets that Ireland, with her great national resources, her fertile lands, and all her facilities for manufacturing, should be placed in a position where she needs assistance from other nations, and I trust that the fund will soon make a most substantial and creditable showing. Wishing you every success in the noble undertaking, I remain sincerely yours,

A. SHUMAN.

RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE, rector of the Catholic university, has issued a circular explaining the needs of that institution and proposing a method whereby Catholics may speedily further the good work. Two associations are to be formed. The Divinity Fund Association is to consist of one hundred priests, who promise to contribute one hundred dollars annually for ten years or during life. The University Fund Association is to consist of one hundred members of the laity, either ladies or gentlemen, who make the same promise. The divinity fund will be expended in the equipment and support of professorships, and in the increase of the library in the divinity school. The university fund will be used to establish a faculty of philosophy, letters, and sciences intended for the higher education of lay students. Annual meetings of these associations will be held, and annual reports given of the receipts and disbursement of the funds.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Dunne, Archbishop of Brisbane, is on a visit to Ireland.

SISTER MARY PAULINE MILLARD, one of the foundresses of the Convent of the Visitation in Baltimore, who died recently, was once a Washington schoolgirl, and received her diploma upon her graduation, from the hand of no less a personage than President John Quincy Adams.

Death of General Sherman.

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN died at 1.50 P. M. Saturday, Feb. 14, at his residence Seventy-First street, New York City. His illness had been a little more than a week's duration. He caught cold on the night of Feb. 4, attending the performance of "Poor Jonathan," at the Casino. Three days later, facial erysipelas, accompanied by fever, showed itself, and the family physician, Dr. Alexander, was summoned. The ordinary treatment did not check the alarmingly rapid progress of the disease, and Dr. Alexander called in Dr. Janeway as consulting physician. On Monday, Feb. 9, General Sherman was so ill that Senator John Sherman, his brother, and his daughters, Mrs. Thackara and Mrs. Fitch, were summoned. The other children, except the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., were at home. Father Sherman was at the Jesuit Seminary, in the Isle of Jersey. Thither a cable despatch was sent him; and he sailed for New York from Queenstown, Feb. 12, per steamer Majestic, and arrived in time to be present at the funeral.

Rev. Father Matthew A. Taylor, pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Tenth avenue, arrived in time to administer the last sacraments.

At a little after one o'clock Saturday, Feb. 14, the hero of Atlanta and the famous march of the Union Army "to the sea," breathed his last in the presence of all his family except his favorite son, Father Tom Sherman, of the Jesuit Order. The melancholy death of the general cast gloom over the whole of the country. Never was there such heartfelt sorrow.

We need hardly more than outline General Sherman's war career. At Bull Run he covered the retreat of the Federal Army with "the Irish Sixty-ninth," the only command which he found preserving even the semblance of form. For his action there he was made a Brigadier of Volunteers. He urged Lincoln to call out two hundred and fifty thousand men but was only snubbed for his pains, it being generally believed at the time that it was only a question of a few months when the war would be finished. He next shone out at Shiloh when Grant gave him full credit, then at Memphis, and next at Vicksburg, becoming then a Brigadier-General in the regular army. For his action at Chattanooga he was made Lieutenant General and succeeded Grant as Commander of the Division of the Mississippi. He then stormed and burned Atlanta, cut off Lee from his base of supplies in Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, and was back with Grant in time to receive the surrender of Johnson's army at Richmond. He was Grant's successor as head of the army, and retired in February, 1881, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan being the only men who have ever held the title of General-in-Chief of the Army, it being abolished on the death of Sheridan.

The funeral took place on Thursday. Father Tom Sherman, whose name was the last ever uttered by the old soldier, arriving from Europe in time for it Thursday. The day was a legal holiday in New York, and by act of Congress every honor, civil and military, was showered upon the remains as they passed to their last resting-place in St. Louis.

Firmly opposed to display, General Sherman determined, when he died, that he would be buried by the side of his wife in St. Louis, and a friend of the family says that he not only settled this point, but determined the style of monument he wished erected over his remains, and fixed its cost.

The procession was nearly two hours in passing a given point, and the head had nearly reached the cemetery gates when the rear guard was falling into line. Father Thomas E. Sherman retired to the shelter of an adjacent tomb, just within the circle of blue-coated soldiers who held the crowd in check. He hurriedly donned his priestly vestments, and breviary in hand, returned to the head of the grave, where the other members of the family were gathered in a semi-circle. When the bearers placed the casket on the supports above the grave, the bugles blew a solemn call, and the band played the first few bars of Pleyel's hymn. As the sound died away Father

Sherman removed his hat, and, opening his book, began the service of the Catholic Church over the remains of his distinguished father. The relatives and friends of the family, and the guests, gathered in a close group about the grave. As the services progressed many about the grave were visibly affected, and when the flags surrounding the casket were removed, the sound of low sobbing was heard. At three o'clock the closing of the grave was completed, and the bugles of the Seventh Cavalry sounded "taps — lights out."

Volleys were fired over the grave by the Thirteenth Infantry, immediately followed by three salvos by the artillery, which was stationed some distance to the east. Wreaths and branches of evergreens were then placed upon the grave by loving hands. The funeral party, and the troops, returned to the station, and the many thousands of citizens who were present dispersed to their homes. Thus was laid to rest all that remained of General William Tecumseh Sherman.

The special funeral train which carried the body of General Sherman to St. Louis for burial, returned to New York on the 23d, bearing the family of the dead general and the military officers who accompanied the body. One of the first acts of the family on their return was to express in the following letter to the public the appreciation of the honors paid to their beloved dead and the nation's hero. The letter was signed by Father T. E. Sherman. It read as follows: —

It is fitting that some public acknowledgment should be made by the family of General Sherman of the very many heartfelt tokens of sympathy which they have received in their bereavement. We can only say that such universal, and such evidently profound sorrow, manifested as it has been in a thousand ways, sustains and comforts us in our desolation. For the entire nation by its generous expression of condolence has lightened the burden of our grief and helped us to bear our irreparable loss. The friends of the family are asked to accept this slight token of our grateful appreciation in lieu of any more direct personal communications, which, while it would be more gratifying to us, we have not now the strength or courage to offer to each and all. In behalf of the family. T. E. SHERMAN.

General Sherman's family is as follows: Rev. T. E. Sherman, a Jesuit priest; P. T. Sherman, a member of the law firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman; Mrs. H. M. Thackara, of Rosemount, Pa.; Mrs. T. W. Fitch, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Elizabeth and Miss Rachel Sherman. Senator Sherman is his brother.

ADMIRAL DAVID DIXON PORTER, whose remains were interred last week with befitting honors, in the National Cemetery at Arlington, near the final resting place of his comrade-at-arms, the immortal Philip H. Sheridan, bore a name that was illustrious in the naval annals of the country. Five generations of the Porters gallantly fought for their country on the high seas, and in the brilliant career of the late Admiral the family reputation was nobly sustained.

THE Dominicans, it is announced, have purchased near the Catholic University at Washington a site upon which they will erect a house of studies for members of their order.

REV. J. J. CROWLEY, who was lately released from the Cork jail, after being detained there seven months under the provisions of the coercion act, has been promoted from the curacy of Goleen to the chaplaincy of the convent of St. Marie, Cork.

REV. THOMAS O'GORMAN, for several years superior of St. Thomas Aquinas Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., has just been honored by the Pope, who conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. O'Gorman, who is a Bostonian by birth, was lately chosen to fill the chair of ecclesiastical history at the Catholic university.

"THERE was an annoying hitch in the great ocean scene in my play last night," said Bronson Hoyt, with a sad smile. "When the hero jumped off the raft to save the heroine he got off in the wrong place, and one of the waves kicked him in the stomach. It seemed to knock all the sense out of him, for he got right up and walked ashore." — "What did the heroine do?" — "She sat on a wave and laughed."

INTENTION TO ST. JOSEPH. — Have you a friend, or a child, or a parent, who is careless of his duty, away from his God — or one whose salvation is in danger? Follow the pious custom, in vogue, in some religious communities, of putting in an intention for him, during the month of St Joseph (March). Mark it, "Intention to St. Joseph for one in danger of losing his soul." Such intentions have often been answered by an extraordinary grace of conversion.

MARCH is the month of St. Joseph. March 19th is the Feast of St. Joseph, patron of the Universal Church. It is a day of great devotion. All should make an effort to hear Mass, and thus testify to the love which all good Catholics should have for this saintly patriarch under whose care the Infant Jesus and our Blessed Mother Mary were placed.

BROTHER AZARIAS lectured in the school of pedagogy of the University of New York on the 21st ult. on the different methods of teaching which were in use from 1581 to 1681. The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, commenting upon this fact, said: "This is a signal honor, as he is the first Catholic professor who has been invited as such to lecture within the granite walls of the imposing structure facing Washington square."

JUDGE DIXON recently decided against the city of Passaic, N. J., whose commissioners attempted to collect taxes from St. Nicholas parochial school.

NINETY-TWO priests of the city of New York, including the vicar-general of the diocese, have presented a petition to the State Senate in opposition to the Stadler bill, which legalizes the sale of liquor after midnight.

MOTHER GERTRUDE MALLOY, for the past twenty-five years superioress of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, West Columbus, O., has been appointed a mother provincial, with jurisdiction over the houses of the order in the dioceses in Philadelphia and Harrisburgh, Pa.

BOSTON Daily Globe: What is the good of annexing Canada to the United States when all the best Canadians emigrate to this country anyway? We are annexing Canada by piecemeal every day. Our northern neighbor is coming to us on the instalment plan.

Stay at Home, Gentlemen.

THE Pilot: The warring factions in Ireland will make a serious mistake if either or both send delegations to America at present to canvas for funds. The charitably disposed people of this country are ready and willing to contribute generously for the relief of the distressed, and they are doing so already, through the joint committee of Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite Members of Parliament, and through the funds opened by The Pilot and other agencies for transmission to the bishops of the afflicted districts. The collection of money for the destitute is thus abundantly provided for. If the contemplated delegations expect to gather contributions for political purposes, they will be sadly disappointed. The friends of Ireland in America will not furnish the sinews of civil war, and thus help to keep alive the feuds which are to-day the chief obstacle in the path of Home Rule.

The Pope's Golden Rose.

IT is stated that Archbishop Galimberti, Papal Nuncio at Vienna, has notified the Austrian Court that the Pope will send the Golden Rose to the Empress of Austria. The Pope's Golden Rose has not been presented for two or three years. The last person who received it in Europe was the Queen Regent of Spain. Miss Caldwell is the only American to whom this honor has been done by the Papacy. The Golden Rose is well worth having, if only as a work of art. It is made by a firm of jewellers in Rome, who have had the privilege of making it for many generations. It has several flowers, a thorny branch and leaves, the one principal flower at the top being of pure gold. The practice of presenting it seems to have arisen in the thirteenth century; but it is not known which Pope instituted it.

Fr. Craft Corrects His Own Obituary.

FATHER FRANCIS CRAFT, who was stabbed in the battle at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, has written a letter to a friend in New York, saying he has found out who knifed him. He says: "The young man was called Tantanyan-Kutepi (Aimed-at-him). His surviving brother hunted up the facts, and found that in the confusion of the fight he mistook me for an officer by my cap, coat, and my badge of the Sons of the Revolution, my cassock being hidden by the clouds of smoke and dust. His family came to see me, and we adopted each other as relatives, according to the Indian custom in such cases. So I get a mother, brother, and sister, and they get a son and brother." Father Craft says further in his letter: "I see by the Washington papers that Morgan's friends hint at my removal from the reservation. Let them try it. An American knows Americans well enough to be sure that they will not permit such villany. I intend to fight it in the press and in the courts, and if I am still further disabled by illness I will have the fight carried on by others. I had an alarming setback not long ago. I felt quite comfortable, although weak, but I was told that I was nearly gone. When I got better I wrote a letter to the commanding officer here, to be given to him in case of my death, asking and authorizing him to take charge of the body and have it buried in the trench with the Indian dead at Wounded Knee. I had to leave it to him because Father Jutz declared he wouldn't officiate if I arranged it so, and seemed to be quite put out because I preferred the Indian to the white dead."

Father Craft thus corrects some of the inaccuracies in the sketches of his life, published when it was thought his wound was mortal: "I am in my thirty-ninth and not in my thirty-sixth year. I practised medicine as my father's assistant, and did not abandon it because my 'health failed.' I was strong and well at the time. . . . My great-grandfather was a Mohawk and not a Seneca. Although my early history and private life can be of no interest to the public I don't object to their knowing it, if they know it as it is, and don't spoil my public work by falsifying my position and making me absurd."

THE last word spoken by General Sherman, was when rousing from his slumber he struggled to speak and succeeded only in uttering the word, "Tom." It was the name of his absent son, the priest, whom he wished to embrace before he died.

WHEN Catholic parents send their children to Catholic schools, they take them completely out of the dangers of the public schools, the worst of which is the loss of faith from infidel teachings; and they have them educated to be both good Christians and good citizens, which is the aim and the object of true education.

Centenary of the Late Archbishop MacHale.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Archbishop MacHale will be celebrated with becoming honors by the Gaelic Society, at Cooper Union, upon the evening of Tuesday, March 10th, 1891. The "Lion of the Fold of Judah," John MacHale, was born at Tubernafian, a village in the Barony of Tirawley, county Mayo, March 10, 1791. Prior to his death, which occurred in 1881, he was the oldest of all prelates of the Catholic Church. He was contemporary with seven popes, six of whom he saw ascend the Chair of Peter. From the days of St. Patrick to the time of his death he as a prelate governed longest. The Archbishop during his eventful life witnessed three revolutions, four famines, nine land agitations, and the struggle for Catholic Emancipation. He shared in the Tithe War. In the great Repeal campaign he was second in command to O'Connell, afterwards joining hands with Isaac Butt in the national demand for Home Rule. His literary labors fill volumes. He translated Homer's epic, "The Ihad," "Moore's Melodies," and a portion of the New Testament into Irish. He was always an unflinching advocate for the study of the language of his forefathers, as well as for the national rights of his fellow-countrymen.

THE result of the Spanish elections has been a complete victory for the Catholic Conservative Ministry. As many as two hundred and eighty-nine Ministerialists were returned, and all parties in the Opposition taken together have only obtained one hundred and fifty-four seats. Of the Opposition twenty-five are Republicans, seven Carlists, and eighty-nine Liberals of the party led by Sagasta.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P. for Newry, announces that he will not seek re-election at the end of the present Parliament.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE has received a splendid offering for the promotion of his good work. The Marquise de Brives, a lady of ninety-eight years, who is without heirs, has, after providing for her old domestics and poor friends, settled six hundred and forty thousand pounds on his Eminence in return for an annuity of one thousand pounds.

MR. JOSEPH O'MEARA, the new Irish tenor, was educated by the Jesuits. His musical training was completed at Milan. He is brimming with enthusiasm, and when Sir Arthur Sullivan wants to check it a little he tells him that he must not be too much inclined to the "blarney."

MR. CECIL RHODES, the Premier of Cape Colony, and the chief proprietor of the Kimberley diamond mines, is now in London. He had a long interview with Mr. Parnell last Sunday at the Westminster Palace Hotel. It is reported that Mr. Rhodes has decided to support Mr. Parnell against the Irish party, and will place, if necessary, a considerable sum of money at his disposal.

The Cistercian Order.

MISS BRIDE LALLY, the only daughter of the Hon. P. Lally, San Francisco, Cal., has joined the Cistercian community of Nuns at Beaux, France. This step has caused a great surprise amongst the *elite* of San Francisco, especially as the Order is one of, if not the most severe in the Church. The members partake of one meal only a day, with a light collation. They never taste flesh, meat, butter, or eggs, except in cases of sickness; and, in spite of these austerities, the nuns live to a remarkably good age. There are, at the present time, over one hundred Sisters. Thirty of these are close upon seventy years of age. The oldest nun is an Irish lay sister (May Brigid) who is in her seventy-third year, and the youngest is also an Irish lady, Sister Monica Muldowney, aged twenty. The dress of the choir Sisters is a long, pure-white habit, with long, flowing sleeves and cloak, white rosary, and ivory crucifix. The lay Sisters wear a brown serge habit, and scapular and a brass crucifix, and the Oblate or outdoor Sisters wear a black dress. Their days are spent in contemplation and prayer, and in toil in the field, and in the school for the poor children of the village. They observe perpetual silence, never speaking to visitors, and they are completely dead to the world. The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Liszt Organ Recital.

BOSTON DAILY HERALD: The first of a series of recitals upon the Liszt organ was given at the Mason & Hamlin Hall on the afternoon of Feb. 17, and proved a very enjoyable occasion, the programme presented displaying the possibilities of the instrument for concert purposes to excellent advantage. Mr. J. Frank Donahoe was the performer upon the Liszt organ, and in his skilful manipulation of the instrument in compositions by Batiste, Gounod, Salome, and Kullak, he showed its value most happily. The use of the organ in supplying accompaniments with the piano was also exhibited very successfully by Mr. Donahoe, all of whose efforts were heartily appreciated. The instrumental selections were pleasantly varied by Mrs. C. M. Fernald, soprano, whose bright, fresh voice was heard with great satisfaction in the air of Salome, by Massenet, the "Refrain thy Voice," from Sullivan's "Light of the World," and songs by Benberg and Nevin. The piano accompaniment to the Massenet air was played by Mr. C. L. Capen.

THE Michigan Catholic says: "An almost incredible rumor floats hitherward from Canada to the effect that some of the prominent reformers — meaning the men in favor of reciprocity — are to be arrested for treason. We believe Goldwin Smith, 'the parasite,' is one of those men. When that gentleman is convicted we hope his sentence will be banishment to England. That would be very severe punishment for him." Our contemporary may rest assured that the Liberals of Canada care little what becomes of Goldwin Smith. He is a fanatic religiously and politically from the ground up, and the great majority of Canadians — especially Irish Canadians — would not care if he were in Sing-Sing with the New York boodlers.

GEN. SHERMAN was about the only one of the more famous Union commanders who lived to complete his seventieth year. Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Hancock, Meade, McClellan, Warren, McDowell, Halleck, Hooker, and Burnside, all went over to the great majority before reaching three score and ten.

"IN the name of our Christian civilization, I, a Bishop of the Christian Church, lift up my voice to warn the representative men who hear me, that the popular modern system of teaching morality without the doctrines which motive it, whether that system be called Christian ethics or moral instruction or unsectarian teaching, is sapping the very foundations of Christianity and Christian civilization." — *Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan.*

THE *Moniteur de Rome* officially denies the account of the alleged interview with the Pope, recently published by the Paris *Figaro*, representing his Holiness as advising French Catholics to support the Republic.

Col. P. T. Hanley Honored.

THE triangle at the junction of Tremont and Pynchon streets, Boston Highlands, was, by an unanimous vote of the board of Aldermen, called Hanley square, after Col. P. T. Hanley of Roxbury.

THE Liverpool (England) Catholic Times: The February issue of the excellent Irish-American miscellany, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is the readable compendium of varied and interesting matter usually provided by the editor for his patrons. The cuttings are well selected, and the original matter treats competently of appropriate and timely subjects. The juvenile department is the richer for Mr. Edmund Leamy's fairy tale, a contribution which recalls the fact that, however little one may find to admire in Mr. Leamy's political leanings in latter days, it is with a feeling of grateful and kindly pride his delightful contributions to national literature must ever be regarded.

HIS Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, in an address to his clergy, strongly condemns the action of Mr. Harrington, secretary of the National League, in issuing a circular to the League branches, the object of which, he says, is to turn to account for partisan purposes the lull in the storm raised by the O'Shea divorce. The Archbishop advises the clergy to expose the discreditable character of the proceeding, and to keep clear of all contact with the central organization of the League, in Dublin, until it is set free of the control exercised over it by some of its more prominent members, especially two, "whose language of unbridled insolence towards the Bishops of Ireland it is no longer possible to overlook."

Easter.

OH, let our hearts arise to Thee
  Upon the wings of grace,
And never let them blighted be,
  But grow and thrive apace.

'Tis now the time of Easter tide,
  And joyful is earth's face.
For Thou, dear Lord, art pouring wide
  On all Thy help and grace.

Oh, tide of joy, of hope and praise!
  Oh, tide and time for love!
The time, dear Jesus, that we raise
  Our hearts to Thee above.

Then, dearest Jesus, as this time
  Upon us draws Thy love,
Let one and all join in a chime
  Of joy to reach above.

Recreation in Lent.

THE Ave Maria : Young people in America find Lent very long. The season of dances and play-going, which begins with a rush after Christmas, ends abruptly at Shrove-Tuesday. In that section of the worldly world called "society," the quiet carpet-dance and the dinner-party take the place of the more flamboyant amusements of the previous time. A young lady will mortify herself by wearing old ball gowns and cutting down her rations of caramels ; but the business of "society" goes on much the same in Lent as at any other time, only a little more quietly. It is not, however, with these fashionable people, who pretend to keep Lent only because there is a certain *cachet* of distinction about it, we are concerned at present. The practical questions forced upon us are : How shall our children spend the Lenten season ? What amusements shall be permitted ?

As things are, we cannot keep them in sackcloth and ashes for forty days, any more than we can keep the "black fast" ourselves as it used to be kept. The Church does not require either of these things. At the same time we cannot yield to what seems to be the pressure of circumstances, and allow the world to crowd into the lives of our children as usual, excepting only Holy Week. And yet there is a tendency toward this. Formerly, the theatrical managers feared Lent ; and the Irish play was invariably produced during the hallowed time, that the national feelings might soften the religious antipathy to theatre-going. The managers find less need of this now. The ideas of Lent held by our young folk differ very much from those held by their fathers ; and, strange to say, they permit themselves all those public pleasures which in Catholic countries are allowed by usage only on one day in mid-Lent.

It is urged, with some show of reason, that there is no harm in going to the theatre in Lent, provided the play be moral or intellectually elevating. "It is not a mortal sin," the young people say, "to see Booth in 'Hamlet' or hear Patti in 'Semiramide.'" And the argument is unanswerable, put that way. It is *not* a mortal sin. Nevertheless, it is out of keeping with exterior sympathy with the spirit of the mourning bride of Christ ; and Catholics show a heartlessness and a lack of love for their mother, the Church, if they are not in sympathy with her at such a time. The dancing party ought to be out of thought in Lent,— that season of penance and prayer,— and assemblies for amusement ought to be avoided as indecorous. Gay songs at a funeral are as congruous as even the most carefully conducted assemblies in Lent.

The recreations for Lent should be home recreations. Then is the time for quiet talks, for reading in common. There is no need to keep the piano closed ; no need to make the Lenten time so gloomy that the young people will learn to abhor the holy season. But, at the same time, the recollection of the season should permeate every recreation. If there is any amusement in anticipation not of the soberest kind, —a gathering of any kind,— let it be kept until Lætare Sunday, when a faint gleam of Easter sunshine pierces the purple gloom. But before and after this time let the recreations be confined to the home circles. Music, reading, conversation, even a quiet and harmless game of whist or euchre, cannot be forbidden. It would be folly to expect our young friends to sit with folded hands evening after evening, or to read even such an engaging writer as Father Faber during all the leisure hours of the forty days.

To appear at a public place in a fine toilet, to attend a festal dinner, to fill one's house with music and lights and laughter, is repugnant to Catholic teaching and instincts. But the Church is always tender to her children ; all she asks is that their recreations during Lent shall partake of the recollection of the time, and that they shall not flaunt the robe of Herodias in the face of St. John the Baptist.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN participated in the silver jubilee services of Rev. Christopher Hughes of Fall River, the other day. Father Hughes was a classmate of Archbishop Corrigan in Rome, and served the first Mass said by that prelate.

Columbus.

THE object of the voyage of Columbus is thus explained in a pastoral which has been issued by the bishop of his native diocese, Genoa: "History affords luminous proofs of the deep religious sentiments of Columbus, which he kept alive by the constant practice of Christian piety, never omitting, even amid his most exacting labors, to be present daily at the holy sacrifice of the Mass and to frequent the sacraments. History also attests that these noble sentiments were the ground-work of his designs. His ambition was not so much to bring about the conquest of a new world, as to open it up to the preachers of the gospel and save innumerable souls, for each of which the Redeemer has shed his blood."

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,
CLINTON, IA., Feb. 11th, 1891.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ., — *Dear Sir:* I missed the welcome monthly visitor — the MAGAZINE — this month. I ordered and paid in advance, some time in January. Mr. O'Brien, your solicitor, assured me of regular monthly delivery. I hope you will see that any mistake like this will not again occur, for it is painful to promise oneself the happiness of a social hour or two, and then to be denied it. Wishing the MAGAZINE an orbit as large as the sun's, Yours, etc.,

J. A. MURRAY, *Pastor.*

Fraudulent Insurance Plans.

SWARMS of individuals go the rounds offering poor people tempting insurance at small weekly payments. The class to whom they appeal know little of business and are easily deceived. The company may exist or may be a mere sham; the plan may be honest or a clear fraud; they have no means of judging. Many of these companies are in remote states, and investigation is not easy. It is said that twenty thousand people in New Jersey alone have been beguiled into schemes like the "Earnest Workers," "The Order of the World," "The Universal Order of Co-Operation," "The Advance Beneficial," etc., which are denounced by Hon. Mr. Kelsey, Secretary of State of New Jersey. People should not not invest in such things without taking the advice of prudent business men. If they examine they will find that in the best of these weekly and monthly payment companies, they pay a much greater premium than they would in the most solid and substantial life insurance company in the country.

Devoured by Sharks.

ADVICES from Aden dated the 17th ult. which have reached Queenstown, contain an account of a terrible scene at sea witnessed from the deck of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship Victoria whilst homeward bound from Australia. When the steamship Victoria was midway between Colombo and Aden a male passenger, whilst laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, leaped overboard into the sea. The engines of the steamer were instantly stopped and reversed, and as soon as possible a boat was ordered to be manned and lowered. While the boat was being lowered the forward tackle, through some unknown cause, slipped and the crew, numbering thirteen, fell into the sea. There was then painful excitement on board, particularly among the passengers, as it was generally known there were numerous sharks in the water. A second boat was quickly lowered successfully with a crew of eleven hands, and their difficult task of rescuing their drowning shipmates was watched by those on board the Victoria, who were horrified by seeing their unfortunate fellow passenger who had jumped overboard and two of the seamen, who were struggling in the water, torn to pieces and devoured by several sharks before they could be rescued. The second boat fortunately succeeded in saving the eleven other sailors. The water for a considerable distance around was reddened by the blood of the three unfortunate men who were devoured.

The Illustrated London News

Is among the best of the English illustrated papers. The American edition is published for the low price of ten cents a copy. The agents are Ingram Brothers, World Building, City Hall Park, New York.

Loss of a Boston Steamer.

THE steamer Iowa, Capt. Owens of the Warren Line, sailed from Boston on Tuesday, Feb. 17, having on board a general cargo and four hundred and twenty-two head of cattle, a crew of sixty men, fourteen cattle men, four refrigerator men and one stowaway, total seventy-nine souls, which were all saved. The steamer sprung a leak in mid-ocean and was abandoned.

AT the end of Archbishop Kenrick's jubilee year, the priests under his charge, as well as the flock, have decided to make him a handsome presentation. It will be the most pleasing memorial he will receive, and it will be a beautiful golden jubilee book. This book will contain the glad announcement that all the churches in his diocese are out of debt.

Mr. Thomas E. Lambert,

BOSTON agent of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, died Feb. 17, at the City Hospital, after a brief illness. Death resulted from cerebro spinal meningitis, which asserted its fatal influence on him about a fortnight ago. No serious result was anticipated at the time, though, acting under the advice of his physician, he was shortly afterward removed from his apartments at the Hoffman House, Columbus avenue, to the City Hospital. Mr. Lambert was one of the best known and most successful life insurance men in this city, having been in the business here for nearly twenty years. He was born in Killarney, Ire., in 1845, and graduated from Trinity College, Dublin. Coming to New York soon after, he engaged in pharmacy for a time, and then removed to Boston, to accept an engagement as agent for the North-western Mutual Life Insurance Company, changing from that to the Massachusetts Mutual, and finally to the New York Mutual. He had a wide social acquaintance. Mr. Lambert was unmarried, and leaves a mother and sister in Ireland, and a brother in New York city. The funeral took place Friday morning at nine o'clock, from the Immaculate Conception Church. The remains were interred in Mount Auburn.

Silver Jubilee in Fall River, Mass.

THE observance of the silver jubilee of Rev. Christopher Hughes, of St. Mary's Church opened on the 24th of February, and was observed with great pomp and ceremony. The gathering of out-of-town clergymen was very large, representatives being here from all parts of New England, and many from more remote sections, among the prominent dignitaries being Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and Bishop Harkins, of Providence.

An open-air concert was given by St. Mary's Band, in the area adjoining the church, at nine o'clock, and at 10.30 a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Father Hughes, with Father O'Callaghan, of Boston, deacon; Father Harty, of East Providence, sub-deacon; Father Reilly, of Providence, master of ceremonies.

Rev. J. P. Bodfish, of Canton, preached the jubilee sermon. The music was rendered by the consolidated chorus of the city, under direction of Prof. Leonard, accompanied by Prof. Brodkorb, at the organ. The music of the Mass included the following numbers: "Kyrie," Gregorian Convent Mass, "Credo," Haydn's third, "Sanctus," Gounod's "Agnus Dei," Gregorian convent; at the offertory Lambellotte's "Lauda Sion."

The thrones on either side of the altar were occupied by the visiting bishops, and the sanctuary was occupied by the visiting clergymen. About three thousand people crowded into the church in the evening. The final ceremonies in Father Hughes' silver jubilee were on as grand a scale as the service in the morning. Father Kelly, of New Bedford, was celebrant at the grand solemn vesper service, and Father Sheehy master of ceremonies.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK, of St. Louis, is the senior archbishop of this country, and is the oldest in active service in the world. He has ordained more priests and consecrated more bishops than any other bishop in America. He consecrated Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia, Feehan, of Chicago, and the two Hennessys, of Dubuque and Wichita.

Simply Monstrous.

From the Boston Sunday Globe, Oct. 19, 1890.

"JIMMINY Cricket, h'aint that a big 'un," was the exclamation heard from some youngsters on Boylston street a few afternoons since, as the writer stood conversing with a gentleman near the Albany railroad bridge not far from the junction of West Chester park and Boylston street. The cause for the boy's surprise was found to be an announcement upon the long bill-board, lately erected for a famous theatrical company opposite from where we were standing. A few minutes' observation convinced us that the boys were not the only persons attracted to this enormous spread of matter. The board is the very largest in the world, and the amount of paper used to cover it would make the fortune of every Italian Count rag-picker upon the streets of Boston. Laborers stopped work, horse-cars stopped, pedestrians halted in wonderment, as Mr. J. W. Black, Boston's old, well-known photographer focused his famous thousand-dollar, wide-angled lens upon the great bill-board, to obtain by the sun's mysterious chemical touch an enduring photograph of the statements and familiar legends thereon, among the chief of which was the following: "It holds the fort while Old Jed Prouty is away!" "Every mother should have it in the house for Autumn colds, soreness, lameness in body or limb!" "Think of it, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, unlike any other, was originated by an old family physician in 1810!" "Without real merit, could it have survived for eighty years?" These in bold letters, some of which were nearly six feet tall, proved to be what astonished the boys. This big sign demonstrates one point clearly; the courage and persistence requisite to be successful advertisers, like I. S. Johnson & Co., the proprietors of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; nothing daunts them. But after all, it is their forcible, persistent, courageous style of advertising which has made them successful, until they are now classed among the foremost advertisers of the day.

Entertainment in Aid of Working Boys.

THE annual entertainment of the Working Boys' Home of Boston, of which the Rev. John F. Ford is director, will be given in Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of March 17. The proceeds this year are for the industrial training school to be built in Newton, Mass. The programme will include a lecture on "Catholic Charity and Irish Patriotism," by Judge James Fitzgerald, of New York, a most eloquent and able orator, who was one of the leading speakers at the great John Boyle O'Reilly memorial meeting in New York, on Sept. 8; and an excellent concert, with a large chorus and several noted soloists. Judge Fitzgerald has kindly granted his services free. A fine souvenir programme will be distributed to all patrons. It will be nicely printed and bound, containing fifty pages, will have some fine cuts (among others being a new one of Archbishop Williams and one of Judge Fitzgerald), and some interesting reading matter.

AT St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 2d of March, Archbishop Corrigan ordained to the priesthood an Arabian, Joseph Yazhex, who has finished his studies at Fordham. The new addition to the ranks of the New York clergymen will labor among his Catholic countrymen, of whom there is quite a goodly number in the lower wards of New York, and he is the first priest of his nationality to receive orders in this country.

BOSTON Daily Advertiser: Would it not be just as well, on the whole, for Healyites, Parnellites, McCarthyites, and all the other Irishites to settle their disputes at home before sending their agents here to solict funds? "Millions for Home Rule, but not a cent for Donnybrook fair," might be a good motto for Irish-Americans.

Of Interest to Writers.

A Labor-Saving Invention Indispensable to All who Write.

OF the many valuable improvements which have been made in self-feeding pens a great part are due to the skill and persistence of Mr. L. E. Dunlap, of Boston, who, as a pioneer in this business, has spent the last decade in perfecting the fountain pen that bears his name. The latest perfected invention is the Dunlap Double-feed Pen, and in this very double-feed lies the secret of its success.

It carries a sixteen-karat diamond-pointed gold pen, and is a perfect pocket-companion, that will not only prove indispensable, but a joy and blessing as long as life lasts. It is guaranteed to write instantly, always, and under all circumstances. To introduce it among the readers of this Magazine the manufacturers offer for a short time only to send it by return mail at one-half the regular price.

By posting a letter, enclosing a two-cent stamp, to the Dunlap Pen Company, 280 Washington street, Boston, Mass., you will receive a beautifully engraved ticket worth $2, and also an illustrated price-list and circular, telling you how to make $5 per day.

Recent Publications.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York.

THE SISTER'S TRAGEDY, AND OTHER POEMS.

This is the title of the latest volume from the pen of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich is beyond question the finest artist among American poets; though there are a few who excel him in the creative quality. This latest volume will add materially to his fame. Besides the narrative poem, which titles the book, and the drama of Russian life, "Pauline Pavloona," there are a number of lyrics in the poet's happiest vein.

Damrell & Upham, Boston.

BALLADS OF AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry O'Meara. Price, $1.25.

We will give a further notice of these poems in our next number

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE MONTH, for February, has been received by this firm. An interesting number.

Fr. Pustet & Co., N. Y. & Cin.

SELECTED SERMONS. By Rev. Christopher Hughes, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Fall River, Mass. Introduction by Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. 222 pages. Price, $1.

"These Sermons," says Father Elliott, "so brief and so plain, and yet so full of instructions and so earnest in tone, are well adapted for the use of persons who are hindered from attending Sunday Mass, or who desire devotional reading for the sick."

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST CONFESSION. From the German of Rev. F. H. Jaegers. By a Priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 55 cents.

This is an excellent book not only for adults, but children. The instructions are plain and easily understood. Parents, buy it for the children and yourselves.

Benziger Bros.

SEVEN SUNDAYS IN HONOR OF ST. JOSEPH. Price, 10 cents.

The month of March is devoted to the Foster Father of our dear Lord. By all means order this little book, and read attentively.

Office of Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ia.

CHRISTIAN ART IN OUR OWN AGE. By Eliza Allen Starr.

CONTENTS: Origin of Christian Art; Frederick Overbeck and his school; the works of Overbeck; the new school of Religious Art; Pugin; The French School; Millet. Miss Allen's address is 299 Huron sq., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER PIUS CAVANAGH, O. P., has just written a popular life of the great Angel of the Schools. Burns and Oates discovered a demand for such a work and have given it to us. It is not an extensive biography, but contains all that is necessary to know by the student of St. Thomas' works.

BROWNSON'S COMPLETE WORKS.—A complete set of the works of the late O. A. Brownson, for sale at a reasonable price at The Pilot Bookstore.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal: — "Leonore," words by Clifton Bingham, music by H. Troteré. "That's Why He Loves Me," by Eardly Turner. "O Restless Sea," Soprano and Alto Duet; by C. A. White. "Waltzing As She Is Waltzed," by Arthur Seldon. "Dream Memories," by Lindsay Lennox. "Jerusalem," by Henry Parker.

Instrumental: — "Ribbon Polka," by Carl Blanc. "La Cascade," by E. Pauer. "Playmates Waltz," by Ernst Bucalossi. "La Gazelle Polka," by H. A. Wollenhaupt. "Menuetto," by H. Lichner. "Elsie Waltz," by Dan Godfrey, Jr. "Andelusia," Valse Espagnole, by Charles Le Thiere. "Wink the Other Eye Schottische," by B. M. Davison. "La Carneval de Venice," for Violin and Piano, by Charles Dancla. "Kernwood Waltzes," by Frank H. Russell. "Paulina-Lula," Spanish Dances, by Ed. Gabriel. "The Hornpipe Polka," by Frank J. Smith. "Idylle Waltzes," by Leonard Gautier. "Follow the Flag Grand March," by Paul Keller. "Before the Battle Grand March," by Antoine Laforme. "Village Belle Polka," by E. Mack. "The Mountain Spring," by Carl Bohn. "Queen of the Roses Waltz," by Eben H. Bailey.

Books: — "Vocal Gems from Brother Jonathan," Opera in three acts, music by C. Millocker.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

DEATH OF REV. JEREMIAH O'CONNOR, S. J.—It will be a shock to hundreds in Boston and throughout the country, when the news is told of Fr. O'Connor's death. He died on the 27th of February in New York after a short illness. Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., born in Dublin, Ireland, April 10, 1841, died 4.40 A. M. Feb. 27, 1891, at St. Lawrence's Church, Eighty-fourth street and Park avenue, of which he was pastor. Father O'Connor's parents came to this country when he was quite a child. His father died while yet a young man, and Father O'Connor spent the days of his boyhood in Philadelphia, Pa., with his widowed mother and an only brother. He graduated from the Philadelphia High School in 1857, and then entered St. Joseph's College of that city; after three years, and with a brilliant record as a school boy, he entered the Society of Jesus on July 30, 1860. He was ordained priest in 1875, and was appointed President of Boston College in 1879, holding that post for five years. He was next stationed at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, and from there was appointed pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, which position he held three years. Father O'Connor had not been in robust health, for many months, and died of pneumonia after a short illness. He was around attending to his duties only last Monday. In December he had an attack of erysipelas, when it was discovered that he was affected with heart troubles of a serious nature. These were fully developed in his final illness. He was known throughout the country as one of the most polished and effective pulpit orators among the clergy, a sound scholar, and a most amiable and cultured priest. The loss to the Jesuit Society of his learning and influence will be deeply felt; but a greater loss to the people whom he guided in the way of life, to the friends who knew him and were supported by his strong example, will be still sharper and less easily made up for. He was a man of amiable character and of great charity. His parishioners loved him; all under his care esteemed him; his penitents and his poor, to whom he was more than to any others, could not speak their affection for him; his brethren esteemed him, and his brothers of the secular clergy felt a deep respect for his character. The funeral took place on Monday, March 2, and was attended by great crowds of people who mourn his loss.

THE Very Rev. Patrick A. Stanton, D. D., O. S. A., who has been ill for some time past, from a complication of diseases, died on Feb. 28, at the pastoral residence attached to St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Stanton was born at Castle Bar, county Mayo, Ireland, Jan. 27, 1826, and he came to this country in 1841. The year following he, with two other students, Fathers Ambrose and Edward Mullin, since dead, sailed for Italy. He made his novitiate at Tolertino and subsequently studied at Perugia, where he received the order of deaconship from the hands of Cardinal Pecci, now Pope. On his return to America he was ordained July 30, 1848, by Bishop Kenrick, and became attached to St. Augustine's church. In July, 1857, he was prior at St. Thomas', Villanova, and May 10, 1858, he was appointed Commissary General of his Order, succeeding the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty. In 1863 he sailed for Europe, and was present at the Provincial Chapter at Dublin. He attended the General Chapter of his Order in Rome, in 1865, and in 1869 was appointed Prior and president at Villanova. He returned to St. Augustine's in 1872, becoming in August, 1876, Rector Provincial of the Order, succeeding Father Galbery, who became Bishop of Hartford, Conn. In October, 1877, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Rome, the title being conferred at the hands of Bishop Galbery. In 1881 he was again appointed Rector Provincial, succeeding Dr. Neno, who became General. In 1883 he sailed on another mission to Rome, returning the following year. In 1886 he was one of the six examiners appointed to examine into the virtues of

the late Bishop Neuman of Philadelphia. He visited Europe again, to attend the General Chapter of the Order. Dr. Stanton, on one of his visits, was present at a session of the Vatican Council, being one of the few priests so honored, and each time was accorded an audience by the Pope. When retired as Rector Provincial he was appointed ex-Assistant General. Dr. Stanton was a man of massive build, imposing presence, and great learning and piety, and was frequently honored by the confidence of the late Archbishop Wood and his successor, Archbishop Ryan. The funeral took place from St. Augustine's Church on the 3d of March. The interment took place in a vault in the rear of the church, where the different Pastors have been interred since the church has been founded.

THE Very Rev. Dean John A. Kelly, Vicar of the diocese of Trenton, died on Feb. 27, at his residence attached to St. Mary's Catholic Church, South Amboy, N. J., of which he was pastor. Father Kelly was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 23, 1830. He was ordained a priest on Aug. 17, 1854, and was one of the pioneer priests of New Jersey.

REV. LOUIS COOK, C. SS. R., formerly of the Mission Church, Boston Highlands, died in Toronto, Ca., on the 17th of February. The funeral took place on the 19th. He was rector of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer.

According to the rules of the Redemptorist Order, of which the deceased was a member, the body was attired in the habit of that congregation and a crucifix crossed the breast.

Long before the hour of the funeral services the church was crowded. The attendance was so large that many were unable to gain admittance. Holy Redeemer Commandery, Knights of St. John, and the Holy Redeemer Grays, in both of which companies the deceased always manifested a great interest, the C. M. B. A. branch of the parish, wearing their badges, and the Young Ladies' Sodality, with white veils, were present in a body.

There was a very pathetic scene when Rev. Frank Cook, of Philadelphia, a younger brother of the deceased, and a member of the same Order, took a last look at the remains and imprinted a farewell kiss on them. There was scarcely a dry eye in the vast congregation when the occurrence took place.

Before the services about ninety clergymen from the city, state, and other cities filed into the sanctuary wearing cassocks and surplices. Bishop Foley was in the procession. The office of the dead was impressively chanted, led by Very Rev. Father Hennaert, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Rourke, of Wyandotte, and Baumgartner, of Pontiac. The office was followed by the celebration of a solemn High Requiem Mass, with Rev. Frank Cook, of Philadelphia, as celebrant, and Rev. Fathers McInerney, of Toronto, and Klang, of the North-East College, also members of the Redemptorist Order, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The masters of ceremonies were Chancellor Dempsey and Rev. Frank O'Brien, of Kalamazoo.

Bishop Foley preached an eloquent funeral discourse. He said, in substance, that all persons are destined to fill certain offices in this world, but the final doom of all men was to die. The office of the priesthood, which Father Cook filled, was a special vocation given by Almighty God. A priest has special duties to perform, and if he performs them well he receives particular rewards in the next world. The deceased was a member of a great order of missionary priests, that of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, founded by St. Alphonsus, and was one of its leading members. A peculiar feature of his case was that his good father who dedicated his child to the services of God survived him only twenty-four hours. Three of his sons became priests, and a daughter a member of the Sisterhood of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It was not the part of the bishop to pronounce a eulogy of the departed priest or to say words of praise over his many good works. His life spoke for itself. The prelate in conclusion asked his listeners to pray for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

There were upwards of fifty carriages and many other vehicles in the funeral cortege. Besides the priests and acolytes there were a number of Sisters in the carriages. The church

organizations also attended. In deference to the wishes of the assistant priests of the church a street demonstration was omitted.

Among the clergymen of the Order who came to attend the funeral were: Provincial Loewinkamp, of the Province of St. Louis; Revs. Father Hespelein, of Philadelphia; Luette, of Chicago; McInerney, of Toronto; Nilehart, of Kansas City; and Clark, of Grand Rapids.

Father Cook was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 23, 1843. He joined the Redemptorist Order about thirty years ago, and had been a priest for nearly twenty years. He labored for two years on the Pacific coast, and was rector of the Holy Redeemer Church four years, making it one of the most important parishes in Detroit. The priest's venerable father died Tuesday in Philadelphia. His mother is still living. His two brothers are also priests, Rev. Frank Cook, of Philadelphia, belonging to the Redemptorist Order, and Rev. John Cook, of the Diocese of Davenport, Iowa.

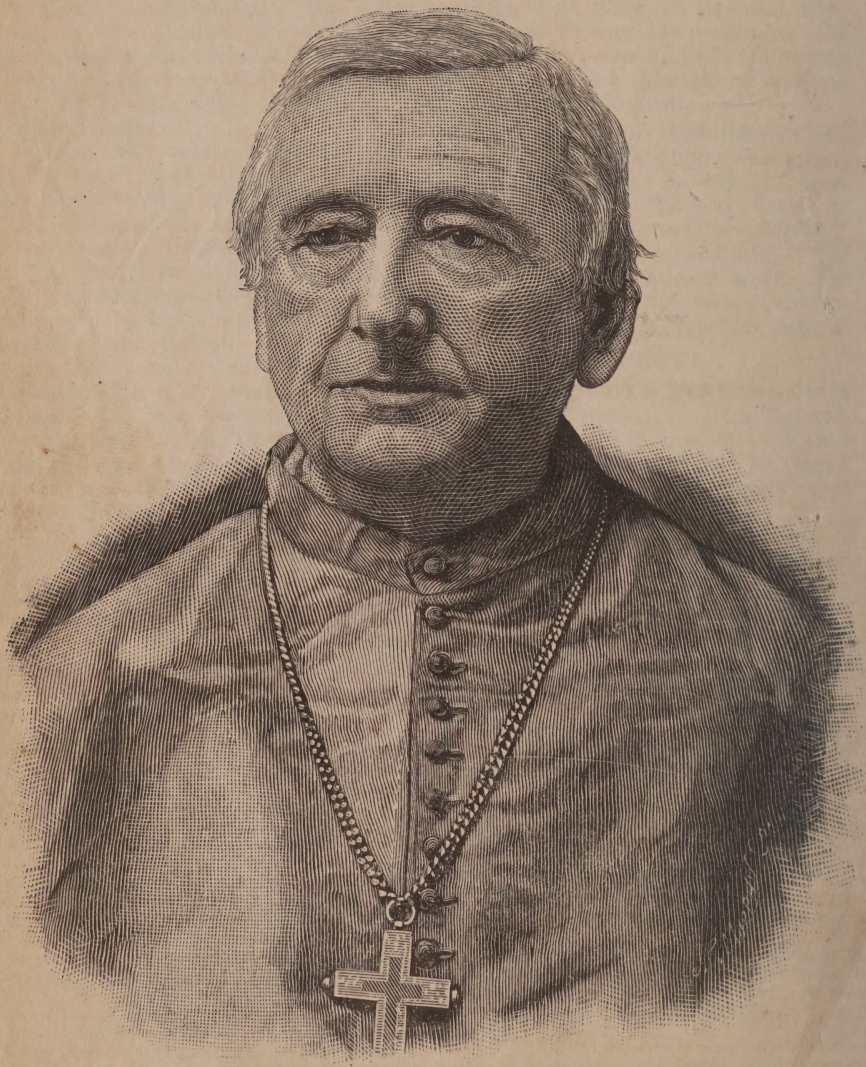
Rev. Patrick H. Casey, of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, died at the residence of his parents, 21 Lark street, South Boston, at an early hour on the morning of March 3. The deceased, after completing the course of studies at Boston College, from which institution he graduated in June, 1886, entered the diocesan seminary at Brighton, where, during the past five years, he had successfully advanced through the various grades up to the order of deaconship. Had he lived until June he would have been promoted to the priesthood. Rev. Mr. Casey was a very successful student. He received the highest honors of his class, on the night of graduation carrying off three gold medals. The funeral services took place at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston. Very Rev. Father Rex, of St. John's Seminary, officiated at the Mass of Requiem, assisted by Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, of the Cathedral, as deacon.

The Rev. James M. H. Doyle, chaplain to St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Col., departed this life on the 26th of February. The deceased priest was very young; he was not quite thirty years old. Born in Worcester, Mass., where he made all his studies, including Theology, he was ordained to the priesthood in the chapel of St. Mary's Academy, Denver, on the 14th of August, 1886, since which time he has been the zealous chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital, very dear to the Sisters and patients. He was a young priest of high ability; to those who knew him there was no more charming or gentle soul.

The Rev. Patrick Houlihan, of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Nashua, N. H., died on Feb. 18, aged fifty-three years. He had been in Nashua since 1882, and established a convent and other institutions for charitable and educational work. He was one of the most prominent Catholic priests in Southern New Hampshire.

LAY PEOPLE

Mrs. Catherine Fennessy, wife of James Fennessy, of Framingham, Mass., died at her residence in that town on Thursday, Feb. 19, aged seventy years. Mrs. Fennessy had suffered for more than a year from a complication of diseases, but bore all discomfort and pain with Christian fortitude. She was faithfully attended through her illness by the Rev. John S. Cullen, and made a most pious preparation for death. Her funeral took place on the 21st from St. Bridget's Church. The celebrant of the solemn Mass of Requiem was Father Cullen, with the Rev. James A. Barrett, of St. James' Church, Salem, deacon, and the Rev. J. W. Galligan, of St. James', Boston, subdeacon. The Rev. D. C. Riordan was master of ceremonies. There were present in the sanctuary the Rev. William Fennessy, a son of the deceased, the Rev. M. D. Murphy, of Hopkinton, and the Rev. John J. Nilan, of St. James', Boston. The interment was at Saxonville. Mrs. Fennessy was a native of Cork, Ireland, but came to America at an early age. For some time after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Fennessy resided in Boston, but Framingham has been their home for thirty-five years past. Mrs. Fennessy was esteemed in life, and is regretted in death by a large circle of friends. Besides her husband, she leaves three sons and four daughters to mourn for her and pray for her. May she rest in peace!



DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. BOSTON, MAY, 1891. No. 5.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Archbishop Williams of Boston.

HIS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE EPISCOPATE.

HIS WORKS PRAISE HIM.

IT is hard to write adequately of a great and rare personality like his whose name we have just written, and to render, at the same time, due respect to the modesty and reserve which are the attributes of all great natures. The difficulty is but increased by knowledge of one's subject. Not in Church nor State today is there a dignitary who, while fulfilling in letter and spirit the multifarious duties of high public office, holds more closely than does Archbishop Williams the veil between the world and the man.

This not by conscious effort—no man with less of self-consciousness than he; not by repellent austerity of manner—few men more simple and approachable; but solely by a superb constitutional reticence of speech and pen, and that single-hearted pre-occupation with duty which makes his life one grand mosaic of achievements so perfectly fitted together that there is not a break nor a chink in the whole pattern.

We will not therefore dwell on those great qualities which have given their possessor a more than national influence; the prudence, a treasure to the whole American Church, nor unprized in the Councils of the Church Universal; the splendid disinterestedness, consequence of the eye single to the Divine honor and the human good, which makes the most divergent interests confess the impartiality of his decisions; the peacefulness of his methods; his generosity; the justice and the clemency of his rule.

A man there was, outside the sanctuary, who, through his own greatness of soul, the opportunities growing out of mutual love and trust, and his glorious gift of speech and song, would have grasped these things and uttered them in memorable words today. But his voice is stilled, and who shall speak for his silence?

Let us give the brief chronology of Archbishop Williams' life, and then pass to that other record, written so large that none can miss it, in the great works for religion, education and charity, which will carry his name and his praise to coming generations.

A Native of Boston.

The Most Rev. John Joseph Williams, like his predecessor, the beloved Bishop Fitzpatrick, is of Irish parentage, and Boston born and bred. His parents resided in the old Cathedral parish (Franklin Street), and here, on April 22, 1822, he was born. Boston had still its first bishop, the gentle and courtly Cheverus. There were but two priests in the city, and Catholics were counted by the hundred, where now they are counted by the hundred thousand.

The future Archbishop was baptized in the Cathedral by the Rev. Patrick Byrne. He received his elementary education chiefly at the Cathedral parochial school. His vocation to the priesthood was evident from his boyhood. Bishop Fenwick, who succeeded Bishop Cheverus on the latter's resignation of the See of Boston in 1823, early noted the character and mind promise of the boy, and sent him, in 1833, to the College of the Sulpicians in Montreal. Here, at the age of nineteen, he completed his philosophical course. In the Fall of that year, 1841, on the advice of Bishop Fenwick, the young student repaired to Paris, and made his theological course at the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice. The distinguished Sulpician, Abbé Hogan, was a fellow-student and friend of his seminary days. At the Trinity ordinations in 1845, he was ordained priest by Archbishop Affre, of martyr memory.

Returning to Boston, a few months later, Father Williams was appointed assistant at the Cathedral, with charge of the Sunday School. In 1855 he was made rector of the Cathedral; in 1857, Vicar-General and rector of St. James' parish.

He filled his heavy double charge for nine years, when Rome, ratifying the choice of Bishop Fitzpatrick, made Father Williams Coadjutor-Bishop, with right of succession, and title of Bishop of Tripoli.

Before the Papal Bulls for his consecration reached Boston, however, Bishop Fitzpatrick died, and on March 11, 1866, Father Williams was consecrated, becoming the fourth bishop of Boston. The consecration took place at St. James' Church—then on Albany St. The consecrating prelate was Archbishop McCloskey, of New York: the preacher, Bishop McFarland, of Hartford, Conn. Other bishops present were the Rt. Rev. Drs. De Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt.; Bacon, of Portland, Me., and Loughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On April 2, Bishop Williams left St. James' for the Cathedral. The splendid administrative ability which had marked him in his previous charge now had a wide field for its exercise. The Diocese of Boston included all of Massachusetts. There were not, probably, as many Catholics in the whole State then as there are now in Boston, and its double row of suburbs; but natural increase, old world immigration, and the just beginning influx of French Canadians were multiplying them apace. In 1870, Bishop Williams, then in Rome attending the Vatican Council, asked for and obtained the erection of a new diocese, Springfield, with the five western counties of Massachusetts for its territory. This still left a Catholic population of 300,000 to the Diocese of Boston. Two years later, when the new Diocese of Providence, R. I., was erected out of the Diocese of Hartford, Conn., a further division of the Boston Diocese was made at Bishop Williams' suggestion, whereby certain of the southern counties were assigned to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Providence. Nevertheless, the Diocese of Boston has today a Catholic population of 550,000. No diocese in the United States exceeds it in numerical strength, except the colossal Diocese of New York.

In 1875, Pope Pius IX. made Boston a Metropolitan See, with the Rt. Rev. Dr. Williams its first archbishop, and the other five bishoprics in New England (Manchester, N. H., was not created a bishopric till 1884. Hartford, Conn., Burlington, Vt., Portland, Me., Springfield, Mass., and Providence, R. I., its Suffragan Sees.

On May 2, in the new Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Washington Street, the Pallium was conferred on Archbishop Williams by Cardinal McCloskey. The Papal Ablegate, Mgr. Cesar Roncetti, who had brought the Pallium, was present with his secretary, the Rev. Dr. Ubaldi, and Count Marefoschi of the Papal Household, all the bishops of New England and New York, and a host of priests. Bishop McNeirny, of Albany, N. Y., celebrated the Mass; Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington, preached. The since cele rated sanctuary choir of the Cathedral made its first appearance on this occasion. Over 6,000 people witnessed the ceremonies.

The history of the Diocese of Boston under the nine years preceding and the sixteen following of Archbishop Williams' rule has been a history of Catholic progress, made with so little sound or friction, that it is hard, at first thought, to realize how wonderfully rapid and solid it has been.

Multiplication of Priests and Churches.

There were in the Diocese of Boston, twenty-five years ago, 127 priests and 112 churches. It comprised then, as we have already noted, the whole State of Massachusetts. Despite the territory subtracted for the Dioceses of Springfield and Providence, the Diocese of Boston has now 352 priests and 150 churches. Four new churches are building, and nearly 100 young men are studying for the priesthood. Of the priests, seventy-six belong to religious orders. All the communities of religious priests represented in the diocese, with the exception of the Jesuits in Boston, and the Augustinians in Lawrence, have come thither since the advent of Archbishop Williams.

The Redemptorists have established a great mission centre here, at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roxbury.

The Marists have been brought to Boston for the French congregation, Our Lady of Victories, and to Lawrence for St. Anne's.

The Franciscan Fathers have one of the Italian congregations in Boston; the missionary priests of Pope Leo XIII.'s founda tion, the other.

The Oblate Fathers have their novitiate at Tewksbury, with charge of three great congregations in Lowell, one of which is the French parish, St. Joseph's, with the population of a small diocese—16,000. These Fathers, too, like the Jesuits and Redemptorists, have a house for missionaries.

The Augustinians, who, twenty-five years ago, had but one church, have now three in Lawrence and one in Andover.

Here perhaps as fittingly as anywhere else, we may mention the recent introduction into the diocese of the Carmelite Nuns, to help the spread of religion by their prayers.

Catholic Educational Progress.

Next to be noted is the multiplication of religious communities and schools. At the beginning of Archbishop Williams' episcopate, there were in Boston, by way of educational provision for Catholic boys, Boston College, three years in existence, the parochial schools of the Jesuits at the Church of the Holy Trinity, and St. Mary's, North End. Catholic girls were somewhat better provided for.

The Sisters of Notre Dame had academies at Berkeley Street, and Roxbury, Boston, and at St. Patrick's, Lowell; and parochial schools at St. Mary's, North End, Holy Trinity, Boston, SS. Peter and Paul's and City Point, South Boston, in East Boston and Salem, Lowell and Lawrence.

There were but two communities of women in the diocese—the Sisters of Notre Dame and the Sisters of Charity.

These teaching communities have been introduced during the past twenty-five years:—

The Xaverian Brothers, who are established now at Lowell, Lawrence and East Boston.

The Nuns of the Sacred Heart, whose institute is chiefly for the higher education of girls, and who have a convent and academy at Chester Square, Boston, with an attendance of 100 pupils.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, first established at Jamaica Plain, in 1873, by the Rev. Thomas Magennis, for St. Thomas' parochial schools for boys and girls. They have now a mother-

house in Cambridge—soon to be transferred to Brighton—and convents and schools at Jamaica Plain, Gate of Heaven, South Boston; Amesbury, Stoughton, Haverhill, and St. Paul's, Cambridge,

The School-Sisters of Notre Dame, with convents and schools at the Mission Church, Roxbury, Malden and Canton.

The Sisters of Mercy at Gloucester.

The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, introduced into the diocese first at Newburyport, through the Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, and since established at Hyde Park, Brockton, and at St. Peter's Orphanage, Lowell.

The Grey Nuns of the Cross, from Ottawa, Ont., in Lowell and Haverhill.

The Diocesan Sisters of Charity from Halifax, N. S., at St. Patrick's, Roxbury.

The Sisters of Providence, at Chelsea.

The Diocesan Sisters of Charity, from Madison, N. J., at St. Joseph's, Roxbury.

The Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, at Watertown, and Centralville, Lowell.

The Sisters of St. Anne, for the schools of the French Catholics at Marlboro'.

The School-Sisters of the Good Shepherd, for French Catholics, at Lawrence, Mass.

The Sisters of Notre Dame have added fifteen new schools to their charge; and were obliged, by the numbers of applicants for admission to their ranks, to open a novitiate at their Berkeley Street Convent. This has since been removed to a splendid property in Waltham.

The entire attendance at the parochial schools of the archdiocese is nearly 30,000.

Boston College has developed into one of the finest day colleges of the country, with an attendance of 300 pupils; and the English High School attached, and from which so much is hoped, was founded by Father Fulton during his last year in Boston, in accordance with a suggestion of the Archbishop's.

The Rev. Thomas Scully has, in addition to his parochial schools for boys and girls, in Cambridgeport, the excellent boys' College of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Increase of Benevolent Institutions.

The Brothers of Charity, from Montreal, Can., have been introduced for the management of the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, founded many years ago by the well-remembered convert priest, Father George F. Haskins.

The Workingboys' Home, Boston, is a good work which owes much to the Archbishop. Founded in 1883, by the Rev. D. H. Roche, it is now in charge of the Rev. John F. Ford, with the Sisters of St. Francis in charge of the domestic arrangements, infirmary, etc.

The splendid development of Carney Hospital, under the efficient management of the lamented Sister Simplicia, is a part of the history of these crowded twenty-five years. So is the increased scope and usefulness of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children.

The two hospitals of St. Elizabeth, Boston and Roxbury, under the care of Sisters of St. Francis; St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Dorchester; St. John's Hospital, Lowell, have been founded within the same interval. So, St. Peter's Orphanage, now managed by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; the City Orphan Asylum, of Salem (foundation of T. Looby, Esq.), and the Protectorate of Mary Immaculate, Lawrence. Grey Nuns, from Montreal Can., have been introduced into the diocese for these two institutions.

The same religious have been recently brought to Boston for the new Home for Working-girls, to which Archbishop Williams has been a most generous friend.

The Nuns of the Good Shepherd, whose especial work is the reformation of fallen women, were brought to Boston in the second year of Archbishop Williams' episcopate. During the past twenty-four years they have reclaimed, or preserved from danger, nearly 5,000 women and girls.

The Little Sisters of the Poor were brought thither by Bishop Williams in 1870. They have now institutions for the care of the aged poor in Roxbury, Charlestown, and Somerville.

There is also St. Joseph's Home for children, and servant girls out of employment, directed by a community of Franciscans.

The Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

Two great and distinctive monuments are Archbishop Williams' episcopate are the Cathedral of the Holy Cross and St. John's Seminary, Brighton.

A new Cathedral, worthy of the future which he foresaw for Catholicity in New England, was a work which Bishop Fitzpatrick had much at heart. He acquired the site for it, but the building of this noble temple of God was reserved to his successor.

A few weeks after Bishop Williams' consecration, April 27, 1866, ground was broken for the new Cathedral, and on June 25 following, he laid the corner-stone. The Cathedral was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, on Dec. 8, 1875. It is equalled in spaciousness and beauty by few of the Cathedral churches in the country, and surpassed by none but the Cathedral of New York.

St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary.

The Divinity School of St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, at Brighton, was opened in 1884. The Archbishop placed it in charge of the Sulpician Fathers. The eminent divine, the Very Rev. John B. Hogan, friend of the Archbishop's seminary days, came on from Paris, at his request, to head it. Abbé Hogan remained here till 1889, when he was chosen director of ecclesiastical discipline at the just-opened Catholic University at Washington.

The Philosophers' Building was opened last fall. Both institutions are under the control of the president, the Very Rev. C. B. Rex, S.S., with a resident director, the Rev. P. P. Chapon, S.S., at the latter.

The buildings are among the best of the kind in America. They stand on a noble elevation, commanding a lovely prospect on every side, and are surrounded by twenty-eight acres of land. There are now in the theology house seventy-one students; in the philosophy house, twenty-six. The seminary, while especially for students of the Province of New England, is open to candidates for the priesthood from any part of the country.

Archbishop Williams has made four visits to Rome. Besides his two *ad limina* visits, he went thither in 1869, for the Vatican Council, and in 1883, for the conference of the American Archbishops, previous to the holding of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. He is in high favor with the Holy Father and the Sacred College. The confidence of the whole American episcopate in his wisdom, piety, and judicial temper was often and strikingly manifested during the deliberations of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. He was among the first to give effect to the decrees concerning Catholic population, education, permanent rectorships, and the like.

It speaks well for the diocese that within the

few years following the Council, so many parishes, indeed the full proportion, should have been found with all the qualifications to entitle them to the dignity of permanent rectorships. There are now twelve so honored: St. Mary's, Lynn; St. Patrick's, Lowell; St. Mary's of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport; St. Joseph's, Amesbury; the Immaculate Conception, Malden; the Immaculate Conception, Newburyport; St. Anne's, Gloucester; St. Mary's, Waltham; St. Joseph's, Roxbury; St. Thomas', Jamaica Plain, Boston, St. Rose's, Chelsea, and St. James', Haverhill.

The Diocese of Boston has, perhaps, the largest proportion of consecrated churches in the country; and its church property in general is in excellent financial condition.

What a world of consummate prudence and forethought, of labor and sacrifice, is represented by these tersely summarized facts and figures! Catholicity had to make its way here under conditions not duplicated elsewhere. The Church needed for Boston just the man she found in the exact, far-seeing, firm, silent, and selfless man who keeps this week, amid the grateful rejoicing of his priests and people, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate.

The First Bishop of Boston.

EARLY DAYS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE annals of the world present no chapter more interesting than that which records the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in the United States, and particularly in New England. While it must be admitted that this wonderful growth is due to the grace of God, still this same grace requires, by the all-wise dispensation of God, human instruments for the conversion of souls, and exacts of them labors proportionate to the natural obstacles offered in any given case. Among the many human instruments employed by God for the advancement of His Church in New England, the first Bishop of Boston, the Rt. Rev. John Louis de Cheverus, may be ranked among the foremost, and has merited for himself an imperishable name in the annals of the Church. As few topics can be more interesting than personal sketches of remarkable men in any walk of life, I trust that the following sketch of this great prelate may prove at the present time specially interesting to Catholic readers.

The Rt. Rev. John Louis de Cheverus.

John Louis de Cheverus, the first Bishop of Boston, was born at Mayenne, France, on the 28th of January, in the year 1768. His preparatory studies were made at a college in his native city, and at the age of twelve years, having resolved to devote his life to the service of religion, he received the tonsure from Monseigneur de Hercé, Bishop of Dol. The Bishop of Mans, being on a visit at Mayenne, soon after, became acquainted with him, and was so much pleased with his pious dispositions and his talents that he offered his father a place for him at the College of Louis le Grand, in Paris. At the age of thirteen he was preferred to the benefice of the Priory of Torbechet, by the Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.

In the year 1781 he entered the famous College of Louis le Grand, and on July 21, 1786, publicly defended a thesis with such success that he received universal praise. After having spent a few years at college, with the desire of having better opportunities to fit himself for the sacred ministry, he entered the Theological Seminary of St. Magloine, in which he had secured a place for himself by the display of his talents and knowledge. He was raised to the deaconship in the month of October, 1790, and received the sacerdotal dignity on Dec. 18 of the same year.

Thus invested with the sacred character when he still lacked a few months of his twenty-third birthday, he returned to his native city and celebrated his first Mass on Christmas night. For a time he assisted as vicar to his uncle, who was parish priest of Mayenne; and in January, 1792, on the death of this relative, was appointed his successor, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Mans. In the meantime, that terrible revolution which deluged the fair land of France in the blood of her noblest and most virtuous citizens had broken out, and Father Cheverus was driven from Mayenne by the fierce tyrants who were intent upon the destruction of both Church and State. With the Bishop of Dol and several clergymen, he was placed under surveillance at Laval, and afterwards imprisoned in the Convent of the Cordeliers. From this latter place he made his escape, and was concealed in Paris, in the rooms of his brother, then a collegian at the College of Louis le Grand, during the frightful massacre of the 2d and 3d of September.

The Abbe Cheverus in England.

On the 9th or 10th of September, 1792, he escaped from Paris disguised in a military dress, having a passport bearing the name of his brother, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. On Sept. 11, he reached Calais in safety, and passed over to England, where he was hospitably received. Though ignorant of the English language, he immediately began to study it, and made such progress that in January, 1793, he became teacher of French and mathematics to five or six young men, who were preparing for the university. Finding that there were a few Catholic families in the neighborhood who had neither a priest to minister to them nor a place to worship God, he applied to Dr. Douglass, the Catholic Bishop of the London district, and obtained permission to officiate for them. In a short time he procured a house, and converted a part of it into a chapel. The result of his first address to his little flock gave him great consolation. On inquiring of an humble individual what he thought of his first sermon, he was answered with great simplicity, "Your sermon, sir, was not like other sermons; there was not a single dictionary word in it, every word could be understood." After he had passed a few years here in the labors of the ministry, he began to think seriously of going to some other field of labor, where his services might be more needed. At this

very time he received a letter from his friend, Dr. Matignon, inviting him to come and join him on the mission in Boston.

He Seeks the American Mission

Vividly impressed with the contents of Dr. Matignon's letter, Father Cheverus resolved to accept the earnest invitation extended to him, and after settling his affairs took passage on a vessel about to sail for Boston.

While on shipboard he so impressed his fellow-passengers with respect and interest, that notwithstanding the prejudice existing against Catholic priests, no one presumed to indulge in the least unkind reflection, and the captain, in testimony of his admiration, ordered that on every Friday and Saturday a dinner of fish should be prepared for the Catholic missionary. On Oct. 3, 1796, the vessel on which he had embarked anchored safely in Boston harbor.

In a letter to Bishop Carroll shortly after his arrival, Father Cheverus said: "Send me where you think I am most needed without making yourself anxious about the means of supporting me. I am willing to work with my hands, if need be, and I believe I have strength enough to do it."

At the time when Father Cheverus arrived in Boston, Catholicity evinced but little signs of the wonderful vitality that has since characterized it in New England. At the close of the year 1788, an ex-chaplain of the French Navy, the Abbé de la Poter called the few Catholics of Boston together in the little French Huguenot chapel on School Street, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. On May 29, 1789, his faculties were withdrawn by Bishop Carroll, and he was succeeded by the Rev. Louis de Rouscelet. Soon after, on Jan. 4, 1790, the Rev. John Thayer, a native of Boston and a convert to the faith, arrived, and was appointed missionary rector in place of Father Rouscelet.

Finding on his arrival that the infant Church had not made much headway under the administration of his predecessors, he immediately set to work to infuse new life into his little congregation.

Like many persons after their conversion to the Catholic faith, he fancied that nothing on earth was wanted to convert this or that person among his friends, but that such a person should just hear what is to be said in defence of Catholicism and against Protestantism.

His attacks upon Protestantism destroyed his usefulness and retarded rather than advanced the interests of Catholics.

He forgot, good priest as he was, that Papists, as New Englanders then openly designated Catholics, were simply tolerated, and priests were to be left undisturbed as long as, according to the Protestant criterion of behavior, they behaved themselves.

The Abbe Matignon.

Bishop Carroll, who well understood the character and deep-rooted prejudices of New England Congregationalists for everything connected with the Catholic Church, determined to withdraw Fr. Thayer from Boston, and sent Dr. Matignon, on his arrival, to take his place. On August 20, 1792, Dr. Matignon entered upon his duties as pastor of the Holy Cross Church, at Boston. The germ of a church had indeed been started, but he found it on the point of being crushed and ruined by prejudice and suspicion. He saw at a glance that it would require on his part the wisest policy to stem the tide of opposition that confronted him. His first study, then, was to enter thoroughly into the Protestant character as it existed living around him, for he was well aware that the great secret of conviction and persuasion lay in a knowledge of an opponent's state of mind. He felt that he must show those who lived around him what Catholicism really is, and he was persuaded that this was not to be effected by abstract statements of doctrine or history, but by a life of true apostolic poverty. Thus clearly seeing his way towards the end he aimed at, and inspired with a love of his fellow-man, and guided by delicacy of feeling, modesty and charity, he labored to let Protestants know what Catholicity is, without giving unnecessary offence.

By his unremitting labors, his humility, gentleness, learning and tact, he slowly but surely disarmed the overt hostility of the enemies of Catholicity.

How Fathers Matignon and Cheverus Conquered Prejudice.

When Father Cheverus arrived on the 3d of October, 1796, he found but three places of Catholic worship in all New England—the little chapel on School Street, and two old chapels on the Indian Missions in Maine. The only priests then in all New England were Dr. Matignon at Boston, Father Ciquard on the Indian Missions of Maine, and Father John Thayer, who, after the arrival of Dr. Matignon, occupied himself by making missionary journeys to every town of importance in New England. Owing to his superior attainments and the cordiality which he exhibited in his intercourse with all classes of people, but more especially on account of his devotedness to the duties of his ministry and the wants of the poor Catholics of Boston, Father Cheverus soon became exceedingly popular.

Having respectfully declined the pastorship of St. Mary's Church, in Philadelphia, which had been tendered him by Bishop Carroll, he set out, on the year after his arrival in Boston, in the month of July, 1797, for the Indian Missions of Maine. The gentleness of his disposition made no less an impression upon the rude children of the forest than upon the refined and cultivated Bostonians.

In the year 1798 the yellow-fever broke out in Boston, and just as the epidemic was at its height, Father Cheverus returned from his mission among the Indians. He immediately became the servant and the nurse of the afflicted, and day and night he devoted all his time to the care of his fever-stricken fellow-citizens, without distinction of rank or creed. Such a noble exhibition of disinterested charity could not fail to strike the inhabitants of Boston with astonishment, and even the most prejudiced against Catholics were forced to exclaim: "Are these, then, the Catholic priests about whom we have heard so many evil things? Are these the Papists who have been depicted to us in such dark colors?"

Father Cheverus and President Adams.

So completely did his conduct on this and other occasions win the heart of the people, that when President John Adams visited Boston and was honored with a public banquet, the two highest places at table were assigned to the President and Father John Cheverus; and when the Legislature of Massachusetts were preparing the formula of an oath to be taken by all citizens before voting at elections, fearing lest it might contain something in conflict with the consciences of Catholics, they submitted it for revision and amendment to Father de Cheverus. When he prepared his own formula and submitted it to the Legislature, it was at once accepted and enacted into a law.

First Church Built in Boston.

When the little French Huguenot Church on School Street, which had served the Catholics of Boston from 1788 as a place of worship, became too small for the accommodation of the increasing congregation, and Fathers Matignon and Cheverus opened a subscription for the erection of a new church, John Adams, then President of the United States, headed the list with his name. Many other Protestant citizens of Boston also subscribed liberally to the same object, and on the 29th of September, 1803, the first Catholic church erected in Boston was solemnly dedicated, under the title of the Church of the Holy Cross, by Bishop Carroll.

While Father Cheverus was engaged in the

erection of this church, the news of the restoration of the clergy in France was brought to Boston, and he was urgently appealed to by his friends and relatives to return to his native country. As he was in doubt whether or not he should accede to their wishes, especially as he still thought himself bound to his native diocese, he asked Bishop Carroll to settle the difficulty for him. In a letter dated April 9, 1803, Bishop Carroll set his doubts at rest in the following words: "To make an examination of this matter as satisfactory to you as possible, I divested myself as much as I could of every personal consideration, and endeavored to view it solely in itself, and the result of my reflections has been more satisfactory to my mind than when I first began them. I am fully persuaded that you are not obliged by your previous engagements to, or connection with, your former diocese and parish to return to them."

During the next five years we find Father Cheverus devoting all his time and talents to the duties of his sacred calling. Besides ministering to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of Boston, he visited Waltham, Wrentham, Salem, Newburyport, Plymouth, Braintree, and nearly every town of importance in Massachusetts. He made missionary journeys also to Dover and Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, to Newport, Bristol and Providence, in Rhode Island, and to Newcastle and the Indian Missions in Maine. Under his instructions many converts joined the Church, no small number of whom belonged to the most distinguished and influential New England families. He was at all times accessible to persons seeking either alms, advice or consolation.

In the Massachusetts Spy of June 25, 1806, an account is given of the execution of two unfortunate Irishmen who were put to death at Northampton, for an alleged murder. Hastening from Boston to their spiritual aid, Father Cheverus prepared them for death, and previous to their execution preached in the meeting house of the town an appropriate and eloquent discourse to a very crowded auditory. His sermon struck all present with astonishment and admiration. At the solicitation of the townspeople he preached several times before leaving, and so charmed them with his fervid and earnest eloquence, his elevation of character and sanctity, that they who, when he came to Northampton, would scarcely give him a shelter to lodge in, now wished and entreated him to remain with them altogether.

When we remember that Northampton was the residence of the famous Jonathan Edwards, and recall his sentiments towards Catholics, and especially towards priests, we can understand how attractive must have been the manners and discourses of Father Cheverus to thus captivate the villagers.

Not the least among the good works of Father Cheverus at this time was the conversion of the good Mother Seton, who afterwards, at his suggestion, became the foundress of the illustrious Order of Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburg.

On Sunday, July 17, 1808, with the permission of Bishop Carroll, he blessed the second church erected by Catholics in New England, at Damariscotta Mills, in the town of Newcastle, Maine.

Boston is Made a Bishopric.

The Diocese of Baltimore had, up to this period, embraced the whole of the United States, and although Bishop Carroll had associated with himself, as coadjutor, the Rev. Leonard Neale, on Dec. 7, 1800, still, even with the aid of this zealous co-laborer, it was impossible for him to keep up with the increasing demands made upon him. He appealed, therefore, to Pope Puis VII. for further help. His diocese, embracing the whole of the original thirteen States, counted sixty-eight priests and eighty churches, and with the tide of emigration the church was gaining constant accessions. The Holy Father, yielding to the solicitations of the first prelate of the American hierarchy, raised Baltimore, by a Brief dated April 8, 1808, to the dignity of a Metropolitan See, and named New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Bardstown, now the Diocese of Louisville, as Suffragan Sees.

All New England was placed under the jurisdiction of the Diocese of Boston. Bishop Carroll had fixed upon Dr. Matignon as its first bishop, thinking that on account of his years, his ability and his reputation of both Doctor and Professor of the Sorbonne, this good priest had claims upon the office prior to those of Dr. Cheverus, who was still young and only his curate.

When he was about to send his petition to Rome, Dr. Matignon heard it, and, greatly troubled and alarmed, he remonstrated with him and formally refused the great honor, suggesting in his stead the nomination of his worthy friend, Dr. Cheverus. In deference to the wishes of Dr. Matignon, Bishop Carroll suggested the name of Dr. Cheverus, and he was appointed, by Pius VII., the first Bishop of Boston.

On account of the troubled state of Europe the Bulls did not arrive until 1810, and on All Saints' Day of that year, Dr. Cheverus was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Leonard Neale, his coadjutor, and the Rt. Rev. Michael Eagan, Bishop of Philadelphia. The ceremony took place in St. Peter's pro-Cathedral, in Baltimore, and the Rev. William Vincent Harold, O. S. D., preached the consecration sermon.

Before leaving Baltimore, Bishop Cheverus preached at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Benedict J. Flaget, the first Bishop of Bardstown, and assisted at a Synod in which rules for the government of the infant Church were agreed upon. On his return to Boston, though clothed with ecclesiastical power and dignity, no change was discernible in his humble mode of life, or in his simple, modest, and generous bearing towards others. He continued, as before, to exercise his missionary duties of catechising, confessing, visiting the sick, the poor, and afflicted; and his purse, like the wallet of St. Francis of Assisi, seemed to have no bottom to it. In his whole diocese there were but three churches, the Church of the Holy Cross, in Boston, which now became his Cathedral, the Church of St. Patrick, at Damariscotta Mills, in the town of Newcastle, Me., and the little Indian chapel at Pleasant Point.

To aid him in attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of all New England, he had only two priests, Dr. Matignon, in Boston, and the Rev. James Romayne, a missionary among the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians in the district of Maine.

Soon after his consecration, Bishop Cheverus made a visitation of his diocese and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 348 persons. Of this number, 122 belonged to the Indian tribes of Maine.

Each year after he made a similar visitation, and spent from one to two months among the poor Indians. During all this time he was obliged to assume the office of a missionary priest rather than a bishop, for the Catholics scattered throughout his extensive diocese depended entirely on his occasional visits, and on those of Dr. Matignon and Father Romayne.

Though the people of New England seemed to admire and respect Bishop Cheverus, still Catholicity advanced but slowly, owing to the spirit of intolerance that manifested itself on all sides.

Nothing daunted, Bishop Cheverus continued to labor in season and out of season for the advancement of God's Church, and about the year 1813, in spite of puritanical intolerance, the Catholic Church began to show signs of progress.

We read of Mass being celebrated and Catholic sermons being preached, about this time, in Salem, Newburyport, Newport, Providence, New Bedford, Burlington and New Haven.

The fame of Bishop Cheverus for piety and learning had spread from Boston to the wilds of Maine, and this fact, joined with his well-known simplicity, cordiality and spirit of poverty, so impressed Protestants, that a more kindly spirit was manifested towards Catholics. Hardly had Bishop Cheverus begun to rejoice at the manifest signs of a brighter future for Catholicity in New

England, than his kind and affectionate heart was saddened by the painful intelligence of the death of the venerable and illustrious Archbishop Carroll. The pain that he felt at the death of the venerable father of the American hierarchy was augmented when he was solicited by the very aged and infirm Archbishop Neale, upon whom then devolved the entire duties of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, to become his successor and coadjutor.

With the desire of spending the remainder of his days with his beloved flock at Boston, he succeeded, however, after much solicitude and many entreaties, in causing Rev. Mr. Mareschal to be selected for that high position instead of himself

Freed thus from the anxiety which the desire of Archbishop Neale to select him as his coadjutor and successor had caused him, he now devoted himself more than ever to the work of his own diocese.

The untiring zeal of Bishop Cheverus was not confined, however, to his own diocese, for we soon find him, by the invitation of the Vicar-General of the widowed Diocese of New York, consecrating, on Ascension Day, 1815, the new St. Patrick's Cathedral. On this same occasion he preached, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

During the summer of 1816 he made a two months' mission among the Indians, and seeing most clearly the ever-increasing need for zealous, self-sacrificing fellow-laborers, his devoted heart yearned to aid in supplying that need. On his return to Boston, filled with this thought, he collected around him a number of young men, candidates for the priesthood, whom he took under his own roof, and became the director of their theological studies and their teacher.

First Priest Ordained in Boston.

On May 21, 1817, he had the consolation of raising to the sacerdotal dignity the Rev. Denis Ryan, the first priest ordained in the city of Boston. In this same year the little congregation at Salem, first called together by the Rev. John Thayer, and ever afterwards regularly attended by Bishop Cheverus, erected the first Catholic church built in their city. The great virtues and eminent talents of Bishop Cheverus had not been without producing effects on the minds of Protestants, and causing many to acknowledge the truth and embrace it. Up to the present, converts had come from the ranks of the laity, now the effects of Catholic truths were to show themselves by the conversion of two of the ministers of Protestantism—the Rev. Daniel Barber, and his son, the Rev. Virgil H. Barber. It was not long before all the members of the Barber family followed the example of the father and son. The Rev. Virgil Barber had married, but now he and his wife, by mutual agreement, decided to devote the rest of their lives to the service of God.

Soon after their conversion, the Rev. Virgil H. Barber entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and his wife the monastery of the Sisters of the Visitation at Georgetown.

The First Nuns in Boston.

While the Protestant community was still agitated over the last inroad that Catholicity had made in its ranks, two young ladies arrived in Boston from the city of Limerick, Ire. They were sisters, and the daughters of Mr. James Ryan, a respectable gentleman of Limerick, with whom the Rev. John Thayer had taken up his abode on his arrival in Ireland.

Mary and Catherine Ryan had been educated in the Ursuline Convent at Thurles, and when Father Thayer had spoken about his desire of establishing an institution for the education of Catholic young ladies at Boston, they entered warmly into his plans and offered to go to America and begin the work.

When Father Thayer wrote to Bishop Cheverus and made known their desire, the good Bishop immediately accepted their offer, and after making arrangements with the Ursuline Sisters of Three Rivers, Canada, with regard to their novitiate in that community, invited them to come to America without delay.

The death of Father Thayer, on Feb. 5, 1815, delayed their departure, however, for some time; but true to their vocation, they set sail from Limerick on May 4, 1817, and not long afterwards presented themselves before Bishop Cheverus. Rejoicing at the thought that he might now undertake the accomplishment of a long-cherished design, he sent them, under the care of Dr. Matignon, to the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers.

By a will made by Father Thayer previous to his death, he bequeathed quite a sum of money to Dr. Matignon, to be held in trust by him until such time as an academy might be built or purchased.

With this fund Bishop Cheverus now secured the house and land next to the Church of the Holy Cross on Franklin Place, and there the Misses Ryan, after their solemn profession in the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers, opened

The First Catholic School for Young Ladies in Boston.

Bishop Cheverus, after his consecration as Bishop of Boston, had insisted, on his return to his diocese, that Dr. Matignon should continue to be pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross. This honored position he continued to hold to the great joy of Bishop Cheverus and the edification of the Catholics of Boston. About the beginning of the year 1818, a gloom was cast over the very existence of the Bishop, as Dr. Matignon's health began to fail, and day by day, as he grew weaker and weaker, he clearly saw that this venerable man, whom he honored as his guide, and loved as a father, was rapidly drawing near the tomb. The thought of losing so dear a friend caused him many days of sadness and hours of grief, and the sadness and grief increased daily with the progress of his friend's illness.

Death of the Abbe Matignon.

"On Friday evening, Sept. 18, 1818," says Bishop Cheverus in his diary, "as I was about retiring for the night, Dr. Matignon said to me: 'My dear Bishop, tomorrow will be the anniversary of my ordination; it is forty years since I received sacred orders. Alas, how many have been my faults and omissions during my ministry.' 'And how many have been your good works,' I replied. He forbade me to speak of them, saying, at the same time, that he was an unworthy sinner, but that God was so good that he dared to hope in Him. My tears and sobs," continued Bishop Cheverus, "choked my voice, and as he drew me nearer to him he said: 'I regret one thing only, and that is my separation from you; but we shall one day be united again.'

"On Saturday morning, the 19th, I brought him Holy Communion about half-past five. He was fasting, and gave no signs of his immediate dissolution. His eyes were brilliant with hope and pious fervor, when he received Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar. At half-past six, he was brought a cup of coffee, but took only a few mouthfuls. Suddenly, a deadly pallor announced the approach of death. I said to him: 'My dear friend, do you wish to receive Extreme Unction? You seem very ill.' He appeared somewhat surprised, fixed his eyes upon me, and taking hold of my hand, said, 'Yes,' in a hoarse and trembling voice. I administered the last Sacrament to him and read the prayers for obtaining an indulgence at the hour of death.

"Dr. Matignon held the crucifix attached to his beads in his hand; he kissed it repeatedly, and, pressing my hand, made a sign that I should approach and embrace him for the last time. At 9 30 he appeared exhausted, and at 10 o'clock his pure soul had fled. As he died without a struggle, I could not say just when he breathed his last. His death like his life, was calm and holy. As soon as the sad tidings of Dr. Matignon's death were announced, the inhabitants of Boston, Protestant as well as Catholic, expressed but one sentiment—that of sincere regret and sorrow. On Sunday, Sept. 20, his body, clothed in his priestly vestments, was borne by loving hands to the church that he so dearly loved. Throughout the day the church was crowded by a vast throng of people, who came to take a last look at the face of one whom they knew only to love and admire."

On Monday, the 21st, Bishop Cheverus sang the Solemn Mass of Requiem and delivered a most touching eulogy. At the conclusion of the services in the church, the solemn procession began to move towards the Granary Burying Ground, on Tremont Street. Bishop Cheverus, clothed in the insignia of his episcopal office, with the mitre on his head, marched in the procession of mourners, and never, perhaps, within the memory of Bostonians of that day was witnessed so numerous and respectable a body of persons assembled to pay the last sad tribute to departed worth

While most men do little more in life than to labor for themselves or their dependants, there are some in every age and country who seem born for mankind, and whose habits, reasonings and feelings separate them from the rest of the world, and whose actions prove that the true philanthropist is not an ideal character created in the dreams of fancy and fiction. Of the latter was Dr. Matignon—the quiet, pious man, who asked nothing of human glory, and who did good, "and blushed to find it fame." Bishop Cheverus never ceased to lament the death of his dear friend, Abbé Matignon, yet he continued to be ever cheerful and indefatigable in the discharge of his arduous and ever-increasing duties.

About this time an Irish Augustinian, Father Philip Lariscy, came to Boston from Newfoundland, and offered his services to Bishop Cheverus. Rejoicing at the fact that the place left vacant in the diocese by the death of Father Matignon might be filled, he accepted the service of Father Lariscy and sent the Rev. Denis Ryan, who had been ordained the year before, as a permanent pastor to the little congregation at New Castle, Maine.

Father Lariscy seems to have remained with Bishop Cheverus, in Boston, from about Nov. 1, 1817, until July 21, 1821, as his entries on the records of the Church begin and end on the above dates.

St. Augustine's Chapel and Cemetery, South Boston.

In the year 1818, almost immediately after the death of Dr. Matignon, Bishop Cheverus bought a lot of land on Dorchester Street, in South Boston, for a burial ground for Catholics, and dedicated it on the 21st of December the same year. Through the help of Father Lariscy, who collected several hundred dollars for the object, he erected in the centre of the ground a small mortuary chapel, 20x30, as a mausoleum to his dear friend Abbé Matignon. In gratitude to Father Lariscy, as the Bishop himself states, he named the little Chapel after the illustrious founder of the Augustinian Order, the Chapel of St. Augustine. This little chapel may really be considered the fourth church erected in New England, for subsequently it was enlarged and served as a church for the few Catholics who began to congregate in this part of the city. Father Fitton, in his notes on the Church in New England, states that Father Lariscy also attended the town of New Bedford, and was instrumental in aiding the few Catholics of the place in erecting the fifth church in the Diocese of Boston.

About this time the little community of Ursuline Sisters, who had opened a school for girls next to the Cathedral, was augmented by the arrival of two young candidates from Ireland and two lay Sisters from Boston. Bishop Cheverus received the solemn vows of Margaret and Catherine Ryan, the candidates from Ireland, on the Feast of St. Ursula, 1820.

So happy were the good Catholics of Boston at having a school conducted by religious for the education of their daughters, that they made every sacrifice to sustain the little community. The best proof of their appreciation of the value of religious training, even at that early day, in the history of the Church in Boston, is the fact that over one hundred pupils were in daily attendance.

Other Pioneer Priests.

In the summer of 1821, Father Lariscy, who seems to have been fond of changing from place to place, left Boston, and the Rev. Paul McQuade, who had been at Albany on the New York mission, took his place.

With the Rev. Patrick Byrne, who had been ordained by Bishop Cheverus on Passion Sunday, 1820, Father McQuade assisted the Bishop in the work of the Church at Boston, and ministered once a month to the little congregation at Salem.

Early in the spring of 1821, the Rev. William Taylor arrived in Boston. He had been on the mission in New York, and desiring a change, came to Bishop Cheverus and offered his services to him. About this time Messrs. White and Nichols, converts to the faith, residing at Vergennes, in Vermont, earnestly besought the Bishop of Boston to send a priest to attend to the Catholics of that part of the State.

Seeing by the timely arrival of Father Taylor that he could accede to their pious wishes, Bishop Cheverus sent the Rev. Paul McQuade to Vergennes, and kept Father Taylor with himself in Boston. Some idea can be conceived of the state of Catholicity at that time in Vermont, from the fact that on Father McQuade's arrival he found that a little room, twelve by fourteen feet, was amply sufficient for altar, priest and congregation. After Father McQuade had ministered to the spiritual wants of the good Catholics of Vergennes, he returned to Boston, and some time after returned to the mission in New York. The records of baptisms and marriages show that his first entry was made on March 12, 1821, and his last on Feb. 21, 1823.

Although it was not as easy in those early days to advance the work of the Church as it is in our day, still the progress of Catholicity in a soil so deeply impregnated with the tenets of Puritanism was truly wonderful.

Priests were scarce. Catholics, as a rule, were poor, and many other facilities were wanting, yet Bishop Cheverus, with the few resources at his command, gave an impetus to religion in his vast diocese by his visitations, and by the example of devotion he gave to both priests and people. It is needless to say that this great heart swelled with honest pride when he pictured to himself what the Church in New England would be when the little seed that he was then sowing would have grown to maturity.

Early Catholic Settlements in New England.

Already in the year 1822, after having had a hard struggle to make his way in New England, the historic stronghold of Puritanism, Bishop Cheverus beheld six churches erected in his diocese, two of which were in Boston. Besides, there was one in Salem, and one in New Bedford, and two in the State of Maine; one at Whitefield and one at Newcastle.

The total Catholic population of Boston in 1820 was but 2,120. During the year there had been 112 baptisms, forty-four marriages and seventeen deaths in Boston, and 207 baptisms, forty-seven marriages, and fifty-three deaths in all New England. The total Catholic population of the Diocese of Boston in 1822 could not have been more than about 5,000 Up to this time (1822) the few Catholics scattered throughout New Hampshire had been unable to provide for themselves a single church building, but it was not to be long before they would possess one. In the month of December of this year, the Rev. Virgil H. Barber, who with his whole family had embraced the Catholic faith in 1816, was ordained by Bishop Cheverus, and sent the following year to build a little chapel at Claremont. So zealously did this good priest enter upon the work assigned him, that he finished a neat chapel and held services in it before the close of the year 1823. With the intention of providing a place where Catholic children might be taught the higher branches of education, he so constructed the little church that it might serve the twofold purpose of school and church. Thus in this year the Catholics of Claremont found themselves supplied with a church and school.

Bishop and Missionary.

From the very day of his consecration Bishop Cheverus, owing to the scarcity of priests, had

been compelled to discharge the ordinary functions of a missionary priest, in addition to his own arduous duties. Having been obliged to travel unaccompanied through his different missions, sustaining alone the entire burden of the ministry in every town and village through which he passed, preaching, baptizing, and confessing, his hitherto robust constitution now began to show serious signs of weakening. Deeply impressed with the responsibility of the pastoral office, he would not continue to hold a dignity the duties of which he was unable to discharge, and the resources of the diocese were then too limited to support a coadjutor.

He began now to meditate seriously on the thought "of retiring to the bosom of his family at Mayenne, and leaving in his place some one more robust than himself to undergo the labors of his diocese, but he found his affections too closely entwined around his Church in New England, to come of his own accord to such a resolution."

Bishop Cheverus Recalled to France.

In the year 1822, Baron de Neuville was in the United States, as Minister from the Court of St. Cloud, and seeing the health of Bishop Cheverus rapidly failing, he suggested to King Louis XVIII. the necessity of recalling the Bishop to France.

When the See of Montauban became vacant, the King, by an ordinance dated Jan. 13, 1823, named Bishop Cheverus the Ordinary of that diocese. When the letter announcing his removal to the See of Montauban reached him, he was greatly troubled, and after weighing the matter well, he took the generous resolution of clinging to his infant Church at Boston, at the risk of displeasing king, family and friends.

When the news of his transfer to France was heard by the people of Boston, Catholics and Protestants alike were deeply grieved, and with the hope of their retaining one so dear to the whole community, a remonstrance was prepared, and after being signed by 226 of the most distinguished citizens, sent to the Grand Almoner of France, the Prince of Croy. In this letter, which was dated April 22, 1823, the writers said: "That we should interfere in the hope of preventing the translation of Bishop Cheverus to this higher scène of social and pious usefulness, demands an entire justification. It is found in this. The Catholics of this place and of the New England States are generally a description of persons who need not only instruction as to their great duties as Christians, but also advice, consolation, encouragement or correction in their temporal affairs. To accomplish objects so important to them and so necessary to the good order of society, the most commanding confidence is indispensable in their ecclesiastical rules.

"It is impossible for us to make known to you, by any words, how entirely grateful and beneficent is the dominion of Bishop Cheverus over all to whom he ministers in his apostolic authority. We hold him to be a blessing and a treasure in our social community which we cannot part with, and which, without injustice to any man, we may affirm, if withdrawn from us, can never be replaced. If the removal can be referred to the principle of usefulness, we may safely assume that in no place, nor under any circumstances, can Bishop Cheverus be situated where his influence, whether spiritual, moral, or social, can be so extensive as where he now is."

In answer to the above, the Grand Almoner replied that while the King was deeply touched by their great respect and love for their good Bishop he still insisted upon Monsignor Cheverus returning to France. As both France and America had tender claims upon the heart of Bishop Cheverus, was sadly perplexed, and in writing to a friend he about this time said: "My heart is torn in pieces."

While he was still undecided about what action he should now take, his physicians settled the last doubt in his mind by reluctantly informing him that if he spent another winter in Boston it would be his last on earth. Once that he had decided upon his departure, he began his preparations by distributing all that he possessed to his clergy, the poor, and his friends—resolved, as he had entered Boston in poverty, in poverty he should leave it. All classes now united to show their appreciation of his nobleness of character, and a handsome sum was raised by subscription to defray his expenses.

Catholics and Protestants Lament His Loss.

The deep regret of his own flock at losing their beloved pastor and father was reciprocated by the Protestant portion of the community, who lost a friend and, in many cases, a mostjvalued adviser

The high esteem in which he was held by the latter portion of the community is evident from the following extract taken from a local paper. In expressing the regrets of Bostonians at his departure the writer says: "This worthy prelate has passed nearly thirty years among us, and during that whole period has inspired all classes with the utmost confidence and respect. The amenity of his manners as a man of the world, his talents, his goodness as a bishop, his pure and apostolic life have been the constant theme of eulogium; we deplore his loss as a public calamity."

On his departure from Boston he was escorted by over 300 vehicles, which accompanied him many miles on the road to New York.

Bidding a last fond farewell to his beloved Boston, he sailed from New York on Oct. 1, 1823

On reaching France he took charge of the See of Montauban, and subsequently was appointed Archbishop of Bordeaux on July 30, 1826 When he had successfully ruled this great See for about ten years, he was proclaimed a Cardinal on Feb. 1, 1836.

The language of the Sovereign Pontiff in the Brief that proclaimed him a Cardinal was: "It is due to the merits and virtues of the Archbishop, and the zeal he has displayed in the Dioceses of Boston, Montauban and Bordeaux."

He did not live long to enjoy the last great honor, for, soon after, he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy, and died in the sixty-ninth year of his age, on July 19, 1836, lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him in France and America.

ARTHUR T. CONNOLLY.

A PROTESTANT CHALLENGE AND A CATHOLIC ANSWER.—The Rev. Dr. Wight, a Methodist Episcopal minister of Trenton, N. J., lectured recently in that city, on "The Founders of the Republic and the Inheritance They Have Left Us." He referred to the series of sermons on Catholic doctrine which the Rev. Thaddeus Hogan is delivering at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Trenton, and challenged the latter to controvert the statement that Catholic countries are less progressive than those where Protestantism predominates. Father Hogan wrote as follows to the State Gazette, wherein Dr. Wight's discourse and challenge appeared:—

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, Feb. 23.

To the Editor of the State Gazette—

SIR:—Your issue today contains a report of a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Wight, of Green Street M. E. Church, in which he mentions my name. Will you please give me enough space in your journal of tomorrow to thank the Rev. Dr. Wight for this unlooked-for compliment, and to say that I am not in the controversy business? I am simply engaged in stating the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and her reasons for holding them. If I were disposed to argue with Dr. Wight, I should say to him this morning: "Dear Doctor, you have, no doubt, studied Scripture, logic and history. Bring these to bear on your question to me and you shall see, after having thought over the matter for a short time, how very childish the question is." If, however, the Doctor is in good faith and desires information, I shall be delighted to give all I can on this and on any other point concerning the Catholic Church, if he will only favor me with a visit at my home. Thanking you, sir, for your courtesy, I am very faithfully yours.

THADDEUS HOGAN, Rector.

Archbishop Williams' Silver Jubilee.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES AT THE CATHEDRAL.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' silver jubilee celebration was expected to be an event of unusual interest, and this expectation has been fulfilled to the very letter. For brilliancy, for magnificence, and for everything else that goes to make up a grand spectacle, yesterday's event has never been equalled in this city since the first Catholic stepped foot within its limits.

The massive Cathedral of the Holy Cross was the scene of the ceremonies. It held by far the largest congregation that ever assembled there, and this is saying a great deal, for many noteworthy events have transpired within the walls of the great building.

Rich and poor, men in high stations in life and men in no station at all were represented in the great gathering, and all appeared to be deeply engrossed in the ceremonial exercises.

Many of them were on hand even earlier than 7.30, and as 8.30 o'clock grew near it was not to be wondered at that they manifested signs of impatience. The gates in front of the sacred edifice were securely locked and guarded by a detail of police.

It did not take long to fill the church after the doors were opened, and long before ten o'clock it was not only impossible to obtain a seat, but even to secure available standing room.

In honor of the occasion the sanctuary of the church was elaborately decorated with flowers, including Easter lilies, carnations, and many other exotics of beauty and fragrance.

Seated in the sanctuary when the services were in progress were several hundred priests and eight bishops.

Occupying the front pews of the church were fully five hundred priests, many of them having come from distant portions of New England, and not a few from other states.

The order of exercises was as follows:

1. Processional march ..... Organ
   J. F. Donahoe.
2. Introit .....
   Sanctuary choir.
3. (*a*) "Kyrie Eleison," from Messe Sollennelle ..... Gounod
   (*b*) "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," from Messe Sollennelle ..... Gounod
   Church choir augmented.
4. Gradual, "Veni Creator" .....
   Church choir.
5. "Credo in Unum Deo" ..... Gounod
   Church choir.
6. Offertoire ....
   Sanctuary choir.
7. "Sanctus" ..... Gounod
   Church choir.
8. (*a*) "Benedictus" ..... Gounod
   (*b*) "Agnus Dei" ..... Gounod
   Church choir.
9. Communion .....
   Sanctuary choir.
10. "Te Deum" .....
    Both choirs.
11. "The Heavens Are Telling the Glory of God."
    Church choir, augmented.

Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin, soprano; Miss Cecilia Mooney, contralto; Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, tenor; Mr. John J. McCluskey, bass; Alfred De Seve, director; Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, organist.

At ten o'clock the organ pealed forth the march, and the long line was seen to emerge from the sacristy.

First came the processional cross-bearer, Rev. Henry A. Walsh, followed by the acolytes. Right behind came the sanctuary choir and altar boys clad in cassocks and white surplices. Right behind were the seminarians from St. John's Seminary, at the head of whom was Very Reverend Charles B. Rex, president of the college. Then followed the line of clergymen, including nearly all of those in the archdiocese of Boston and many from other places.

Then followed the prelates of the church, of whom there were present Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt.; Bishop Healy of Portland, Me.; Bishop Bradley of Manchester, N. H.; Bishop McMahon of Hartford, Ct.; Bishop Harkins of Providence, R. I.; Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, Bishop Conroy, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, all of whom were attended by the vicar-generals of their different dioceses. Lastly came the archbishop, clad in his pontifical robes, bearing his crosier, and attended by the deacons of honor, Mgr. Patrick Strain of Lynn, and Rev. Thomas Shahan of Arlington.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, the following being the officers: Celebrant, Most Reverend John J. Williams, D. D., archbishop of Boston; deacons of honor, Very Reverend Mgr. Patrick Strain of Lynn, Rev. Thomas Shahan of Arlington,; deacon of the Mass, Rev. Leo P. Boland, rector of the Cathedral; subdeacon of the Mass, L. M. A. Corcoran; master of ceremonies, Rev. James F. Talbot D. D.; assistant masters of ceremonies, Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, and Rev. George Patterson; archiepiscopal cross-bearer, Rev. Henry A. Walsh, and the following officers of the Mitre League: Rev. Mr. Kelliher, crosier; Rev. Mr. J. Butler, candle; Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, book; Rev. Mr. Leary, gremial; Rev. E. Butler, cross-bearer; Rev. Mr. O'Neil, first acolyte; Rev. Mr. Degan, second acolyte; Rev. Mr. McClellan, first thurifier; Rev. Mr. McCormack, second thurifier; Rev. Mr. Lenehan, first torch-bearer; Rev. J. O'Malley, second torch-bearer; Rev. M. McCarthy, third torch-bearer; Rev. Mr. Daley, fourth torch-bearer; Rev. Mr. Holland, fifth torch-bearer; Rev. Mr. Condon, Rev. Mr. Sullivan.

After the gospel the following sermon was preached by Bishop Healy of Portland. He spoke eloquently, and moved his vast audience visibly.

But by the grace of God I am what I am, and His grace in me hath not been void; but I have labored more abundantly than all they; yet not I, but the grace of God with me.—I. COR. XV. 10.

YOUR GRACE:—In this presence of Almighty God, of angels and of men; on this day and occasion, when the praises and congratulations of a great people unite with their prayers to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of your consecration, it would seem more fitting to use the words of the Roman monitor to the conqueror in his triumphal procession,

and to say, in the midst of this splendor and praise, "Remember thou art but man," rather than to quote the words of St. Paul, which I have taken as a text.

"I have labored more abundantly, than all they; yet not I, but the grace of God with me." But if St. Paul does in other places detail the varied phases of his apostolate, yet we can well interpret his more abundantly as applicable not to his personal merits, but to the results of his labors, which were indeed more abundant than those of any individual apostle. And in this sense, which does not conflict with that Christian humility and apostolic modesty which so well becomes you, I would, with a grateful heart, invite you, Most Rev. Brother—I would invite prelates and priests and people—to follow with me in the brief rehearsal of history, and to join with you in the hymn of praise to God, for all that His divine grace has accomplished with you and by you. In declaring, then, that you have labored more *abundantly* than all they, we may well recall who *they* were and what was the result of their labors and sacrifices.

The episcopate of Boston formally commenced with the appointment of Rev. John Cheverus as Bishop in 1808, and his consecration in Baltimore on Nov. 1, 1810.

He had fled from his beloved France, with thousands of priests, when the knife of the guillotine was their daily expectation; he had come from his refuge in England at the invitation of that saintly priest, Dr. Matignon, in 1796. Before them, Boston had seen and admired its first priest of Puritan stock, in the Rev. John Thayer, as successor to the brief ministry of two French priests, exiles from their country. Here established, the two devoted friends, Matignon and Cheverus, had labored fourteen years, when the burden of the episcopate was by request of the older priest laid upon the shoulders of the younger, and John Cheverus became the first Bishop of Boston.

Dignity of rank and sublimity of order changed nothing but the outward habit of the man and the priest. A true representative of an old and honored family, he continued as a Bishop the same simple manner, the same charming amiability, the same desire to be all things to all men; the same spirit of poverty, knowing so well, with the Apostle—"how to be brought low" as Bishop of Boston, or "how to abound," and yet not in riches, as Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux; the same zeal of an apostle that carried him repeatedly over all the vast extent of his diocese, the six States of New England.

When travelling was so slow, so difficult and wearisome, we scarcely understand how he could have accomplished so many visitations of distant colonies of Catholics without neglecting his charge in Boston. And yet, after fourteen years of priestly life and thirteen years of episcopal labors, what was the result? Great it then appeared, but admiration of the apostolic prelate yields to astonishment at present, when we consider that, after twenty-seven years, New England, in 1823, had but one priest in the city of Boston; one in Maine; one in New Hampshire; one poor little school and nine churches—buildings which could all be housed within the walls of this Cathedral; and scarcely a thousand Catholics. God does not always and to every laborer permit to see the seed-time and the harvest.

Bishop Cheverus left Boston in 1823, and on the same festival of All Saints, Nov. 1, 1825, Benedict Joseph Fenwick was consecrated the second Bishop of Boston.

He was of the race of those Catholic pilgrims of Maryland who first proclaimed and practised freedom of conscience in our country; a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, newly risen from the ashes of its suppression. He had filled the position of president of the College at Georgetown; of pastor and missionary at New York; of an angel of peace to the divided people of Charleston, South Carolina; and he came to Boston followed by the affectionate regret of his brethren in religion and the confidence of his brethren in the episcopate. He came with a heart full of apostolic zeal, and hands full of gifts for the enlargement of his Cathedral, for the education of a clergy born in the diocese, and the promotion of Christian education.

From 1825 until 1846, how wonderful would appear the history of his life, if here unfolded! Truly could he have said with the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "In journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers; in perils from my own nation"—the scattered Catholics; in perils from "the Gentiles," the midnight convent-burner; "in perils in the city," with churches threatened by incendiaries; "in perils in the wilderness, in perils from false brethren." For twenty-one years he loved and labored; and then, on the anniversary of that event (the destruction of the convent) which had saddened his remaining years, he departed from this life; not, however, without a glimpse of the land of promise. He had seen the churches increased from only one deserving the name to forty; he had seen the harvest of priests; forty-four there were, as successors to the three who welcomed his arrival. A diocese of two fast-growing States, Connecticut and Rhode Island, set off from that of Boston under Rt. Rev. William Tyler, whose name is in benediction. But as an ardent, constant, generous patron of Christian education, no prelate of our country surpassed him. Witness for him the ruins of the Ursuline Convent; the colony and buildings of Benedicta, in Maine. Rise up and bear witness, you sons of St. Ignatius, his brethren: rise up, students of the College of the Holy Cross, the long procession of priests and prelates, and bless his memory. Rise up, daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, Sisters of Charity; rise up with your long succession of faithful virgins and chaste matrons, your pupils, and bless the name of him who planted you in this land, as trees ladened with blessings for the generations to come. He died on the memorable August 11, 1846; but not before he had imposed hands upon his immediate successor as a Bishop of Boston, and welcomed and blessed the young priest who, after long expectation, gladdened the last months of his life, and was destined to inherit the cross and the crown as his second successor.

. . . . . .

Forty priests, forty-four churches, one college, one school, one orphan asylum—such was the condition of the Diocese of Boston when, in 1846, John Bernard Fitzpatrick became its titular Bishop. Twenty-five years, Your Grace, have indeed passed over our heads since we carried his body to its tempo-

rary resting-place in the old cemetery, among the heroes and heroines of faith of the early days of Catholicity in Boston.

And yet I can hardly speak of him as I would wish; nor can your heart more easily bear all that affectionate gratitude would move us to rehearse of that man; of majesty in presence, of breadth and depth of mind, that made his decisions of faith and rulings in morals seem like those of a Doctor of the Church—from his youth, bearing the gravity, wisdom and authority of age; a Bishop welcomed in his young manhood as a worthy compeer by the great champions of the time; for "there were giants in those days." I have but to name Hughes, McCloskey, Kenrick, Fenwick, Flaget, Rosati and England to carry conviction to every hearer.

Such was the man in mind; but shall I say that he escaped not the common trials, crosses and sorrows of a bishop? That would be too little. Your Grace will bear testimony that a noble, generous and loving heart, bearing most literally not only "the solicitude of all the churches" of the diocese, but the burden of many, at last broke under the accumulated weight of care and suffering; and, after teaching us how to live, he taught us, who were witnesses of his last days and hours, how a bishop ought to die. In faith, in child-like piety, in blessed hope; for days and weeks listening to no word save of Eternity, when the gates opened he ascended to God; and as he departed we called after him, with our tears and sighs, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the driver thereof." (IV. KINGS xi. 12.) And in answer to our cries his mantle fell upon the successor of his choice. We were witnesses twenty-five years ago; we are witnesses today that with his mantle of a great bishop a double portion of his spirit was given, as a double responsibility was required. Such were they, your illustrious predecessors, in this church and Diocese of Boston, worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance by men, as they will be in eternal honor before Almighty God.

But compared to the splendor of this day, this place, and this assembly, they were as those who but commence the foundations—they were as toilers in the dim aurora that precedes the day-light; they were (HEB. xi.) pilgrims . . . beholding from afar and saluting the promises that were to be realized in the coming days; they were wise architects laying foundations, and to you, venerable brother, it has been granted to build thereon.

Twenty-five years ago, and the Diocese of Boston, of which you became the head, presented 109 churches, 119 priests, two colleges, two orphan asylums, two hospitals, three academies with 207 pupils, 5,400 pupils in eleven parochial schools and a small temporary church as pro-Cathedral.

And on this twenty-fifth anniversary, omitting the great Diocese of Springfield with its 162 priests, 107 churches, and the fifty churches and fifty-three priests of Providence Diocese, which are found in what was the then Diocese of Boston, we count 161 churches—and such churches as no other diocese of America can show; Cathedrals elsewhere can scarcely equal them; 352 priests, ninety-seven students for the priesthood. Academies, schools, convents have so increased in number that we count of academies sixteen, of convents forty-six, parochial schools with nearly 30,000 pupils, 1,000 teachers, ten asylums, seven hospitals.

Truly, one might say to you, most reverend brother, as the Prophet Isaias to the future Jerusalem: "Lift up thy eyes round and see: all these are gathered together; they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, thy daughters shall rise up at thy side—then shalt thou see and abound." (ISAIAS lx. 4.) You shall, with a heart fainting with gratitude and surprise, exclaim: It has been given to me to labor more abundantly, with more evident and more wonderful results than all they!

And here in this majestic and wide-reaching temple, the mother and mistress of the diocese, let us entone our hymn of thanksgiving. In earlier and harder days, the Cathedral was frequently the funeral monument of the Bishop that erected it. But to you it has been granted to begin and to finish, and here to display the solemn grandeur of religious ceremonial; here to assemble a great people, and here to convoke such an assembly of the clergy as we witness today. Here, surrounded by your brethren in the divine priesthood, like Melchisedech of old, you bless the children of the faith of Abraham; like Aaron, you offer the incense of prayer; like unto and in union with Jesus Christ, the great High Priest, you offer that sacrifice of which all others are but figures and prophecies—the Holy Sacrifice, the Immaculate Victim. "*Sanctum, sacrificium: immaculatam hostiam.*"

But what would the edifice be; what would the walls of stone, and vaults of splendor, windows of varied color and design, and altars of marble; what would all be without the spirit of faith living in apostolic priests?

Count among all the blessings that have been so many and so great; count among all the wonders that it has pleased God to effect by you; count among all the varied institutions which now bless your field of labor—whether they be of tenderness for the orphan; of charity to the poor, the suffering and the aged; of rescue for the fallen, or of education in all its varied branches; count, venerable brother, the House and Sanctuary, that is, the Diocesan Seminary, with its admirable teachers, where priests are formed on the model of the divine apostles, as that which should give you the greatest consolation and hope. Without the apostolic priest, the Cathedral would be a barren and silent monument. Without him, and such as he should be, the churches would be deserted; the schools worse than useless; the institutions of charity a fleeting shadow. But with a constant generation of faithful priests, the welfare of the poor, the education of the child, the instruction and sanctification of the people, the purity and self-sacrifice of the virgin, the spread of religion, the glory of God among men, are secured unto the ages to come. Looking down as from a mountain height, I see all the extent, the order, the beauty of this camp of Israel. I see the diocese organized in every particular according to the canons of our Councils. I see the churches, the religious houses of men and women, the asylums of the sick, the aged, the tottering in virtue, the tender in age—and I exclaim: "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob! and thy tents, O Israel! as woody valleys, as watered

gardens . . . as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched as cedars by the water side."—NUMB. xxii. 5.

But among all the trees of this Paradise there is the Tree of Life, of divine life for the priesthood. Without it all your labor was, in a measure, sterile—with it and for it you may well thank God, and cry out in wonder and gratitude. "I have labored more abundantly than all they—and yet not I, but the grace of God with me."

I feel that I should be an unworthy exponent of St. Paul's doctrine, an unfaithful representative of the emotions of your soul on this day, venerable prelate, were I to allow this assembled clergy and people to think that you attributed these wonders of God's mercy and power to yourself. "Not to us, O Lord! not to us, but to Thy Name give glory. (Ps. cxiii.) And yet not I, but the grace of God with me."

No one knows better than a bishop, no one is more frequently compelled to acknowledge that all that is done is done by the grace of God. No one more accurately than the disciple of the Apostles measures what small part is of man's doing; and how all must be attributed to God. "Yet not I, but the grace of God with me."

When, therefore, venerable and dear brother, from whose hands all save one of your suffragan bishops have received episcopal consecration, we approach you today with our words of congratulation, of thanks, of praise for the past, of prayers for the future, you may welcome us to your heart of hearts. For we will express a sincere, heartfelt recognition of what it has pleased God to show forth in you, by the example of episcopal virtues, by the pre-eminent prudence, sagacity in administration, and a far-reaching wisdom that has attracted not only our admiration and affection, and that of the entire episcopate, but that of the venerable successor of St. Peter, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning.

When your clergy approach, bearing their gifts and their words of loving gratitude, reverence and devotion, fear not to receive them. Twenty-five years' experience of an administration stamped by justice, consideration and charity has drawn them more closely around you. From that chair you may look upon them, your army—the veterans of many a weary day and well-fought field—with grey head and bent forms, yet bringing their wreath and their palms of their own triumphs, with the cordial buoyancy of youth—the youth of the priesthood strong in health and hope, and honors already won, press on to steady the failing hand or fill the vacant ranks—the religious orders, Oblates, Redemptorists, Jesuits, Franciscans, Augustinians, are here like the particular organizations the "*corps d'élite*" of one and the same army bringing their tribute to the wise, considerate, and impartial leader.

Yet further away, you may see the costumes and recognize the milk-white standard of the consecrated virgins; the glory, the beauty of the Spouse of Christ; the unrivalled jewel in the crown of the Church and diocese. Receive their tribute. It is the sincerest tribute of angelic womanhood.

And with these representatives of an angelic maternity, comes the long procession of little ones; their hearts and their voices singing *Amen* to all that their teachers shall utter in gratitude. After them, fear not to open wide the doors of your heart, welcome those angels of mercy, members of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul; men of the Catholic Union, the sturdy champions of religion on every part of the field. Let the poor, whom your generosity saved from loss, approach to thank God with you, that by you they were repaid, and the constant friend of the poor rescued from reproach. Fear not to welcome all; to receive all their gifts and all their praises; while they thank God for what He has done by you, you will thank God for what He has done for them, and exclaim, "Not to us, not to us, Lord, but to thy name give glory."

Amid all this manifestation of joy and thanksgiving, the very day and date intrude a sad though salutary thought. In reviewing the records of the past, I find that of all the clergy who welcomed you as a new priest in 1846, not one is living to share in the joy of this day—twenty-five years of the episcopate; forty-five years of priesthood; sixty-nine years of life. We had hardly realized that where the burden of years of labor was constantly increasing, strength and elasticity were necessarily decreasing. But while we devoutly hope and pray that he who, like another Josue, will share the burdens of another Moses, may be a worthy successor to your virtues, your ability and your wisdom, we will allow ourselves to repeat today what the venerable Bishop, consecrating, uttered twenty-five years ago: "*Ad multos annos, ad multos annos*—for many years, for many years may you continue to be our leader, our example; the father and model of your devoted clergy—a blessing to your people.

Ad multos annos—for many years—for many years among us; and afterwards among the saints and angels one day—the day of a happy Eternity.

At the conclusion of the services in the church the jubilee banquet was held in the basement. Great care and good taste had been exercised in decorating the place. The walls were entirely hidden by bowers of palm, and the tables were beautified by bouquets of flowers.

The after dinner exercises were very interesting. Toasts were responded to by several of the bishops, and interspersed with them was vocal and instrumental music by a chorus and orchestra.

The presentation of the bust of the archbishop in behalf of the bishops of the New England States was made by Bishop P. T. O'Reilly of Springfield, and his grace accepted the gift in a brief speech.

Rev. William P. McQuaid, pastor of St. James' Church, spoke for the clergy, and presented his grace with a purse of thirty-five thousand dollars. In accepting the same the archbishop said that the money so generously given to him by the clergy would be devoted to the educational and charitable interests of the archdiocese.

The following vicar-generals were present and participated in the jubilee ceremonies and festivities: Very Reverend Edward P. Allen, D. D., president of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, Md.; Very Reverend Father Leo, O. S. F., of Belmont, N. C.; Very Reverend Father McCabe, of Providence, R. I.; Very Reverend Father Lynch of Portland, Me.; Very Reverend Father Barry of Concord, N. H.; Very

Reverend Father Hughes of Hartford, Ct.; Very Reverend Dr. Powers of St. Joseph's College, Missouri, and Father Hendricks of New York.

Many notable civilians were present at the jubilee mass, also representatives from the city and state governments. Rev. I. I. McGlade, from a parish in Ireland, came to this country on purpose to be present at the ceremonies.

The arrangements were under the supervision of Mr. N. M. Williams, the sexton, assisted by the following ushers: Chief Wm. A. Donahoe, J. T. Halloran, Paul Halloran, Daniel J. Doherty, T. I. Gately, and Matthew Flanagan.

RECEPTION BY THE CATHOLIC UNION.

CATHOLIC Boston, through its representative organization, the Catholic Union, determined long before the date of Archbishop Williams' silver jubilee drew near, to give that reverend prelate a fitting testimonial of the warm regard which it felt for him.

It was decided that this testimonial should take the shape of a reception, and it was also decided that the reception should be held in the hall of Boston College on the evening of the celebration, therefore, the members of the union, and a large number of their friends in this city, and from other places, filled the hall, even to its utmost capacity, and took part in an occasion long to be remembered in the history of the Catholic church of this diocese.

In order to make the affair as elaborate and noteworthy as possible, the large hall was beautified in a manner that would give delight to the most artistic eye. The stage was almost covered with tropical plants, and festoons of flowers depended from a canopy of silk just above it. The throne for the archbishop was on the right of the stage. On the front of the gallery was a large shield, on which, inscribed in silver letters, were the words: "Silver Jubilee."

Smaller shields, bearing the dates "1866" and "1891," emblematic of the twenty-five years of his grace's episcopal service, were on either side of the large one, and the archbishop's coat of arms was just above it.

In addition to the laity, a large number of priests who had participated in the morning's exercises in the Cathedral were present.

The occasion was also graced by the presence of Bishops De Goesbriand of Vermont, Conroy of Albany, N. Y., O'Reilly of Springfield, Bradley of Manchester, McQuaid of Rochester, and Healy of Portland.

President Thomas B. Fitz, and Thomas Gargan, Esq., delivered suitable addresses, after which Most Rev. Archbishop Williams replied as follows:

Mr. President of the Union and Ladies and Gentlemen: If I were prepared at other times to say all that I should like to say on an occasion like this, it would be impossible for me after the excitement of this day. I should like to give words that would express my satisfaction at this ovation presented to me on my twenty-fifth anniversary. When I look back over the last few days I see how this has been accumulating. Although I knew it was to come, and the day was appointed, yet I was not aware of the feeling it would produce in the community, and it is only gradually that the interest you take in the anniversary of him who is at the head of your diocese dawned upon me; for, although so much is addressed to me personally, still I have, in spite of all the praises I have received, coolness enough to distinguish and to know perfectly well how much of it is due to my position, and that it does not belong to myself personally. I have been placed in a position where I was observed by all, where I had to take the lead in many things. Had I not been there, another would have done it, and why not as well, if not better, than I have done it.

I feel like one who has charge of a vessel. There are numbers of men aboard who work, one for one purpose and another for another purpose. He who guides the vessel has the whole credit, and still he but represents the whole. And so it is with him at the head of a diocese, and if I have anything for which I should take credit to myself it is, as I say, to my clergy, so it is with the laity. I have simply to hold the rudder strongly, give it the right direction, and the winds and waves will carry it where I wish it to go. The will is there. They simply require a head to guide them and to restrain them. There is plenty of will and plenty of energy, and the duty of him who is at the helm is to see that it is directed in the right manner. I feel somewhat in this position, so that I am not vain enough to apply to myself all the flattering things that have been said during this day, but I can appreciate the affection and the respect and the pleasure that people show on this day of my anniversary, and I should be too glad to-night to be able to make you feel what joy it has given me to see the community filled with the pleasure of the day, not only on my own account, but on account of the position which I hold.

My affection is for Boston, of course (applause) — like all souls that are filled with the proper spirit, the birthplace comes before any other part of the earth — and were it less than it is I should still be proud of it. (Applause.) But when it comes to speaking of Boston I have no reason to be ashamed of it for anything, and certainly I have no reason to be ashamed of it for the Catholic portion of Boston. (Applause). From the beginning to the present the bishops who are here received consolation from their people. They had their confidence and their respect; they deserved it fully; but they received it. And since I have been here, for twenty-five years, it has never been wanting whenever there was an opportunity to show it. The gentlemen who spoke alluded to these times that have passed over us, unpleasant times, not those of olden years before my time of Episcopacy. I allude especially to those of the last years, when so much was done to irritate the Catholics of Boston, so much was done to insult them, so much was done to make them revolt against all their principles and not turn the left cheek when the right was struck. Yet, they remained firm, and to-night here in this great assemblage, on this day of the anniversary, I am glad to say publicly that I am proud of the Catholics of Boston for the last two years. (Applause.) It is not the accusations that were made against us, not the revilings even, not even the insults, but they attacked the virtue of our ladies in religious societies. They attacked the clergy, but to that we were less sensitive, we are men. But

when they came to attack women who had devoted their lives to virginity, and kept it up, spouses of Christ, when placards were placed on our walls and not torn down by the authorities of the city — then it was almost time to resent it. And yet you remained quiet. For this I give you credit, and for this I am proud to-day. It was time, indeed, for every one to mutter and gnash his teeth as he went through the street.

For myself, I knew it was not the better part of the community. It was only a storm that was passing over. What irritated me — and I will give vent to it to-night — was not these insults, or these accusations, or these revilings, but I was ashamed of Boston that all this did not commence with those who exposed it openly, it came in cold blood for politics. And you, gentlemen, who look back will see — and they will see it — that before a certain time not long ago we were quiet. From time to time some individual would write a book or publish a pamphlet, or put something in a paper about the Catholics, but it was only the transient. The persistent attack came in consequence of this plot to make use of the attack on Catholics and their schools for a political election. This is the truth. And it was only afterward, when these politicians cared no more for it, when they had gained their point and had dropped it and were willing to have it lost for them, that others took it up and made use of it. From the first spark came the great illumination from these gentlemen against the church. I was ashamed not of the last but of the first.

I think the politicians of that class who were willing to set the city and the country on fire for a small election in the state will look back and be ashamed of it when they consider that were it not for the determination of Catholics not to be driven into anything against the law, on account of the firmness of Catholics who are not willing to give way to that feeling of revenge or irritation, that were it not for them, no one can tell what would have been the consequences. And when we know that if one-tenth of what had been said against us and done in the last two years had been done by us against any other sect, or any sect in the city or country, it would not be twenty-four hours before there should be bloodshed [applause], they have reason to be ashamed. It is only because we have something stronger than mere sentiment, and whilst these revilings were passing away we felt that our faith was not hurt, no harm was really done, and we felt that the effect of it all would be to strengthen us, to bring us closer together, more shoulder to shoulder against those who had hurt us, and the respectable part of the community would join with us after the storm had passed over. [Applause.] We knew perfectly well that the better portion of the community was not with these revilers. But what we have against those gentlemen, those conservative gentlemen, who would not mix in such business, is that whilst they condemned it, and whilst they were too well bred to enter into such accusations or revilings because they knew too well the truth and falsehood of it, yet they stood by and said nothing against it. Here is where I bring them to the bar of justice. They listened to it. They allowed it to be made use of. They profited by the political position of it, and yet said nothing, and simply when it is over they are ashamed of it — and we are ashamed of it. [Applause.]

It is not a night for such speeches, but still, as it has been my first chance to speak in public on the subject, I thought it well that you should know plainly how I felt, how proud I was of your firmness, of the calmness of your disposition. We are thought to be irritable; we are thought to be quick to return injury for injury. But they have an example that when it is necessary we can be calm because we are right, we can be patient because Almighty God is patient. He knows the right must come up. So that was. It has passed over. It may come again, but if it does we should still carry out our principle, continue on as we have done, doing what is right, caring nothing for these accusations, and let the harm of it fall on their own heads and not upon ours. Therefore, to-night I shall drop the subject, and return you my thanks, with a full heart, for your presence here to take part in my anniversary, to offer the expression of your respect and affection, and to tell you that my heart cannot tell all that I have felt during this day, in the church with my clergy and people together, and to-night with the gentlemen of the union and their friends. The gentlemen of the union have always had my sympathy from the beginning, and I trust that their work is only beginning.

Now that the great storm has passed over, let me leave them one word of advice. They have already commenced what they call their Committee on Truth. Now is the time, not whilst people are angry, not whilst they are listening to revilings, but when that is over to give them the truth. And you, gentlemen of the union, can do it by your words, by your example. You are mixed up in the community everywhere, in all kinds of business. When there is the time and the opportunity to put in a word for truth do it like Christian gentlemen, not quarreling, not in controversy, but place the truth. When there is an opportunity in the press to express to the people what is the truth, do it. Do it through your committee everywhere. Let truth be heard, but always the truth and not quarrelling. Thus you can carry out the object, one of the great objects of your union — to express yourselves as Christian gentlemen, to give good example to others and to help them to know that truth which you have and which is preserving you and will preserve you for all time. Wishing you, therefore, again the best return I can make for your display this evening and offering you all the affection which I have had for you in many years, and which of course must increase by these anniversaries. To-night I have nothing more to say but to thank you, and to say that whatever I may have done in the past I only ask of God to give me strength to do more whilst I am allowed to hold my position, and to be always worthy of this high place in which I now stand. [Great applause.]

NOTES OF THE VARIOUS RECEPTIONS.

One of the pleasantest events of Archbishop Williams' jubilee was the reception tendered him by the pupils of Notre Dame, of the Archdiocese of Boston, at the Academy of Notre

Dame, Berkeley street, on March 10. The large hall was prettily decorated with potted plants and ferns, which, with the various musical instruments, formed a pleasing picture. Singing and addresses were the order of the occasion. The Archbishop made a brief but eloquent response, saying, in conclusion: "As you are the growing flock to represent the future, I trust you will avail yourselves of the grand facilities at your command to receive a good Christian education, and that you will be a credit to yourselves, to your church, and to society." He then gave his blessing to all. The Sister Superiors of the various academies of Notre Dame, of the Archdiocese, were present.

One of the most beautiful of the Archbishop's jubilee gifts was the dinner-set of hand-painted china, the work and the gift of the Sisters of Notre Dame of the convents in the Archdiocese of Boston. It consisted of two hundred pieces, each an artistic gem in itself. On one of the large platters were representations of the old Cathedral (the church of the Archbishop's baptism); the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where he studied for the Church and was ordained; St. James' Church, Boston, of which he long had pastoral charge; and, finally, the great new Cathedral of Boston. On another platter we find a fine picture of St. John's Seminary, Brighton; on another, pictures of the principal convents of Notre Dame, including the new novitiate at Waltham. Lovely little landscapes and waterscapes — Massachusetts scenery all — adorned soup-plates and dinner-plates. The latter were further beautified with tiny poems fitting the occasion. We quote one: —

"O Singer, but so lately passed away,
We miss the strength and sweetness of the lay
Thy heart, O'Reilly, would have sung to-day."

The game-set was realistically pictured with wild fowl, deer, rabbits, etc. The fish-set presented an equally ingenious variety — one dish having a most life-like lobster for a handle. Every piece had the Archbishop's coat-of-arms and the monogram of the Sisterhood — S. N. D. The dominant floral devices were the sweet old-fashioned double-pinks or sweet-williams.

Archbishop Williams was accorded a very pleasant reception, on the afternoon of March 13, by the children of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. After the exercises, the Archbishop made a brief response and bestowed his benediction on the little ones.

On Monday, March 16, the pupils of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Chester Square, tendered to Archbishop Williams an entertainment, as their part in the celebration of His Grace's silver jubilee. Miss May Curtin read the address, after which the Archbishop addressed the pupils and expressed the pleasure which their thoughtfulness had given him. He congratulated them on the prosperity and success of their school, and remarked that of all the celebrations of his jubilee at which he had been present, he should always remember that tendered him by the children of the Sacred Heart. He then granted them a holiday, and, bestowing his blessing, departed. His grace was the recipient of many floral offerings, and the platform on which he sat was covered with these tributes.

The Carmelite nuns made Archbishop Williams a jubilee gift of a magnificently illuminated card of the maxims of their foundress, St. Teresa.

The Nuns of the Sacred Heart, Chester Square, Boston, presented the Archbishop with a superb lamp, made of brass and Mexican onyx, and standing six feet high.

The inmates of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston, gave a reception to Archbishop Williams, in honor of his jubilee, on the afternoon of St. Patrick's Day. Two hundred and fifty bright little children ranging from three to five years, greeted the most Rev. Archbishop Williams with a glad song of welcome as he entered the hall of the home. Accompaning his grace was the chancellor of the archdiocese, Rev. R. Neagle. Another friend of the poor, and a gentleman whose very name is a synonym for charity and kindness, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, editor of The Pilot, was also present, as were Mr. James W. Dunphy, Mr. Patrick Collins, Mr. William Peard, Mr. John Miller, Mr. G. F. Donnelly, Mr. Matthew Keany.

The bronze bust of Archbishop Williams presented him by the bishops of the province, for St. John's Seminary, Brighton, will add deserved honors to the sculptor, Mr. Samuel Kitson. It is, to our thinking, the best piece of work that has ever left his studio.

Among the notable gifts which the Archbishop received should be mentioned that from St. James' parish. It was a shield-shaped souvenir of quartered oak, beautifully carved. In the centre was an inscribed silver plate. On either corner was a picture of the old Franklin Street Cathedral, the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, the old St. James and the new St. James' Churches. On the wood were the words: *Sacerdos in æternum — Ad multos annos.* On either side of the plate were the dates 1866-1891. A beautifully executed address, mounted on cardboard and parchment, and bound in purple morocco, accompanied it. The presentation took place on March 10, Mr. William H. Dowling making the speech accompanying the gift. Mr. Dowling wrote the address.

The Rev. clergy of the Archdiocese presented the Most Rev. Archbishop, on the occasion of the jubilee, a munificent sum of money, which redounds to their credit, and shows the high esteem in which they hold the Archbishop.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PRESS.

The daily press of Boston, without exception, paid marked honor to the celebrations in honor of Archbishop Williams' jubilee. The Herald and the Globe adorned their text with fine illustrations. The Boston Republic issued a very handsome number, devoted almost entirely to an account of the jubilee, and with first page portraits of the Archbishop and Bishop Healy; and representations of the Cathedral and Seminary. The Working Boy had one of the best portraits of the Archbishop we have ever seen, and a biographical sketch by Margaret E. Jordan. The Sacred Heart Review, of Cambridge, and the Bouquet, published at the House of the Angel Guardian, brought out illustrated jubilee numbers. The New York Freeman's Journal gave a fine portrait sketch of Archbishop Williams.

St. Cecilia's New Church.

SPEECHES BY LIEUT.-GENERAL CORCORAN AND FATHER R. J. BARRY.

An immense and enthusiastic audience assembled in Grand Hall, Mechanics' Building, Boston, on Sunday evening, March 15, at the entertainment in aid of the new St. Cecilia's Church, Back Bay, Boston, of which the Rev. Richard J. Barry is rector. The delightful programme was one to please not only patriotic Irishmen, but also lovers of fine music and oratory.

Mayor Matthews presided, and introduced the orators with brief speeches Both were received with hearty applause. We append these extracts from

LIEUT.-GEN. CORCORAN.

The Admirable Oration of Lieut.-Gen. Corcoran.

Perhaps no country and no people ever suffered more from circumstances than those of Ireland. The land of their birth, so dear to the patriotic affection, lies anchored in the bosom of the Atlantic; its coast upon the one side thunders with a roar of the Atlantic, and its shore upon the other resounds with the murmur of the sea. It is richly endowed by nature with a salubrious climate and a fertility of soil that grows the greenest and richest verdure on earth. Its water-front is indented with spacious harbors, its surface is seamed with majestic rivers. Its picturesque scenery is mirrored in beautiful lakes, and its horizon is broken with towering mountains.

It is small in area, but wonderfully prolific in people—a people whose qualities of head and heart are calculated to make this natural condition realize their utmost possibilities. Strong in physique, inured to labor, quick in intelligence, they have a wonderful aptitude and ability for industrial occupation.

The history, too, that this country made under favorable circumstances is proof of its natural advantages and the energy and genius of its people. It was civilized when the countries about it were barbarous; it was Christian when they were pagans; it was intelligent when they were ignorant, and it was free when they were tributary slaves of the invader.

She alone of the countries of Western Europe repelled the Northmen and drove the Dane into the sea. While the Vandals were destroying every vestige of civilization on the Continent, Ireland was cultivating the gentler arts of peace, and making her shores the abode of the scholars and students of the world. Her missionaries carried the Word of God to the confines of the earth, and planted the Cross where Christian foot had never trod.

This is the history that was written by the Irish race when they walked in the paths of freedom, and were guided by the light of their own institutions and intelligence. They possessed an insatiable love of liberty, to preserve which they endured every suffering and made every sacrifice. They were brave in war and progressive in peace, and, if a judgment of the future can be predicated on the past, under conditions suitable to her genius and the character of her people, she would have continued her onward progress in the paths of peace, prosperity and development.

The impress of the Irish character is deeply marked upon the early business history of this city. The early merchants of Boston, in remarkably large numbers, were either Irishmen themselves or descendants of Irishmen. The Charitable Irish Society was organized in the early history of Boston by merchants of Irish birth or extraction.

When it became necessary for the Colonists to sever the political relations that bound them to the mother country, none were found readier than the men of Irish blood to lend their assistance.

I need not recount the enthusiasm, said the speaker, with which the Irish soldiers rallied in defence of the Union in the late war. What Massachusetts man would wipe from the military records of the State the names of Cass or Guinoy? What American would efface from his country's history the names of Sheridan, Shields, Meagher or Kearney?

Father Barry's Address.

Father Barry, after a graceful expression of his appreciation of Lieut.-Gen. Corcoran's speech, and of the popular interest in the good cause for which the entertainment was being held, gave his own noble oration. We append representative passages:—

I cannot view this splendid audience in any other light than that of a living expression of your faith. Wherever an Irishman finds himself, whether in the deep solitude of the Western forests or on the shores of distant India, his heart feels the magnet of his country, and his mind at this time wanders back to his native land. . . . Ireland is a country for a man to delight in, for the tourist to smile upon: while her people are foremost in every physical and social quality—moral, religious, hospitable and brave. Every nation and every country has received special blessings from God, and the one which distinguishes Ireland, that which marks her in history, is the wonderful gift of a living and lively faith, to which tests have been applied which would have broken the spirit and crushed the heart of any other people.

It was in the golden days of Roman greatness, at the very era of imperial power and wisdom, that the feeble old man of Ephesus said to the early Christians: Great as is this Kingdom, mighty as is this Roman Empire, it is in your power to overcome it,—and how? By your faith. The Apostles had nothing but pity for the world of their day. They raised nothing against it but the Cross.

So St. Patrick conquered pagan Ireland—he trusted in nothing, save the standard of the Cross. The seed of faith is generally cast in sorrow, though its sheaves may be borne in joy. Often has the apostle dropped into his own furrow, and fertilized it with his blood. But not so was it in Ireland. There seems to have been something congenial in the very soil which received gladly the seed of life, and made it produce fruit one hundred fold. Ireland embraced Christianity without bloodshed or opposition. The whole nation seemed suddenly transported with a holy impetuosity, and lifted at once to the highest level of life and purpose. So that the life of one great Apostle sufficed to see the entire land Christian. Never in history has the power of faith been more fully tested. Never since the chosen twelve did the sacred fire lighted by an apostle shine so brightly and spread so rapidly. Monasteries, churches and schools sprung up throughout the land. Ireland opened her schools to the youth of all nations, and students flocked thither from all parts of Europe. She sent forth men of science to found universities and preside in them, while her missionaries may be tracked in lines of light to the furthest shores of distant Sicily.

History pictures no fairer scene than that of Ireland in her golden prime—the one lustrous star in a European night. The lands belonged to the people, their officers were of their own choice, and a system of the mildest laws prevailed.

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Four hundred years after Calvary, Patrick was called from his flocks, like another Moses, to deliver a great nation,—to plant the faith. He brought to Ireland the light of Divine Truth, and that light has not been permitted to expire; they have kept the lamp of faith replenished, and bright and burning before their God; and not alone in Ireland, but wherever the Irish exiles have gone they have carried with them their faith. They have filled islands and continents with its blessings, which are holiness and peace, devotion and charity, purity of morals, and all that is heroic and great and noble in this world.

There are lands in which gold abounds; it is scattered everywhere; it is to be found on the mountain sides, or gathered from the sands of the torrent, but everywhere it is mingled with the soil. Such is the faith of Ireland. Everywhere, and at all times, it has been found in its purest and most alluring forms, mingled with the soil and the sands of sacred streams and holy springs; pervading the retreats where the hermits once lived and the lonely valleys where the saints have died.

There is no doubt that Providence made use of the poverty and spoliation of our fathers to guard them against the seductions of this life, and to make them His ambassadors in bearing the torch of religion to the ends of a darkened world. Wars, oppressions, persecutions, pestilence came, but Ireland's faith remained unscathed. Famine came, and with it the proselytizer. The tempter came to sow his seed, but a seed had been hidden by a better hand, and it produced its fruit. The only consolations were the ministrations of the Church. Driven from every place, it followed the people to their lowly cabins, which became the strongholds of patriotism and the fortresses of religion—impregnable to every assault. The priests always abided with their people amid every danger, shared their sufferings, and prepared them for their eternal home.

And here I do not hesitate to say boldly, that so long as they kept the faith, they were in possession of that pearl which it is well to sacrifice everything else to gain or to keep. You may persecute a people and create disorder. By butchery and bribes, men may be made martyrs, hypocrites or apostates, but never converts. Creeds are made powerful by adversity. So I say, you may take from a people their lands, aye, you may disfranchise them, rob them of books, destroy learning and knowledge and culture, but if you can keep alive a steadfast faith and belief in God and in His eternal mercies and infinite rewards, you will secure for the heart of the poor man more than all the craft of statesmen can give or take away. Well, during 300 years, the people were robbed of home and means of education. Robbed of learning, they were called ignorant; driven from home, they were ridiculed because they lived among bogs and dwelt in rude cabins; but their faith sustained them, and when the last spark died out from the turf on the cabin floor, and when the storm was driving through every chink and cranny, the bright light of faith remained to cheer the miserable hut. The enemy took from them schools, colleges, monasteries and churches.

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Religion and patriotism have ever walked hand in hand in Ireland. And in the darkest hour of the penal night, when it was transportation to learn the alphabet, and when Irishmen were flung outside the gates of Irish cities, at sundown, by the sound of the evening bell—the hymns, and songs, and prayers spoken or sung soft and low around the winter fireside in the mountain sheeling had more influence in preserving the spirit of Irish nationality than all the enactments of the diabolical penal code, enforced by all the might of England, could counteract.

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No schism, no heresy ever sprung from the soil of Ireland—faith has been at all times the star in the sky, the spring in the soil, the joy in the heart.

Rev. R. J. Barry.

And here I would say to the eternal credit of Ireland that she has never been tainted with the odious crime of religious persecution. Thrice during their history the people gained the ascendancy—they might have paid back the religious persecutors in their own coin—but they never shed a drop of blood in the sacred name of faith. There is not today a people more tolerant, more respectful towards the religious convictions of others than the Irish. They have defended their religion not by insulting other people but by patience and self-denial. It has been their belief that faith is defended not by retaliation but by patience, not by killing but by dying. Force, insult, and persecution only pollute and violate religion. The principle of intolerance is wrong. It never was, it is not, and I trust in God that it never may become, a fault of our

people. Faults we have, but surely vengeance for vengeance, and intolerance are not characteristics of our race. If there is one lesson more than another that our race has taught, it is that of moderation and respect for others in their religious opinions.

The faith of our people is no longer confined to their native land. The Irish race is no longer limited to a few pastoral clans scattered throughout Ireland; they are today fifty millions of people spread all over the world, and doing a large share of the work and statesmanship, and citizenship, and sacred shepherding of three continents. The Celtic race today is as conspicuous a factor in the civilized world as the Teutonic—it is little less in numbers—it is as distinct in character—it has as rich a range of varieties, sympathies, and ideals of its own. Tonight we naturally look back to Ireland with the confidence that a people clad in this beamy, celestial armor of faith is imperishable, no matter how base, degraded and abject it may appear in the eyes of a triumphant soldiery r m ore ruthless legislature. As we look back to that garden walled by the waves of old ocean, where the air broods man's inhumanity to man—as we look towards that sad, solemn, and prolific nursery of men, whence our ancestors swarmed upon the world, we cannot but hope that the clouds that have so long hung over the horizon may soon be lifted, and that there may soon dawn upon that unhappy country days of prosperity as lasting as her historic nationhood and as glorious as the fabled rays of her magic sunburst.

One word about this country, and I have done. We live under a most admirable system of government. We are citizens of the grandest Republic the world has seen, and we must do our utmost to render its duration eternal. If we are sober, energetic, law-abiding citizens—doing what we can by religion to make man more manly, woman more womanly, and all more patriotic and happy—practising morality, toleration and brotherly love; we cannot fail in our efforts to perpetuate the blessings of liberty and to rear this proud fabric heavenward, in hope and harmony, to God.

Poet and Editor.

BALLADS OF AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS: Under this title, Mr. Henry O'Meara of the Boston Journal has collected the poetical work of his youth and early manhood, and given them to the public in a volume, which in point of typography, illustration, and binding is one of the handsomest books of the season. In the patriotic narrative poems to which the first part of the book is devoted, he strikes his strongest note. Among the religious poems, are many of true spiritual beauty, but none which we like better than this:

AVE MARIA.

O Love inspiring —
O Mary, grace possessed,
Choice of all creatures blest,
Life of our souls desiring —
Ave Maria!

Hail thou in whom the Lord abides,
In whom maternal sway resides —
Man's wav'ring heart in thee confides —
Ave Maria!

Star most illuming,
Send holiest rays
Through sin-wrapped days,
Piercing their gloom — their sin consuming —
Ave Maria!

O Loving Beam, on sinners shine —
O Mother, lend this glow of thine,
Then light us to thy Son Divine —
Ave Maria!

Amen.

The above is paraphrased for musical theme on Bach's third prelude. This explains a slight irregularity of construction. The book is dedicated to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Damrell and Upham.

TRUE honor is to serve God in humility. — *St. Teresa.*

A Lament For Jerusalem.

From the German of Heine.

ONCE she was a sacred city
  Peopled from the chosen lands:
Now the wehr-wolves and the vultures
  Scour the desert where she stands.

Lo! I see the snakes and serpents
  Coiling 'round her portals bare,
And the windows' airy arches
  Where the foxes find a lair.

Now and then an Arab pilgrim,
  Listless, treads the classic ground
While his camels browse in silence
  On the herbage all around.

On the storied heights of Zion,
  Where of yore the revel's ring
Spoke the grandeur of a kingdom,
  And the glory of a king.

Noisome weeds and leaflets gather,
  Wearing such a sombre mien,
That you'd fancy they were weeping
  For the splendor that had been.

And 'tis said they weep in earnest
  On the ninth day of the Ab,
Through the cycle of the seasons,
  O'er each desecrated slab.

Glittering on the mighty ruins
  Fall my tear-drops like the rain,
For mine eyes are overflowing,
  And my heart is full of pain,

As I hear the lamentations,
  In a sorrow half divine,
Bursting from the broken columns
  Of each oriental shrine!

EUGENE DAVIS.

THE lives of the best of parents have been saddened by the doings of bad children, and they have blamed themselves, over and over again, in their sorrow, for the sins of their children, when they were guilty of none. On the contrary, they gave their children good example and brought them up in the fear and love of God, as they were commanded. Their duties and responsibilities ended there, and if their children failed to keep the law of God, the children, and not the parents, will have to answer for it.

Revisiting Ireland

V.

GALWAY, March, 1891.

IN THE "CITY OF THE TRIBES."

ONE of the chief objects of my visit to Galway was to learn whatever could be learned concerning William O'Brien and John Dillon, and, if possible, have a brief interview with the illustrious prisoners. I was not very sanguine of success, having learned of the difficulties that presented themselves in such an attempt. To see the prisoners would have required a permit from the chairman of the Prisons' Board, signed by a resident magistrate, and after a month's work there would have been a probability, that in another month I might have succeeded. The prisoners are not yet long enough in jail to see either friends or strangers, and when visiting time arrives the number of visitors is very limited, consequently few, if any, can succeed in seeing them. Mrs. O'Brien could not see her husband at first application, the rule against the visit of the wife being as rigid as that against the stranger. In this we have a means of comparing prison life in America and in Ireland. There is no "let up" on the part of jailers here, and those under them "dressed up in a little brief authority." There is something human about jails in America, and about the officials; there is nothing of the kind here. The jail in which O'Brien and Dillon are incarcerated is a very forbidding-looking fortress. It is situated on Nun's Island, sometimes known as the Salmon Weir. The island is approached by a small bridge, just like a moat to an old castle. It is surrounded by a high circular wall, and strangely enough is flanked by a convent on one side and by a distillery on the other.

The day before my visit to Galway, the prisoners had been visited by the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, during his usual visitation to Catholic prisoners which he makes at stated periods. From an authoritative source — almost official — I learned that John Dillon was much failed since his entrance into prison. Mr. O'Brien, too, is considerably failed, but not so much as his noble-hearted *confrere*. William O'Brien evidently suffered from reaction consequent upon his arduous labors during the Boulogne conference. The efforts of Dr. Kinkead, professor in Queen's College, Galway, and surgeon of the jail, are presently directed to the restoration of a good nervous condition on the part of both gentlemen. Dr. Rice, J. P., Galway, while not officially engaged in ministering to the prisoners' medical wants is nevertheless deeply interested in the state of their health, and possesses both the power and means of being very serviceable to them. Dr. Rice is a splendid Irish gentleman, and is very popular with the people of Galway, who speak in affectionate terms of their favorite magistrate.

THE PEOPLE OF GALWAY.

I have travelled a good deal throughout Ireland, and have mixed pretty freely with the people, but I am compelled to give the palm for kindness, good-will, want of suspicion, and generous hospitality, to the people of Galway. I have specially noted want of suspicion on the part of those people, for I found in too many parts of Ireland, — my own native place and district included, — a miserable distrust and suspicion on the part of the people towards strangers. I certainly noticed the absence of these evil qualities also in Cavan, Mullingar, Clones, Monaghan, Athlone, and Armagh.

Galway still maintains its old pro-Spanish appearance, and the women, as a rule, have the Spanish beauty, for which they have long been noted. They have many of the characteristics of Spanish women, being mild, obliging, open-hearted, and fervently religious. The children are modest and urbane to a high degree. They are also very beautiful, and, what is better, unconscious of it.

The city of Galway, like most Irish cities, is wanting in the use of electric lights, save a very few that are utilized in the Bay. But with all this, I consider it one of the best lighted cities, all things considered, in Ireland. The ever-beautiful and expansive Bay of Galway presents all the proofs of its being situated in a country where the rule of a dominant foreign power frustrates and destroys even the natural resources of a country which otherwise would be a source of wealth and pride to the people. This glorious bay shows itself to be the proper and natural emporium between America and these countries. But there are rocks (islands) in this bay, and miles of sludge and mud environ it on all sides. True, but give us an American engineer, and a moderate "appropriation," and Galway Bay would be as clean as a whistle, and its waters as clear as those of the Atlantic inside a few months. There is considerable fishing here of a local character. Fish sell for three pence here that bring a shilling a piece thirty miles inward. There is no market for the finny treasures of the deep, but it is impossible for such a state of things to continue much longer.

The "light railways," that are springing up in different parts of the country, will afford at least a partial remedy.

DISTRESS IN GALWAY.

There is no special appearance of distress in Galway city, at least to outward appearance; but there is a great deal of want and consequent suffering throughout the county. For a wonder the government is doing something to avert starvation in the inland and other districts. Thus, in the electoral divisions of Clifden Union, viz: — Knockboy, Roundstone, Skannive, Innishboffin, Bunowen, Renvyle, and Ballynakill, there are nearly one thousand laborers employed on the relief works, while in Lettermore, Gorninna, and Crompour of the Oughterard Union, there are nearly twenty-five hundred laborers employed on the same class of works. There are also two hundred and fifty employed in the divisions of Owenbrin, and Ballinchalla of the Ballinrobe Union.

The Galway and Clifton Railway gives employment to about one thousand people. Other works will soon be in progress in different parts of Galway, such as the Cloosh Road and Arran Island. Tuam and districts around will also be favored by having a portion of the people's money spent among the people. I learn from official sources that Dunmore Barony entire, and a portion of the Barony of Clare will come in for a share of work that will probably keep the Wolf at bay for the time being. The best class of seed potatoes that can be furnished is being supplied to small farmers ; but the price is comparatively high, and will press heavily on the purchasers ; however, there is every reason to believe that the outlook, so far as the potato crop is concerned for 1891, will be a vast improvement on that of last year.

VISITING CAVAN.

Cavan, I think, if I remember aright, is the birthplace of PATRICK DONAHOE, and, if on no other account, should be worthy of a visit by MR. DONAHOE'S representative. The town is not large, containing only some three thousand of a population, over two-thirds of whom are Catholics. It is as neat and as clean a town as can be found in all Ireland. It contains a great prison, the first object that strikes one on landing from the railway station, but it has not even one prisoner. This was formerly the county prison. There is a neat and well-kept public garden which contains about one-eighth of a mile of the handsomest laurel bushes I ever saw. Oh, how the hearts of the florists in Boston and New York would beat at a glance of those bright shining laurels. Cavan boasts a splendid Court House, a piece of perfect Doric architecture, with a noble esplanade that beats Boston hollow, aye, or New York either.

The Catholic church is built in the form of a cross. It has a double sanctuary railing, forming three sides of a square, fit to accommodate at one time more communicants than Boston Cathedral. This is an evidence of the religious spirit of the people. "But, you must remember," said Rev. Father Flood during our conversation, "that nearly all the congregation go to Holy Communion on a Sunday." The church has six confessionals, and one of the vestries is used as a seventh. There are several beautiful marble Celtic crosses in the "Chapel yard," one of which is erected to the memory of the Most Rev. Bernard Finegan, Bishop of Kilmore, and another to Rev. Father McErone, a popular priest of the place. These crosses are fine specimens of Irish art, artistically carved, and beautifully proportioned. There is also a convent of Poor Clares in Cavan, the nuns feeding, clothing, and educating a charge of three hundred children. St. Patrick's College for educating students for the ministry of the diocese is situated at a small distance from the church. Altogether Cavan is a fine little town and a pleasant place to visit, or live in. And yet it was the only place where the representative of this MAGAZINE was subjected to the humiliation of being "shadowed" by the Peelers. I noticed this during the first day of my visit, and consequently was not very much surprised when informed by "Charlie," the head waiter of

the Royal Hotel, at which place I was staying — there are but two hotels — that two policemen had called there in my absence to learn all about me, what was my name, where from, destination, business, etc. "I know nothing about him," said the waiter, "and it isn't my business to learn such things about any of our guests. The gentleman will return soon, and then you can learn all these things from him yourselves." One of the peelers paid a second visit to the hotel for the same purpose, but I had not the pleasure of an interview with him. Subsequently I saw several members of the "force," and had quite an interesting chat with them, drawing them neatly into an acknowledgment that every man of them was a Home Ruler. There are thirty-four policemen stationed in Cavan with little, if anything to do, except to visit the railway station, and watch the incoming and outgoing passengers.

BISHOP NULTY AND THE IRISH LEADERSHIP.

A short visit at Mullingar enabled me to learn the views of Bishop Nulty on the question of the Irish leadership, not directly from himself, for, unfortunately, he was absent when I called at the Palace, but from a priest who knows the mind of the Bishop, on this question, thoroughly. "You may state," said my reverend informant, "that his lordship, Bishop Nulty, has, beyond signing the manifesto of the united hierarchy of Ireland, taken part with neither side since the present unfortunate division took place, and I know it to be the fact that he intends to occupy the same neutral position in the future." This from one who was so patriotically prominent in the Land League business, and who occupied so pronounced a position as he did at the time of the appointment of Archbishop Walsh to the See of Dublin, as successor to Cardinal McCabe, will, undoubtedly, carry great weight with it, both here and elsewhere. While writing on this subject, I may state that Archbishops Walsh and Croke are determinedly set against the leadership of Mr. Parnell; so are Bishops McCormack of Galway, McAlister of Down and Connor, McGivern of Dromore, McCarthy of Cloyne, the Bishop of Raphoe, Archbishop Logue, of Armagh, etc.

The Catholic church and the Episcopal residence at Mullingar, are beautifully situated on high ground on the banks of the canal, the prospect from which is most attractive and pleasing.

HUNTING AND DEFORESTING IN IRELAND.

Ireland is far from being a well-wooded country. It once was decently clothed with trees, and was a better country then than now. Whatever woods are discovered there, are simply clumps of trees sufficiently large to afford cover for a few foxes and hares, so that the gentry may have a good day's sport at hunting. This same pastime of hunting, whereby the hunters become common trespassers on other people's lands, has often led to serious consequences, and sometimes to bloodshed. Landlords claim the right to hunt over their tenants' lands; but this claim is in opposition to all law save the will of the landlord. Tenants know the result beforehand if they dare to assert their legal rights in such matters. Recently, at a petty sessions court

in Birr, a baronet, who had been out on a hunting expedition, summoned a man named James King. and his two sons, Paul and Patrick, for assault while hunting over King's lands. There were cross summonses in the case against the English baronet. The Kings were accused of having struck the baronet on the ear. They acknowledged the assault, but pleaded trespass, and an assault by the baronet on the head of one of the defendants whereby he was badly cut with a whip. This was corroborated by a witness; the baronet had no witnesses. Old man King was fined in twenty-five dollars or two months' imprisonment, and ordered to give bail. The sons were fined five dollars each, and also ordered to give bail. The summonses against the baronet, a brother-in-law of the landlord, Lord Huntingdon, were dismissed. A cut head, thirty-five dollars fine, and bail given in a case supported by four witnesses, while the aggressor without a witness got off scot-free! That is hunting law in Ireland.

At Woodlawn, near Ballinasloe, the ground is encumbered with trees recently cut down for sake of the timber in a district of the country that can ill afford this kind of spoliation. The marks of the depredation were pretty visible, but there was no sign of replanting. In fact there is very little sign of replanting in Ireland, and as for tree nurseries I saw none. What with the devastation of the woods, and the immense areas of bog-land lying waste and unutilized either for fuel or agricultural purposes, there is much cause for complaint and dissatisfaction. For hundreds of miles the railway stations have stores of newly cut down timber ready for shipment to the large towns and cities.

GALLANT ATHLONE.

This beautiful town, the centre pin of Ireland, looks brisk and lively, more so than most inland towns, that is if it can be called inland, for the town is built on both banks of the Shannon, the noblest and finest river in the British Isles. The Leinster side of the famous bridge is still known as "English town," while the opposite, or Connaught side is known as "Irish town." Unnecessary to state that now both sides of the historic span across the Shannon are as Irish as it is possible to be. This "English town," at the time of the second siege of Athlone, was defended by only four hundred Irishmen under Colonel Fitzgerald, against eight thousand of the English army. The Irish fought until half their number lay dead, and before they crossed the bridge they broke down one of the arches. The English attempted to plank the bridge and had their guns in position to sweep it. A dozen Irish soldiers seeing this, came out to tear up the planks and pitch them into the river. Only two of the gallant hearts survived. The English advanced once more to the attack, and again came another dozen of Irish volunteers to destroy the wooden bridge of the enemy. But this was precisely two hundred years ago. At present the foundries and machine shops, and engineering works attached to the railway give good employment to a large number of men. The people in and around Athlone appear to be comfortably well off, prosperous, and happy.

PETER MCCORRY.

Origin of Journalism.

I HAVE visited more than one national museum, to try to find out which was the first newspaper. The conclusion I have arrived at is that the first (printed) newspaper was the official La Gazetta of Venice. It was born about the year 1536; not indeed in its magnificent toilet of black letter-press, but in a very homely swaddling attire of fair hand-writing. The object of it was to enlighten the Venetians on the progress of hostilities with the Turks; and, at the first, only one copy was authorized. From this one copy some government functionary read "the news" to an eager and painfully thronging public audience, — the first day of the month being appointed for the reading, and the occasion being looked forward to with enthusiasm. But it was not till twenty-eight years after La Gazetta was started that a copy of it was printed for distribution; and then it became the leading journal of the continent, and remained so for about half a century. Thus the first printed newspaper was Italian and Catholic; nor was it till about sixty years afterward that the first English (printed) newspaper, Butler's The Newes of the week, was born, in 1623.

If we go back to the very earliest suggestion of a newspaper, — in the sense, that is, of the publication of Daily News, — I suppose we may assume that the Roman *Acta Diurna*, to which Tacitus, Suetonius, and Seneca made allusion, was the first (historical) fragment of the kind. This newspaper, published both under the Republic and under the Empire, was practically identical with our modern newspapers; the writers, *actuarii*, reporting speeches, pleadings in the law courts, and stirring events; and even descending to such vulgar particulars as an assault case before a magistrate, or the "fining of Titus Lanius for short weight." Indeed the news was very like that of our evening papers; for we read, in certain issues, that "an oak was struck by lightning on that part of Mount Palatine called Summa Velia"; that "Tertinius, the Odile, fined the butchers for selling meat which had not been inspected by the overseers of the market," and that "this fine was to be employed in building a chapel to the temple of the goddess Tellus." Moreover, there is an announcement that "a fray happened in a tavern, in which the keeper of the 'Hog and Armour' was dangerously wounded," from which fact we may infer that the principle of total abstinence was not popularly accepted in ancient Rome.

In this brief paper — the subject being a large one — it may be desirable to speak chiefly of English journalism, and of this only as to the more important developments; yet what is true of English journalism is true of all journalism; that we may write down its whole history in six stages; covering a period of rather more than three centuries. Let us put the order in this way, as to the succession of developments; dating back from the early days of Henry VIII.

(1) The written news-letter, furnished for payment to official persons, or to persons of large fortune; (2) the song or the recited

ballad of news; (3) the news pamphlet, not periodical but irregular; (4) the periodical sheets of news, weekly, monthly, but not daily; (5) the periodical sheets of news *plus* short criticism and advertisements, but never with the smallest attempt at a leading article; (6) the daily newspaper, with one (or more) leading article.

The word, newspaper, did not come into use until the news-sheets began to be numbered and also dated. Another novelty in the newspaper was that it treated of home affairs, of events that were taking place in the native land; "foreign news," having been the sole pretext for the news-sheets, and all home news having been strictly tabooed. Still, the main point of the newspaper was that it was a regular publication, or at least that it gravely affected to be so. It was far from fulfilling its good purpose. Thus, Butler's The Newes of the week, — first numbered, and first dated, May 12, 1623, — was not only very irregular in its issue, but was also painfully undecided as to its title. The Last Newes, The Weekly Newes Continued, or More Newes, were among the tentative titles of this venture; showing the struggle which the editor and the staff had to go through, in order to bring out their paper up to date. Moreover, the prejudice and the ridicule which the gentlemen of the press had to endure, when English journalism was first feeling its way, was enough to make them afraid of going to press at all; since they knew what bitter sarcasm they would have to face from official persons, as well as from competitors and from the public. No one "believed in newspapers" in the seventeenth century, so that the hardest task before poor Butler, the proprietor of The Weekly Newes, — and he must be regarded also as the father of the English newspaper — was to get his readers to believe that he was not romancing, even in his gravest statements of dry facts. And to make things worse for his enterprise, the Public Licenser cut his proof-sheets all to pieces, instead of passing them as strictly legitimate information. Indeed the time came when poor Butler could stand it no longer, and deciding to let his paper die of a broken heart, he wrote in a final issue: "Courteous reader; we are obliged to give over our foreign avisoes, for the Licenser will not oftentimes let pass apparent truth; and in things will oftentimes so crosse and alter; which makes us weary of printing." Poor Butler! In our own day, an editor and a sub-editor do all the "crossing and altering" for themselves, but what would be their feelings if, after they had done their work, the Public Licenser were to cut *them* down to nothing!

An interesting historical enquiry is: what was the attitude of kings and governments towards the new power which dared to criticise *all* powers? To speak of England alone, I should sum up the royal attitudes as being, at least proximately, as follows: the Tudors hated the press; so did the Stuarts; Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth seeking to crush it under their heel, as being an impious affectation of personal power. Charles I. sought to regulate and direct it, as a weapon which might be used for his own advantage; but Charles II. tried to crush it altogether; probably because it dared to comment on his gaieties, and to report the unseemly revelries at Whitehall.

Indeed Charles II. carried his warfare so far as to allow no printing-presses in any town in his dominions, save in London, in York, and in the Universities. James II. enslaved the press, because he could not win it to his own side; but Queen Anne found the press practically useful in its glorifying of the victories of Marlborough; so she restrained only libellous comments on individuals, but warmly encouraged panegyrics on victories. But the Prince of Orange became the royal patron of the press; he "took in" The Orange Intelligencer (which appeared about 1688); and he paid court to the English journalists as his best friends; regarding newspapers and the parliament as the two mediums for reaching the people, and so seeking to conciliate both allies.

And now let us go to Oxford and have a look into the old libraries, and see what we can find in the way of newspapers. If I may speak of myself, I have seen and handled some queer old newspapers in the libraries of All Souls, Corpus Christi, and the Bodleian; and some of their titles were as droll as they were suggestive. I have heard also, or read of such wondrous titles (in these libraries) as Mercurius Psitacus, or the Parotting Mercury; Mercurius, not Vendicus, nor yet Mutus, but Cambro, or Honest Britannus; Mercurius Diabolicus; Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus — with a host of other hair-brained inventions. Again, in the British Museum, are such wildly headed leaflets as True Newes, Laudable Newes, The world is mad, my masters; and one sheet heads its attractions with this sensational announcement, "Newes, and Strange Newes, from St. Christopher's, of a tempestuous Spirit called Hurrycane, or Whirlwind; whereunto is added the true and last relation (in verse) of the dreadful accident, etc." Now the way to account for these absurd headings is as follows: Throughout the whole of the seventeenth century all newspapers were so bitterly persecuted that they had to fly into the only groove that was left to them: wild nonsense or downright imbecility; the distracted editors taking vengeance for not being allowed to publish "newes" by publishing the most wretched attempts at humor. Nor was it till the eighteenth century was well advanced that newspapers began in earnest to sober down; the rivalry between editors having been confined to startling headings rather than spread over the wide field of information.

Next, let us enquire into the origin of advertisements: those real financial supporters of the press, without which, in these days, no newspaper could prosper, if, indeed, it could hope to exist. Our old friend, La Gazetta, — that first printed newspaper to which I made reference at the beginning, — does not appear to have even thought of advertisements till it reached the twentieth year of its existence. Even then its advertisements were not "put in," as advertisements, but as brief notices on the part of the editor. On the other hand, a Spanish newspaper, about the year 1710, went so far as to advertise for advertisements; with what result I am unable to say. As to the English papers, the Mercurius Politicus, in the month of January, 1652, contained an advertisement from an English bookseller of a new

heroic poem, which he stated to be elegantly composed. About this time also, April 9, 1680, The Mercurius Librarius gave a "faithful account of all books and pamphlets;" and the proprietors offered sixpence for the *loan* of every new book, which they promised to return immediately to the publisher. For a long while only booksellers, and vendors of quack medicines, made use of the new method of publicity; but, in 1657, The Public Advertiser was started; and in the issue of Sept. 30, 1658 (now preserved in the British Museum), will be found the following attractively worded notice: "That excellent and by all physicians approved China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay, and also Tee, is sold at the Sultana's Head Coffee House." And we may also notice when running the eye down these early issues, the advertisements of anxious friends in regard to persons "lost in setting out from London on great and perilous journeys into the provinces"; the journeys referred to being such as a modern tramcar would be considered a sufficiently brave conveyance to accomplish.

Two points remain to be touched on: (1) The origin of the Leading Article. (2) The First Daily Paper. But I will just mention, before referring to these two points, — as the subject bears intimately on the extension of "public liberties" which we undoubtedly owe to a free press, — that the publication of the debates in the English Parliament was first attempted in the year 1641. In that year, on the second day of November, appeared "Diurnal Occurrences and Daily Proceedings of Both Houses." This was the very first endeavor to make the British public aware of what was being done for them, or against them, by their legislators, and it was naturally thought to be a bold venture, and was at first disapproved by the House of Commons. Within two years, however, monthly and even weekly Reports followed on this first attempt at an Annual.

And now as to the origin of the Leading Article. I believe that the origin of it was English. The Curators of the British Museum are of this opinion. When the Times newspaper, in its earliest days, was called the London Daily Universal Register, it had its own private reporters stationed at Gravesend, to forward the earliest possible news from home-bound ships. The government took offence at this reporting, and went so far as to intercept the Register's messengers. The Register, being angry, protested in largest type, though only to the extent of a few lines. The government continuing adverse, the Register continued protestive; and week by week added more lines of explanation. Thus was the first Leader gradually evolved; a pure accident leading to the development of a system which has made no little difference to the fate of nations.

Lastly: Which was the first daily paper — the first printed and regularly issued daily paper? Some Frenchmen think that France took the lead — I believe that Le Petit Gardien was their first-born — yet most Englishmen believe that their Daily Courant led the way; and perhaps it would be difficult to disprove this. The Daily Courant was started in 1709, and was contributed to by the best writers of the time. It was about this period that the names of such shining lights as Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift

were growing into household words of literary fame; so that it seemed fitting that a daily organ of at least intellectual fascination should give the world some passing glimpses of its stars. In 1709 there were about eighteen London newspapers, but there was not one which came out every day. So that the advent of the Daily Courant was a boon from its regularity, as well as from the superiority of its contributors. Seventy-six years after the birth of the Daily Courant the London Daily Universal Register was started; a paper destined shortly to be converted into The Times, and to appear under that title in 1788. Briefly, let it be added that, in its very first number, The Times presented sixteen columns to its readers; with sixty-three advertisements, but with no leading article — a feature which was to be developed out of resentment.

And here now that I am ending this brief chronicle, may it be permitted to hazard this passing comment: that newspapers, as an institution, have done more harm than they have done good to the communities — well of, say, modern Europe. Their harm has been this: they spread scandals; they preoccupy the "public mind" with fictitious interests; they waste time to a degree that was never paralleled by any social or domestic institution; they absorb the attention and most of the zest that should be given to the study of sound literature, and so prevent people from reading what is elevating, because they devote themselves to mere fatuity or ephemeralism. That, on the other hand, they disseminate much useful knowledge is not strictly a *quid pro quo* for their injuriousness. The scale kicks the beam for waste of time, so that a sort of chronic dissipation of both the faculty and the sentiment is the penalty which we have to pay for our enlightenment.

A. F. MARSHALL.

General Sherman on the Great Napoleon.

"UNTIL General Sherman came to New York to live," said a friend of the General lately, "and was wrapped up in business and social life, he spent much of his time reading military history. As an army officer he was compelled to travel a good deal about the country, and in his trunk he always took several volumes, when about to start from St. Louis for Washington or New York. One book was taken in his hand. I remember in the summer of 1875 coming with him from St. Louis to Utica, where he was to preside at a big gathering of war veterans. He wore a long linen ulster, and in a side pocket was a heavy book that pulled it down on one side. We were the only passengers in the palace car. After a few minutes' conversation the General pulled the book out of his pocket, settled himself in a corner of the seat, and didn't speak for hours. The book was O'Meara's "Letters from St. Helena." How many times he had read the book the General said he did not know. He had read everything he could find to read about Napoleon, for whose genius he expressed the most enthusiastic admiration. As I remember our desultory conversation, he held the opinion that Bonaparte was the greatest military commander the world ever saw."

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

FOR the ensuing ten or twelve days all is a blank to me. My constitution — never over strong — had utterly succumbed to the shock of that dreadful night, and for those twelve wretched days all who loved me were beset with a hideous fear that my brain had given way forever, and that I was henceforth to suffer a mental death more terrible still than even the fate which my lost sister had, in all likelihood, encountered.

Father William it was who, returning homeward from a sick-call, had found me lying, apparently dead, by the roadside. He brought me to Kildoona, forthwith, and aroused the household. Then Marion was missed, and all waited eagerly for my return to consciousness; trusting that I should be enabled to explain my sister's extraordinary absence from her home at such an hour.

But alas! when they did succeed in arousing me from that death-like swoon, they found that my mind was quite unsettled. Broken ravings and mutterings escaped my lips; occasionally I sobbed and cried aloud, as if in terror. But on that first night following Marion's disappearance, no syllable could be elicited from me tending to throw the faintest ray of light upon the mystery.

As the days passed, my ravings became less vague, more intelligible, and more startling to those who heard. One sentence passed my lips over and over again, like a dismal refrain:

"Ah, it was Marion's cry — in the darkness — away by the sea-mew's cliff!"

Then, little by little, the greater part of the story of that unhappy day which closed so fatally, was drawn from my unconscious lips. It was evident from my ravings that my sister had a secret sorrow which dated from the time that she had returned home, three years before, from Cornwall. I also touched on her parting scene with Launce Ronayne in the twilight; on Randal Darragh's visit to the Kildoona kitchen; on Marion's mysterious leave-taking of me later on; and, finally, on the wild scream which had terrified me, as I fled, quaking, toward Nance Darragh's cabin.

But, after all, these were but the ravings of delirium, and no definite step could be taken, from this evidence alone, to ascertain my sister's fate.

Poor Father William did all that man could do to uncloak this cruel mystery. From Randal Darragh, whom he questioned sharply,

he could learn nothing. Randal absolutely denied that he had entered Kildoona kitchen that night. He said he was quite willing to make an affidavit any moment, to that effect! What could Father William say to this? I still lay tossing about feverishly upon my bed at Kildoona: as yet my clear senses had not returned, so that it was no use to appeal to me for a corroboration of my delirious statements.

Then the good old priest determined to go to Cornwall. to call on the lady with whom my sister had lived during the three years of her absence from home. It might be that Marion was with her again; and, at all events, Mrs. Trevenna could, perhaps, throw some light on my sister's secret sorrow.

But, as though fate were against any clearing-up of this impenetrable mystery, upon Father William's arriving at the old country-house near Launceston he learned that Mrs. Trevenna was dead for some months; the old house was shut up; the servants were scattered; two gone to America, another to London, leaving no address.

Father William came home sad and crest-fallen; and two days later my clear senses returned, and Aunt Anne it was who narrated to me all that I have now explained.

Upon hearing of my recovery, Father William hastened to Kildoona. For hours he sat with me in the darkened room, holding my hand in his, and striving to elicit from me some definite clue as to Marion's awful disappearance.

But alas! what could I tell? Even the ravings of my delirious state I dared not now confirm; for had I not given my lost sister a solemn promise to breathe not one word to any one living concerning anything I had observed, or suspected, during that never-to-be-forgotten epoch of my life and hers?

Randal Darragh's sinister visit I passed over in silence. I did not question his denial of having come to the kitchen on that night. The circumstances appeared to favor his direct falsehood, too, for it so happened that no one, save my sister and myself, had seen him in the house on that fatal night.

So the matter rested. Nothing more could be done. My loved sister had disappeared from us as effectually as though the grave had opened and closed above her head.

Oh! the dreary, dreary days and weeks that followed, my heart shivers as I recall them. Christmas came on; a wild, snowy Christmas. Our hills and glens were covered over with a rolling pall of purest white. At another time how I should have revelled in that fairy-like picture! How I should have climbed the whitened crags and hill-tops, and gazed, spell-bound, upon the magnificent transformation-scene spread all around and beneath me!

For I had always loved our wild mountain solitudes in the snow time. The pure, cold, blue sky above, the pure, cold, blue ocean beneath, the pure, cold, white hills rising marble-like, stilly, dreamily defined against the pearly horizon; the long white ridges and shoulders of the nearer mountains, the leafless woods of Glengariffe and Ardnagashall with the feathery snow-flakes draping the black branches, as

if in preparation for some fairy scene; all these would have thrilled me, would have feasted me royally, but for this — but for this!

Now, alas! I could enjoy nothing. Grief and horror swooped down upon me, shutting out every gleam of sunlight with their ill-omened wings.

What a Christmas eve it was! — the dreariest I had ever known. When I saw the glimmer of the "Christmas Candles" in the windows of hill-side cabins and farm-houses, that ruddy eye of Faith and Love twinkling merrily across the snowy wastes in the purple December gloaming, I felt my heart shiver within me. Alas! only the preceding Christmas eve it was, that Marion and I had gone round to all the wretched cabins amid our hills, and distributed candles and other small presents, my sister's warm-hearted sympathy finding a suitable word, as well as a suitable gift, for every poor house-holder through-that sequestered waste.

And then, when the hour came for midnight Mass, and Aunt Anne and I and Curly Rue our "servant boy," crossed the snowy hills to the little lonely chapel in the glen — how the flood of memories rushed upon me! How I remembered the last occasion I had come hither, Marion laughing merrily and holding a flaming pine-torch on high to show us the windings of the craggy foot-way through the hills!

Dozens of the neighboring farmers, with their sons and daughters and servants, joined us during that midnight walk to the chapel. Many of them held torches, long splints of bog-wood, or smouldering turf-sods stuck on the ends of sticks, and the wild, ruddy light flamed on the dead-white snow and cast fantastic shadows of the devotees far across the whitened swell of the heath.

I clung to Aunt Anne and almost sobbed aloud, as dozens of kindly inquiries poured into my ear. Had we heard anything since of "poor dear Miss Marion?" — "*Ma vrone*, but she was the nate young lady!" — Did we know whether she was alive or dead? — and so on, and so on.

She had been loved by all who knew her; and each one of these sympathetic inquirers would, I verily believe, have bled his arm to do her a service. But still their well-intended questions stabbed my heart like a knife; and it was a huge relief to me when the weird torch-light flashed upon the white-washed chapel at last, and we all stepped down from the crags and entered the house of God's Love and Mercy, buried away and forgotten by the world amid the snow-clad, silent hills.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN APPARITION.

In the fitful light of the torches and the half-dozen candles placed upon the small altar, the scene in the Glen chapel to-night was wild and impressive, and comes back to me this moment with all the vividness of a photograph. I see again Father William's tall, stooped figure upon the altar, the glimmering light revealing his long-flowing, silver

hair, his earnest, melancholy eyes, his kindly, time-furrowed face. I see the rural congregation kneeling on the earthen flooring — the dark sensitive faces, the liquid Celtic eyes, the mobile, impressionable lips, and white teeth between; the picturesque hooded cloaks of the women, the swallow-tailed, cut-away coats and knee-breeches of the men; the long wavering shadows which filled odd corners of the chapel in mysterious gloom. And I hear again the murmured Irish prayers of the people, the clink of their long rosaries, the low, solemn tones of the old clergyman, the wheeze and hiss of the blazing torches, and the wail of the night-wind without, wandering over the wastes of snow and fretting wistfully at the small windows of the building.

I am afraid I was but a half-hearted devotee during that midnight Mass; for, in spite of me, my thoughts wandered from the solemn service, and my lost sister's fate filled my mind with a thousand hopeless and vague conjectures.

But, glancing up suddenly — why, I never knew — I saw for a second, as clearly as I see this page before me, the face of my brother Richard, or so I fancied, looming ghost-like from a dimly-lighted corner at the far end of the little chapel.

The face, as I saw it, stood out sharply from the shadows, the light chancing to fall that instant upon the features alone, leaving the figure in semi-darkness. I could not be mistaken. It was, in truth, my out-cast brother; but how hollow and pallid were the worn cheeks — what a strange, sunken look was about the eyes; and how sternly compressed were the once smiling, eloquent lips!

For a moment I stared, in fascinated silence; then the face passed from my sight as suddenly as it had flashed before me.

With a gasp and a smothered cry, I clutched Aunt Anne convulsively by the arm. I could not utter a word; and the next instant my head had sunk upon my kindly old kinswoman's shoulder, and I was sobbing with terror and distress.

"Poor craythur! Poor child!" I heard the voices near me murmur sympathetically; "sure, no wonder she'd shed tears! God be with poor Miss Marion! she was here this night twelve months."

I scarce remember how the ensuing half-hour passed. Aunt Anne wound her arm about me, and supported my head upon her shoulder. Then the congregation began to file slowly away and we also rose. I watched every face, every figure, in the uncertain torchlight; but no face or figure reminded me now of the absent one.

Could I have been mistaken? Could it have been but a fancy of mine, or an odd effect of the fitful light glancing upon some other face, and transforming the features into an illusive resemblance of Richard's?

"Shall we wait and see Father William?" Aunt Anne whispered to me.

But I felt that I could not talk to even my true old friend to-night; so I only shook my head, and Aunt Anne and I slowly left the chapel.

I said nothing during our homeward walk concerning that apparition I had beheld. Curly Rue kept close to us, holding aloft a fresh

pine-torch which sputtered and hissed cheerily in the chilly night-wind.

But when we got back to Kildoona, and aunt and I were seated opposite the big fire in the kitchen, which Nell had taken care to replenish generously ere she went to bed, I spoke out at last and explained what I had seen or fancied.

Aunt Anne, however, pooh-poohed the story altogether.

"That light is so illusive, with its uncertain flame and odd shadows," she said, "that, really, I am only surprised, child, you did not see a dozen, instead of only one ghost! I myself have been deceived in pretty much the same way under similar circumstances."

"But I saw the face so clearly, aunt, oh! I can see it again this moment."

"Folly, my heart; all folly. Your nerves are shockingly upset for the past weeks, and indeed no wonder." Aunt Anne sighed heavily, and I saw that her kindly blue eyes were suddenly dimmed with a mist of tears. "But we must only endeavor to make the best of things, Alice, my darling. The mystery of our lost one may be disclosed ere long — and who knows but the truth may not be so bad as we suppose. Let us hope for the best, child, and in the meantime Richard will be with us soon, please God — poor dear Richard! How I long to see him!"

So I brightened a little, as these comforting words fell upon my ear; and by the time Aunt Anne had prepared a delicious cup of tea — and tea *was* tea at that time, I tell you, not the flavorless wash which now passes for such! — I felt more hopeful for the future, and the prospect of my brother's speedy return to Kildoona, assumed a more cheerful character than ever.

For an hour or more we sat sipping our tea in the fire-light, and talking, while Curly Rue revelled in the corner of the big ingle with a bowl of the fragrant beverage and a huge wedge of rich home-made Christmas cake, tempting alike to eye and palate.

"God send Master Richard safe back to us!" Curly said. "We'll set all the hills afire the night he comes to Kildoona."

Next day was a trying ordeal to all of us; as Christmas Day ever is when the eye falls on vacant chairs and the ear imagines in every sound the gliding of by-gone foot-steps, the murmur of a by-gone voice.

So it was with Aunt and me on this wild, snowy Christmas Day. The prospect from our windows was obscured with whirling snow — large, feathery flakes, flying and careering wildly in a sustained, south-westerly gale. We sat alone in the Elm Parlor, and a long silence brooded between us. We had invited Father William to join us in our lonely Christmas dinner to-day, and now we had abandoned the hope of his coming, and our hearts sank and sank.

I had rarely seen Aunt Anne so gloomy. Dear, sympathetic heart! She usually contrived to keep up a show, at least, of good spirits. But this day had, no doubt, awakened many old reminiscences of her own young days — reminiscences of loving parents dead

and gone, sisters and brothers scattered far and near; and for once she abandoned herself to the melancholy consolation of memory, while the snow whirled without, and the wind beat at the casements.

Judge our delight, when, punctually to the hour, good Father William actually put in an appearance, muffled from top to toe in an enormous *cota mor*, and looking like Lot's wife after she had given that unlucky backward glance, as he stood laughing in the hall before us!

He was literally a walking pillar of snow, and his wide-leafed beaver hat presented the appearance of a huge Christmas-cake. His presence cheered us wonderfully, and when he had got rid of his snowy burden, and came in, smiling and rubbing his hands, to the cheery, old, fire-lit Elm Parlor, I began to think that this melancholy day was about to look brighter, after all.

Well, we chatted away all that evening and, at Father William's desire, we took tea in my father's room.

In the kitchen they were having good times of it. Some of the "neighbors" had looked in, and Aunt Anne had sent out an enormous jug of steaming hot punch with slices of lemon floating about in it, and a lofty Christmas-cake, as yet uncut.

"Enjoy yourselves as well as you can, Nell," Aunt Anne said to our old housekeeper. "If you run short of anything, come and tell me. But, Nell, there must be no music — no singing; everything you wish, but that."

"'Music' is it, Miss Anne?" Nell exclaimed, her black eyes full of reproach under the shaggy brows. "Is it *me* to allow music, an' my darlint child gone from us only a month ago?"

And Nell shuffled away with her big jug and cake, shaking her head and murmuring some Irish words of regret and endearment.

"Poor old faithful creature!" Father William said, when Nell Connor had left the room. "I remember how heartily she enjoyed herself on last Christmas night. Old Thady Donaloga, the piper was playing in the corner, and, I pledge you my word, Nell got up to dance a reel and jig, old as she is! It was a sight to see her withered cheeks flushed with a second youth, and her sunken eyes sparkling. Launce Ronayne and Nora were here that night too."

"Poor Launce," Aunt Anne murmured; "Marion's mysterious fate has broken his heart, I fear. When is he to return home, sir?"

For Launce and Nora had gone away from Rathronayne, a couple of weeks before, to spend the Christmas holidays with cousins of theirs, near Kilgarvan. Since Marion's disappearance, I had seen Launce but twice, and the look of dumb suffering in his haggard face, appalled me. I was glad, for his own sake, that he had gone away from home just now. Change of scene and society would, I hoped, distract his thoughts somewhat, from the unhappy past.

"I was over at Rathronayne on Wednesday," Father William said; "Brian Ronayne did not know exactly when his children were to return; not until after New Year's Day most likely."

This conversation was held in the Elm Parlor, before we went

upstairs to my father's room; and here we were now over our tea in the invalid's sanctum — a comfortable panelled room, with crimson window-hangings, a room separated from the sleeping apartment beyond by an arched door-way also draped in crimson.

As was his wont, when Father William was present, my father turned the conversation at once upon his absent son. What steps had the clergyman since taken to discover Richard's whereabouts? Had he heard anything as yet? Was he still hopeful? — and so forth, and so forth.

Yes; Father William was perfectly hopeful. Any day now might bring some good news. He had sent advertisements to newspapers abroad; he had written to some friends in America and Australia. He had, he felt assured, taken the right steps in the matter, and Richard's return to Kildoona was but a question of time.

"God send it soon then!" murmured the invalid. "So that I may see my boy once again before I die."

"Before you die indeed!" cried Father William. "Why, man alive, you'll bury us all — that's the truth of it. What say you, Anne?" with a surreptitious wink at my old kinswoman.

"Faith, I agree with you, sir!" was Aunt Anne's conclusive reply. "Just look at his rosy cheeks!"

For my father was flushed a little, with the excitement, probably, of his eager hopes and of Father William's energetic assurances of success.

It was late when our good old friend took his leave and drove away in the wild snowy night.

For some days thereafter the snow continued; then a hard frost set in, and our hills and glens, roads, fields, and wayside banks were draped in purest white, a dense marble-like crust which the passing wind failed to break up and scatter.

And so one evening at last I was tempted to go for one of my long walks — the first I had taken since my lost sister's disappearance. I scarce know whether it was design or accident which carried me to the lonely cliff-road along which I had rushed in the storm and darkness on that dreadful, never-to-be-forgotten night gone by. But, however it happened, here I was walking briskly over the snow-covered road, in the cold, clear, slanting sunshine of evening, and drawing nearer every moment to the spot where Father William had found me on that night, apparently dead.

All around me that evening was a fairy scene; white hills, white valleys, white rocks, white roads, with only one color to relieve the dead monotony of white — the intense cold blue of the sky, and the intense cold blue of the ocean. But ere long the sun sloped farther westward and lo! a blush of crimson deepened up the blue and trembled in shafts of flame on the Atlantic; and scarce had I noticed this rapid transformation scene, ere sky and sea burned in hues of gold and amber and crimson-lake — such a sunset as I had rarely, if ever, witnessed before.

I had already passed the spot where I had fallen prone that night.

I was led onward unconsciously, as I drank in the changeful hues of that magic effect of sea and sky.

But suddenly I paused. The blood leaped to my temples. An irresistible impulse took possession of me.

"That wild cry came to me from the cliffs below there," was the thought which now filled my brain. "Chance has led me here this evening; and I will go to the fatal spot whence that despairing cry reached my ears."

A moment later I had quitted the narrow winding road, and was hastening over the snow-clad heath toward the rugged shoulders of the Sea-Mews' Cliff, whence that haunting cry had come to me, on that awful night of my life.

To be continued.

We Want a Better Man.

THE Philadelphia Freeman is one of the three (out of sixty-three) Irish-American papers that have taken the side of Parnell. It objects to Archbishop's Walsh's statement that Parnell is "not a fit man to lead a Catholic nation." "If this style of reasoning is pushed to its legitimate conclusion and carried out consistently," says the Freeman, "it will keep the Archbishop in hot water during the balance of his life. He cannot pretend ignorance of the moral character of the Prince of Wales. When Victoria dies and Albert Edward comes to the throne will Dr. Walsh ask the bishops to decide that he is not a fit king to rule over a Catholic nation?"

The Freeman ignores the fact that (1) the Prince of Wales holds his place by hereditary title and not at the pleasure of the people; (2) that it is the English nation and English bayonets that maintain his authority in Ireland and not the consent of the Irish people; (3) and that bad as he may be alleged to be, he has never been formally branded in a public court of justice with immorality as Parnell has been.

If Parnell is maintained as the leader of the Irish people it is because the Irish people have consented to such a leader. Their adoption of Parnell's leadership is the adoption of that type of man as a fit representative. Their acquiescence in Parnell's leadership amounts to condoning the moral offence that he has given.

Archbishop Walsh is a man of honor, a patriot, and a Catholic. He does not want to see his country degraded in the eyes of the world by a calm submission to the Parnellite edition of the decalogue. That Albert Edward is good enough for the English does not make Parnell good enough for the Irish; or rather it ought not to. The Irish have prided themselves on their superior chastity.

"On our side is Erin and virtue,
On their side, the Saxon and guilt."

If the serf-like followers of a man want to strike "virtue" from the Irish shield, and conform to the examples of Saxon guilt, Parnell will do.

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan.

THE IRISH-CANADIAN PATRIOT BY WHOSE SIDE OVIDE PERRAULT WAS SHOT DOWN.

First Historian of New York, Author of Many Valuable Works, and a British "Felon" Honored by the New World and the Old.

EDMUND BAILEY O'CALLAGHAN, a native of Mallow, near Cork, was born Feb. 29, 1797, and was the youngest of a large family, all brought up with care, and enjoying the advantages of a liberal education. After the close of his studies in Ireland, he spent two years in Paris, chiefly in medical studies. In 1823 he came to Quebec, where, completing his professional course, he was admitted to practice in 1827.

The movement for Catholic Emancipation was then proceeding in Ireland and England, and Dr. O'Callaghan took an active part in forming an auxiliary society called "The Friends of Ireland" in Quebec, was secretary of the organization, and gave a zealous and energetic support to the cause. Meanwhile, he was winning friends by his medical skill, and by the wit and humor which made him a pleasing member of social circles. He soon removed to Montreal, and became prominent in the political affairs of the province. In 1834 he was selected as the editor of the Vindicator, the organ of the Canadian patriots, being elected at the same time a member of the provincial parliament from Yamaska. There he became a popular leader. On Nov. 2, 1835, he moved an address to the Governor in regard to complaints against Judge Gale, and his motion was carried after a warm debate. He was active in the House, and through his journal, in demanding Canadian reforms. Like other leaders he dressed in Canadian homespun, to encourage home manufactures, and to diminish importations from England. He was a marked man, and on Nov. 6, the Doric Club, a British Tory affair, destroyed his newspaper office. He then accompanied Papineau to Richelieu River, the heart of the patriotic regions, where the opposition to British domination was the strongest. Both condemned a resort to arms, because of their weakness, and did all they could to prevent it; but when the Canadian militia took the field, O'Callaghan did not flinch. He took part in the action at St. Denis, where the patriots repulsed Col. Gove, and his associate on the Vindicator and in Parliament, Ovide Perrault, was shot dead by his side.

When, after the defeat of St. Charles, Papineau, seeing the hopelessness of the appeal to arms, sought safety in the United States, Dr. O'Callaghan accompanied him, and a reward for his body on a charge of high treason was offered by Lord Gosford in his proclamation of Nov. 29, 1837. In New York, Dr. O'Callaghan was warmly received, and at once made many lasting friends, one of the earliest being the late Reuben Hyde Walworth, Chancellor. When the British Government, subsequently, was forced by events to grant all that the exiled Canadians had fought to secure, Papineau returned to resume his old

place at the head of provincial affairs; but Dr. O'Callaghan remained in New York, and never even sought to have the ban removed from his name. He wore it proudly as an honor.

Taking up his residence in Albany, he resumed the practice of his profession, occasionally engaging elsewhere in affairs that brought him into contact with prominent men. He also edited an industrial paper called the Northern Light. When the anti-rent troubles began, Dr. O'Callaghan commenced to study up the rights of the Patroons, and after acquiring a knowledge of the language, examined the early Dutch records in the hands of the state, and some ancient families. Astonished at the vast amount of historical facts hidden in these old documents, Dr. O'Callaghan began a systematic study of the colonial period, and finally produced his "History of New Netherland," in two large volumes. In it Dr. O'Callaghan did more for the early Dutch settlers than they had been able to do for themselves, and gave to the rest of the world a true account of the peculiar people who were widely known only through the satirical "Knickerbocker's History of New York," by Washington Irving. He showed the colony in its origin, steady, industrious colonists, as religious as New Englanders, without their bigotry; men who worked hard, introduced European animals, grains, fruits, industries, set up church and school, organized a government with many popular features, and all without boast, cant, or hypocrisy.

The "History of New Netherland" placed Dr. O'Callaghan at once in a high position among scholars. It was a work of research, judicious, fresh, and vigorous in style. One of the fruits was the action of the state in sending John R. Brodhead to England, France, and Holland, to collect from the archives of those governments documents relating to American, especially to New York, history. Mr. Brodhead returned with a vast amount of useful material. Then the state proposed to publish a documentary history, printing valuable documents, and reprinting rare tracts. Dr. O'Callaghan was called to edit this work and to translate the documents in French and Dutch. He executed his task with satisfactory results, and the eleven big volumes, including a full index, are a monument to his industry and ability.

Dr. O'Callaghan was one of the first to recognize the great value for history of the "Jesuit Relations," as they are now called,— a series of forty little volumes published in France in the seventeenth century, giving reports of the Jesuit missions in Canada, when under that name was embraced the valley of the Mississippi, much of New York, Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. He read a paper before the New York Historical Society, giving a description of each volume and its contents. His paper, printed in pamphlet form, went far and wide, and was translated into French. Immediately scholars began to try and consult the "Jesuit Relations;" but they were very rare. A few privileged collectors had some volumes, the public libraries none. No complete set was known in Europe or America. Dr. O'Callaghan superintended for Mr. James Lenox the printing of the "Relations" for 1676, made by that gentleman from a copy of the original manu-

script, and the reprint of two almost unique volumes in the series. At a subsequent period he printed a very small edition of Biard's "Relations," in *fac-simile* of the original; and in the same style the account of the early Jesuit mission in Acadia and Maine, as given in the "Annuæ Litteræ" and the "Historica Societatis Jesu," so that they might be placed with the volumes of the "Relations."

Besides the studies already named, he turned his attention to the issues of the Bible in this country, and after long research compiled a catalogue of all printed in the United States, which he published in a volume full of curious information.

During his residence in Albany, he was attached to the office of the Secretary of State, and edited a number of volumes from its colonial archives, the journals of the legislative council, with an historical sketch, a calendar of state papers, lists of land grants, Revolutionary papers, and others of the kind. But he found more material for his great book, and issued the "Register of New Netherland," a list, compiled with great care and labor, of all who held office in the colony while subject to Holland. He also issued a series of New York tracts, embracing the "Diary of Governor Clark," "Bobin's Letters," "Voyages of Slave Ships," "Commissary Wilson's Orderly Book," and "Orderly Book of General Burgoyne."

The early records of the New York municipality are in Dutch, and were never printed, nor were the first in English. Dr. O'Callaghan was invited to that city to prepare these for publication, his knowledge of the Dutch of that period as used in New Netherland making him one of the very few men living who could translate the early documents properly. He arrived in 1870. Arrangements were made to print these documents, and though not stipulated for in the agreement, he superintended the printing, adapted the indexes he had prepared, and revised the proof sheets. He also edited the earliest wills on record in the state. Unfortunately this printing was given out by the city during the corrupt times, and on the sudden revulsion to economy attending upon John Kelly's overthrow of the Tweed Ring, the work was suddenly stopped, and the volumes, though printed, have never appeared.

It was a severe blow to Dr. O'Callaghan, and, in connection with an accident he received soon after, quite prostrated him. After lingering two years, he died on May 29, 1880, fortified by all the Sacraments of the Catholic religion. The funeral took place at the magnificent new St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, the New York Historical Society officially attending, the Rev. Clarence Walworth preaching the sermon, and Cardinal McCloskey, in cope and mitre, pronouncing the absolution. The following were the pall-bearers: Thurlow Weed, John Kelly, George H. Moore, E. F. DeLancey, William S. Preston, John G. Shea, F. H. Churchill, and Henry Amy. During his life, Dr. O'Callaghan had time to forget most of the innumerable degrees and honors and decorations bestowed upon him by the admiring institutions of America and the Old World.

Such was the career and such the end of a man upon whom

England had placed the ban of her "justice!" This is the kind of man for the delivery of whose body, dead or alive, she offered a reward — and the reward stands still on the list, nine years after the man is in his tomb! Let all come and gaze upon him, and then realize that if England had caught him she would have hanged him by the neck until dead, and then consigned his body to a felon's grave! Why? Because he was an Irishman who had fought to gain the rights of the people of his first adopted country, Canada, and refused to sue for mercy from the brutal tribunal that condemned him. The lesson is good for to-day.

HUGH P. McELRONE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Motherland.

The familiar initials "T. D. S." have been appended to few more touching things than the address "To Ireland," published over them, in the Pall Mall Gazette, January 26th. The meter will strike the American reader as similar to that of the once popular Southern chant of "Maryland": —

THERE'S trouble at thy heart again,
Motherland!
Thy sacred brow is seared with pain,
My motherland!
But grieve no more — though hands profane
Would bind anew thy breaking chain —
A wound is better than a stain,
Motherland, my motherland!

Of late the world for thee looked bright,
Motherland!
The long-sought bliss was full in sight,
My motherland!
Thick clouds have gathered, black as night,
Thy hopes to blast, thy joy to blight,
But they must pass — behold, the light!
Motherland, my motherland!

In weal or woe thou'rt still the same,
Motherland!
No blot is on thy ancient fame,
My motherland!
As purely as an altar flame
Still glows and shines thy cherished name;
Thou'lt have no part with things of shame,
Motherland, my motherland!

No guilty knight shall champion thee,
Motherland!
No traitorous friend thy guide shall be,
My motherland!
Whatever time thou hast to dree,
True men alone shall set thee free,
And God will guard thy liberty,
Motherland, my motherland!

She was a Catholic.

At the Woman's National Council, held in Washington recently, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher, delivered an address on "The Queen Isabella Association."

The Association intended to erect at the World's Fair a building for the use of women, which has been designed by a woman, and to have sculptured, by a woman, a statue of Queen Isabella.

"The only objection," said Mrs. Hooker, "that I have heard urged against this statue is that Queen Isabella was a Catholic. I have heard that objection over and over again till I am tired of it. If Protestantism is afraid of itself and cannot survive without maligning a woman who had been a noble woman, wife, mother, and ruler, then Protestantism ought to go under and Catholicism rise up. [Great applause.] I believe in the survival of the fittest." [Applause.]

Yes, Queen Isabella was a Catholic, and that is the reason why there is no enthusiasm in the project of erecting a statue of her in Chicago.

The same reason has delayed the building, in this city, of a monument to Christopher Columbus, although, to his honor be it said, it is a wealthy and cultured Protestant gentleman, Mr. F. C. Sessions, to whom at last the capital of Ohio will be chiefly indebted for a public testimony of honor to the great explorer after whom it is named.

Glory to any man or woman, be their religion what it may, who engages in noble undertakings for the advancement of mankind, and greatest eulogy be theirs among magnanimous philanthropists who plan their high enterprises from the lofty motive of making God known and saving souls for Christ! Among these Christian benefactors of the world are numbered Isabella and Columbus.

Ignorance Only an Intellectual Evil, Not a Moral One.

The favorite fallacy of the day, says the New Orleans Morning Star, appears to be that ignorance is the parent of crime. It is a true saying, that "the boy is father to the man," "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." The Church in all ages has acted upon the principle that the surest way to Christianize a people is through the children. They are docile and can be formed to good; hence, the most learned orders in the Church devote their energies to the training of youth in order to form their moral character, and educate to virtue, which is only done in the Christian school.

Intellectual cultivation does not improve moral sentiment.

Whilst innocence is found among the rustic and more ignorant population, vice and crime haunts the intelligent centres of refinement and knowledge. The primitive Romans, in their comparative rudeness, were eminent for the natural virtues; but in the golden days of Augustus, and thereafter, vice and infamy paraded unblushingly before the public, and seated themselves in the most conspicuous places.

We are no advocate of ignorance; it is a great evil. We merely protest against its being considered a moral evil.

The Mission of Santa Clara, California.

AN INTERESTING AND RELIABLE SKETCH.

THE writer spent some of his best years in the Golden State, where he learned many things of interest to Easterners, nothing perhaps more so than this account of the old Mission of Santa Clara.

To go at once *in medias res*, as the Latins say, it may be stated that the Mission in question was founded by Franciscan friars almost one hundred and fourteen years back; that is to say, in the year 1777. Those Franciscan Padres were the men who certainly led the vanguard of civilization upon the great Pacific Slope long before the rough toiler of the gold fields delved among the mines to make the world richer and — as it too frequently happened — himself a poorer man.

The Fathers spared no pains for the secular and spiritual welfare of all who came within their control. The valley of Santa Clara was cultivated with the greatest care, but with still greater care were the souls of men cultivated. The wild Indians loved those Padres, because the former saw the spirit of self-sacrifice and heroism manifested by the latter continually. The old Mission church, as it stands to-day, recalls vividly the style of architecture among the Mexicans, for the Fathers had come from the land of the ancient Aztecs. The front of the old adobe church has been profaned by modern "improvements"; but there is enough left of general outlines to call up old-time memories when the missionaries faced hardships of all kinds to build a temple suitable, to some extent at least, to the worship of the Most High. The old Indian adornments are to be seen there yet, and the statuary and curious antique fresco work still serve to point to a period when the conditions of the country were yet in but their primitive state, and when the conveniences were not very numerous whereby an artisan's skill in fine workmanship might have been brought into requisition. The old church building is nearly two hundred feet long by about fifty feet in width. The original wooden cross erected by the Franciscan Fathers still stands in all its ancient dignity as when the Indians first learned to listen with silent awe to the appalling history of this sacred symbol. This old cross is over thirty feet in height, and occupies a prominent position in the square fronting the sacred edifice.

So much for the old Mission church of Santa Clara. Now a word about the College of Santa Clara where the writer had the pleasure of spending one of the very happiest weeks of his life in going through the exercises of a spiritual retreat. This establishment is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, who have proved themselves the worthy successors of the sons of St. Francis d'Assisi.

The college is built in a quadrangle. This idea was carried into effect on St. Joseph's Day, 1851, just two days after the feast of Ireland's apostle, St. Patrick. The college was chartered with all the rights and privileges of a university on April 28, 1855. The training develops the youth physically, mentally, and socially. No trouble is

spared to fit boys for this world and for the next, and, if they fail in making their mark, it will not be the fault of the Jesuit Fathers.

First, as to the physical training. The recreation grounds embrace four acres. Foot-ball, base-ball, cricket, and other athletic games are here enjoyed by the students under the careful supervision of competent prefects. The swimming pond measures one hundred and sixty by one hundred and twenty feet in dimensions. There are twenty private rooms in the infirmary for the sick and convalescent in charge of a skilled infirmarian. The hours for sleep are from 8 P. M. to 6 A. M., during summer; 6.30. A. M. is the time for rising in winter. The refectory is eighty-seven by thirty-five feet and the meals furnished the students are excellent, a complaint never being heard in this direction.

Second, as to mental training. The students are taught a full course of English, classics, and modern languages, with music both vocal and instrumental. There is a full assortment of chemicals in the lecture room. The battery room contains Grove's battery of one hundred and ninety cells, a Bunsen's battery of one hundred and forty cells, and other smaller batteries. The chemical laboratory contains a five-flued smelting furnace, and a complete stock of chemical glass-ware. There is also a museum here, with a collection of four thousand specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms taken from every country on the globe. Each branch of learning is divided into many graded classes, and every convenience is furnished the students whereby their mental training will be made as perfect as possible.

Lastly, comes the social training of the boys. This, of course, while fitting them for the society of men in after life, also fits them for the society of saints and angels in the life to come. The principles of politeness are carefully inculcated. The principles of Catholic theology are also carefully inculcated by having the students not only learn their Catechism by word of mouth, but also by having them understand it in such a way as to be able to account for the faith that is in them when they meet with men who differ from their way in both religious and historical matters.

Here, it may not be out of place to remark, in conclusion, that the Jesuit Fathers are neither afraid nor ashamed to teach their students a thing or two about the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, and if the students feel averse to studying Irish history — a thing unheard of — the Fathers have a knack of winning them over to the study of the Celt, ancient and modern. There is no study of importance, no history neglected. Hence, the success of Santa Clara College.

THOMAS J. MCGEOGHEGAN.

ANY one who during the past decade of years has paid the slightest attention to the work done in Catholic parochial schools, must acknowledge that these schools have been and are doing solid educational work, and have been and are making progress in education to a degree which will shortly place them far in advance of all schools established to give an elementary education to children.

Gymnastics Essential to Education.

Upon this subject, I have no doubt of a hearty concordance from all who are interested in the education of our youth of to-day. By the introduction of gymnastics into our colleges, I do not mean that they be intended for the instruction and development of such as may desire to enter the circus arena. No; I mean that our classical and theological students be given daily access to such appliances that are designed to strengthen their constitution and serve as a great preservative of health.

Health is a boon of inestimable worth to the student who, were he to undermine and shatter this bountiful gift, might count all attempts for future emulation, as chaff thrown to the winds. Now, the maintenance of this gift, in all its perfection, ought to be the care, not only of the student himself, but, also, of those who undertake the charge of his mental training.

Gymnastics, I may say, are an invariable attendant upon education, for without them, the mind becomes relax and fails in the noble functions to which it is assigned. Exercise, therefore, as well as being a preservative of health, likewise tends to render the mind apt and ready in its perceptions.

It should be the duty of every Catholic institution especially, to see that a right course of physical training be introduced into its college curriculum. For if anything gives us a dislike to an institution, it is to see delicate and sickly young men yearly graduate from its pale to enter upon their duties as ministers of the Church. What a pleasure it would be to see such young men come forth in health of body and mind, fully prepared to enter cheerfully upon the tasks assigned them.

A college without a gymnasium is, I might say, as a fish out of water. For as the want of water tends to weaken the condition of the fish, so, the want of exercise tends, not to strengthen the student for his after hardships, in the duty of his calling, but aids in the destruction of his choicest boon — health, and in the overthrow of God's noblest creature — man. Who would not be inclined to censure an institution for giving us sickly and puny priests? Then, indeed, would we vent our wrath upon such houses, and severely reproach them for their neglect of healthful training.

We want priests fully competent of the duties to which they have been ordained. Not men who, after a week or two of parish service, are necessitated to forego their calling for a time, and take respite in the city's sick room. Alas! we have but too many instances of this, even at this advanced stage, when there is such a demand for priests.

Where are we to look for the cause of this blight, I may say, upon the clergy? Principally, we may look to their early education in the college, and there, nine cases out of ten, we shall convince ourselves of the lamentable neglect of the one great health preservative — exercise.

Surely it is high time to remedy this long-felt deficiency in our colleges, and to pride ourselves upon having young priests come forth, who, instead of being in any way detrimental to our clergy, will be a mainstay — a prop — in the church, and be fully endured to undergo long years of service, within her sanctuary. JNO. J. REHGALLAG.

Youngstown, Ohio, March 5th, 1891.

Women as Physicians.

Cardinal Gibbons Does not Believe that Women Should be Debarred from the Profession of Medicine.

CARDINAL GIBBONS contributes the appending article to the Century Magazine:

It is perhaps not sufficiently understood that there is no obstacle in ecclesiastical or canon law to the education of women for the medical profession. Among the persons inhibited by the Church from pursuing the profession of medicine are included priests, monks, clergymen generally, but not women.

I do not hesitate to say, with due deference to the judgment of others, that, in my opinion, it is important to the well being of society that the study of medicine by Christian women should be continued and extended. The difficulties that are said to attend their pursuing the necessary studies in the same schools with men may be obviated by judicious precautions, and these difficulties should not debar women from the profession of medicine. We permit women to exercise the art of painting, though its successful pursuit is not always free from danger to female modesty. In my judgment, in anatomical demonstrations men and women should be separated; but I learn that in the anatomical departments of Paris and Geneva, Zurich, Berne and Basle, and in the universities of Belgium, Spain and Italy women work side by side with men, and that this, in the opinion of the professors, has been attended by good rather than bad results. I believe that in other departments, and wherever the proper restrictions are observed, the co-education of the male and female sex will exert a beneficial influence on the male. The prejudice that allows women to enter the profession of nursing and excludes them from the profession of medicine cannot be too strongly censured, and its existence can be explained only by the force of habit.

It has been urged that women do not as a rule possess the intellectual powers of men, but their ability to pursue the usual medicine studies has been sufficiently demonstrated; and it is admitted, even by those who concede to men a higher order of intellect and greater powers of ratiocination, that what women may lack in that direction seems to be supplied by that logical instinct with which they have been endowed by God.

It is evident, also, that if female nurses may with propriety attend men as well as women, that privilege cannot be reasonably withheld from the female physician; indeed, the position of the nurse might be regarded as open to much graver objections, inasmuch as the physician

makes but a transient visit to the patient, while the nurse occupies the sick room day and night. The attendance of female physicians upon women is often of incalculable benefit. Much serious and continued suffering is undergone by women, and many beginnings of grave illness are neglected, because of the sense of delicacy which prevents them from submitting to the professional services of men. There is also an infinite number of cases, known to all who have been concerned in charitable or reformatory work, in which no influence or assistance can be so effectual as that of a physician who is also a woman and a Christian. The alleviation of suffering, for women of all classes, which would result from the presence among us of an adequate number of well-trained female physicians, cannot but be evident to all; but I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body, than which there could be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society.

The Queen Isabella Association.

As the time draws near for the celebration of the Columbian Exposition, we naturally grow retrospective, and are prone to linger over the records of the past, and to ponder upon the characters of those personages whose efforts led to the greatest achievement of modern times; and among these great historic names, none shines out with a holier and brighter radiance than that of the immortal Isabella of Castile, whom Irving calls "one of the purest spirits that ever ruled over the destinies of a nation." It is meet that the women of America should honor and imitate her whose piety, dignity, gentleness, and intrepidity were united in a personality so charming that she captivated all hearts, and infused into them the lofty sentiments which actuated her own.

To Catholics especially should the name of Isabella be dear. It is strange, then, that they seem to have greeted with so much apathy the formation of the Queen Isabella Association which was really the off-spring of a Catholic heart, but which has been adopted, cradled, and reared in a great degree by others. This may be owing to the fact that some time ago, a set of narrow-minded bigots commenced a quarrel against the idea of erecting a monument or forming an association in honor of Queen Isabella, because she was a Catholic. To their terrified imaginations a "Romanist" and a Spaniard must have been a blood-thirsty bigot and persecutor; and because the saintly Queen does not fit into their distorted little moulds of womanhood, these modern iconoclasts would destroy her image and blacken her memory. The effect of this bigotry has been to disgust and turn away many Catholics, especially as some of the women advocating the association have industriously circulated the idea that its object is not to honor Queen Isabella, but merely to benefit womanhood in general. It is too late now for such a silly subterfuge to be believed or carried out. A Boston lady, Abba Goold Woolson, President of the Castilian Club, writing to the managers at Chicago says:

"I am happy to know that your Chicago ladies are taking such energetic action toward honoring the memory of Queen Isabella. She stands supreme among the great queens; while for statesman-like qualities, and as the saviour of her native land from threatening anarchy and destruction, bringing it not only out of the depths, but onward and upward to the greatest height it ever attained, and making it the envy and admiration of the world, she showed the most exalted genius, as well as the purest and most devoted patriotism."

This does not sound much like Queen Isabella is not to be honored.

The association is, indeed, a project "to promote the interests of women at the World's Fair," and it proposes to erect at Chicago not only a statue of Queen Isabella, but a grand pavilion where women may be hospitably received and entertained, and where the various classes of bread-winners among them may organize into bodies, and may become acquainted with one another, with a view to mutual improvement and assistance. Any woman, by becoming a member, becomes part owner of the Pavilion, where she will find on her visit to the Exposition all necessary comforts and conveniences, a place where she may eat her lunch in peace, check her luggage, and even check her babies if need be, and leave them to be well cared for in a comfortable nursery while she enjoys the pleasures of the exhibition of the arts and industries of all nations. Many other plans are entertained in connection with this, such as an emergency hospital, a lodging-house for women, and free trips to the Exhibition to be provided for teachers and children. But, of course, all these developments of the original idea will depend upon financial success.

There will be a committee-room and the use of a magnificent congress hall given to every organization of women numbering not less than three hundred. This is to encourage the formation of unions in all professions, arts, and industries, now open to women; and it is hoped that organizations of women, in all stations of life, may take advantage of the privileges offered. The department of medicine, embracing practising physicians of all nationalities, is already formed, as are several others in the various walks of life. One department of universal interest is that of "Household Science," embracing everything that adds to the health, comfort, and attractiveness of home. The department of Art is open to those who have attained a certain degree of proficiency in etching, designing, painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, wood-carving, pottery, and photography. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the representative sculptor of the association is Harriet Hosmer, who is already engaged upon her design for the statue of Queen Isabella; and the architect is Minerva Palmer, who has already completed a beautiful and thoroughly artistic design for the pavilion.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, whose name is a household word to our readers, is a prominent member of the department of Art, besides being vice-president at large of the association. She is the representative author, having written a beautiful life of Queen Isabella. We have

heard it whispered that this whole project originated with her; however that may be, she is warmly interested in it, and her brilliant reputation and personal attractions will draw to her side many of our best and brightest women.

The Queen Isabella Association is under the control of five directors: Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, president; Miss Eliza Allen Starr, vice-president at large; Mrs. Catherine V. Waite, treasurer; Dr. Frances Dickinson, secretary; and Mrs. Corinne S. Brown, corresponding secretary. The various departments have each a local committee in Chicago; but when fully organized they will elect their own officers. Membership in the association costs one dollar; membership in a department also costs one dollar; and the funds for carrying on the work of the association and of the various departments will come from these membership fees. The statue fund is divided into shares of five dollars each, and the share-holders will be entitled each to a vote as to the place of erection, and the final disposition of the statue of Queen Isabella, as they will be, in fact, owners of it, to the amount of their subscriptions.

The managers have adopted a shrewd and practical method of reaching all the women of the United States. They have procured a map of each congressional district, and selected some prominent lady as vice-president of her district; she, in turn, appoints a recording secretary at each polling precinct, who, with the assistance of two or three other ladies, presents the aims and objects of the association to all the women within her reach. These officers alone, — who receive no salaries except a slight percentage of the membership fees to reimburse them for stationery, — will number about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, which gives an idea of what the rank and file will amount to. The association has also a foreign corresponding secretary, and, by means of its department committees, hopes to draw in thousands of women from foreign lands.

The Queen Isabella Association is essentially distinct from the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, who are appointed and paid by the United States government; but there is genuine sympathy and agreement between the two, many ladies being enthusiastic workers for both. They have united from the beginning in opposing any separate and distinctive exhibit of woman's work. All exhibits are to be classified in their respective departments, giving all an equal chance, and placing all exhibitors upon an equal footing, without regard to race or sex; but a record will be kept, and some slight mark of indication will be attached to those articles which are "produced in part or whole by female labor."

The Columbian Exposition, looked upon in the light of an educational medium, will be an opportunity which ought to be enjoyed by all our people. Even those of very limited means may, by a little economy and systematic saving, lay up money to give their children and themselves the advantages of a visit to Chicago during the Fair. It will be worth months of ordinary study, for it will be an epitome of geography, history, and many arts and sciences. It will make our people less

sectional and more patriotic, and will have the broadening, elevating effect of travel in foreign lands. And by all means let the housekeepers and home makers go and enjoy a little rest from the narrow routine of household drudgery; and they will come back to their inevitable cares with a fuller appreciation of their lofty responsibility, and a better understanding of how "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world." America cannot afford to have her mothers grow morbid, nervous, narrow-minded, and petulant, nor can she afford to let them degenerate into loud-voiced Amazons; for what she most needs is heroic women, with sound bodies, pure hearts, and well-balanced minds, able to train the souls of their children as well as to sew on refractory buttons and to kiss away childish pains.

Washington, D. C., March, 1891. AGNES HAMPTON.

To Carpineto: The Birthplace of Leo XIII.

ON the 20th of February His Holiness Leo XIII. completed his thirteenth year in the chair of St. Peter. When his election to the Pontificate was made known in Rome on that dull February afternoon, and was whispered from one to the other of eager listeners, every one asked where he was born. His name, as Cardinal Pecci, was already known to those who were interested in the events of the Vatican, as the name of the Cardinal Camerlengo appointed a year previously by Pius IX. But scarcely any one you met with then could tell you what part of Italy had given him birth, and from what family he was descended. When next day the name of his native town, Carpineto, was made public, it conveyed no familiar idea to the people, for it is safe to say that in all the city of Rome not one in five hundred persons had ever heard of this place previously. Guide books were carefully conned, and maps diligently studied, in hope of discovering the whereabouts of Carpineto; but the results were meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme. It was known that the town was seated somewhere in the recesses of the Hernician or the Volscian Hills; but that district was wholly unexplored by the travelling tourist or even by the most adventurous artist. Finally, I made the acquaintance of a native of the place living in Rome, and he most kindly undertook to smooth the difficulties of the journey as far as possible. With all this, the journey in the May of 1878, when I went there, was uncommon, and that very fact gave it a touch of the adventurous. Now the way to Carpineto is made comparatively easy, and many are the travellers who take it in during their tour in Italy. For the desire of seeing the birthplaces of those men whose names are writ large in the page of history, is a desire that is universal; and as the facilities of travel increase, is now gratified more generally by pilgrimages to places associated with great names.

The first part of the journey is by railroad to Segni — on the Naples line. This road, in the beautiful Italian May-time, is one of the most picturesque routes that can be found, even in this land of beauty;

while the storied memories that are associated with almost every rock and ruin on the way, renders it, to the thoughtful mind, brilliant as the illuminated pages of an ancient missal. As you pass you catch glimpses of hedgerows laden with the white and crimson blossoms of the hawthorn, and sheltering wild violets in such abundance that the common phrase "showers of flowers" is no exaggeration here. In the distant fields the poppy, a spark of fire in the emerald greenness, waves its head in a distraught manner with every passing breeze. Down by the side of a half-hidden stream, a satyr-like shepherd sits amidst the foliage — his presence reminding you of that most charming poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning which tells that, —

> "High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
> While turbidly flowed the river,
> And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
> With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
> Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
> To prove it fresh from the river."

The road soon crosses the Appian Way, here grass-grown and deserted, but laden with memories of Roman prowess and greatness. Its straightness and unwavering directness awakes attention, and you feel the full force of that description of it which the author of "The Victory of the Vanquished" gives: "It was no mere pliant highway of commerce, in gracious windings accommodating itself to the needs of men and to the difficulties of nature. Rigid as the Roman rule, it scaled the hills and spanned the valleys; the crooked must be made straight before it, and the rough places plain. No kindly chain, gently binding nation to nation, but a weapon of war — straight as the spear of the soldier, as the rod of the lictor, as the flight of an arrow, it shot over mountain and chasm, through forest and marsh — not to link the nations to each other, but to bind the ends of the earth to Rome." And there, away up in the hills to the left, are the two extinct volcanoes, where as the American poet, T. Buchanan Read, wrote years ago, —

> . . . "lies on either hand an emerald chalice,
> Holding the lakes of Nemi and Albano;"

and all the scenery of that most picturesque poem, *The Via Triumphalis on Monte Cavo*, which he presented to me, and which I had printed, for the first time, in The Pilot of Nov. 18th, 1871.

Velletri is soon reached, and here the local memories of the Emperor Augustus's family are mingled with those that are associated with the lone, purple, island-like rock, lying on the distant border of the Pontine Marshes where they meet the sea, and where, according to the old legend, the enchantress Circe held her court and wrought her magical devices on those who sought her. This is Monte Circeo which, according to the old rhyming chronicle of Fazio del Uberto, "is that mount where, fasting, Circe frequently made her incantations by the light of the sun, and of the moon." The station of Segni finally comes in view, and here we leave the modern railroad for the ancient highway. Segni is the name of a station, and from here no town nor

house is visible. We are taken possession of by a sallow, lanky youth who drives an antediluvian-looking carriage, to which three small but lively mules are attached by harness consisting of rope-ends and pieces of string curiously and ingeniously interwoven. He relates that he has been sent down to meet us from the nearest town, bearing the unfamiliar name of Montelanico, and that we must go with him, or walk, and, therefore, having no other alternative, we submit ourselves to the inevitable, and his guidance. A rugged-looking peasant, to whom we gave a place on the conveyance, repaid us amply by recounting the various highway robberies, occasionally with mutilation, perpetrated during the last week by a band of lively brigands, who were to be met with in the most out-of-the-way places and at unlooked-for hours. The presence of this teller of frightful tales did not add to our comfort; and though we met no actual brigand we felt as if surrounded by them most of the way.

In spite of all the terrible stories we listened to, it was impossible not to feel the marvellous beauty of the scene, as we ascended slowly the steep hill above the station of Segni. The road was bordered with the bright flowers of May, perfuming the air and gladdening the eye, as can only be experienced in Italy, where, as J. Addington Symonds writes, —

> "About your feet the myrtles will be set,
> Gray rosemary, and thyme, and tender-blue
> Of love-pale labyrinthine violet;
> Flame-born anemones will glitter through
> Dark aisles of roofing pine-trees; and for you
> The golden jonquil and starred asphodel
> And hyacinth their speechless tales will tell.
>
> "The nightingales for you their tremulous song
> Shall pour amid the snowy scented bloom
> Of wild acacia bowers, and all night long
> Through starlight-flooded spheres of purple gloom
> Still lemon-boughs shall spread their faint perfume,
> Soothing your sense with odors sweet as sleep,
> While wind-stirred cypresses low music keep."

At Montelanico we rest and refresh. While thus engaged in a miserable *trattoria* our conversation is broken in upon by a clear voice forbidding us to eat. The owner of the voice, dressed in a crimson vest, green velvet jacket, and yellow knee-breeches, deep bronze in complexion, with deep-set, large, dark eyes, and blue-black curling hair, further announces that dinner awaits us at Carpineto, and that horses are ready for us outside. "It is a far cry to Loch Awe;" and it was still a considerable distance to Carpineto, so that after calming the impatience of the messenger, we were permitted to eat our simple meal in peace. And when we descended from the very primitive *trattoria* we found the steeds awaiting us, for at this time there was no carriage road between Montelanico and Carpineto, — a want that has since been remedied by His Holiness Leo XIII.,— and the journey had to be made on horseback. The inhabitants had gathered in the one street of the little town to witness the departure of the strangers; and the centre of the roadway was crowded by lean little black pigs, who

seemed quite at home here, and ran familiarly between the horses' feet. The bacon cured in Montelanico is of exquisite sweetness, as the tiny porkers live chiefly, if not wholly, on the acorns of the neighboring woods, which they hunt for themselves.

A brisk ride of an hour brought us within sight of Carpineto. On our way we passed the country-house of the Peccis, a plain building embowered in trees rising in the midst of a fertile and smiling valley. Here it was that the young student, and later priest, bishop, and archbishop was accustomed to spend his summer holidays, on his return to his native place. As we proceed, a church met with on the wayside, simple in construction, indicates that we are approaching a town. A turn in the road presents to our view Carpineto, the birthplace of Leo XIII., seated on a high ridge over the valley, and surrounded by a circle of rugged mountains. The steep side of the hill, on which Carpineto is built, rendered it impregnable to besiegers in the olden time, and even now it would be a difficult place to take. Here, in front of a tall gate, we have to descend from our horses, and, as almost the whole of the citizens seem to be gathered above the walls which crown the height, we feel that the eyes of Carpineto are upon us, and comport ourselves with a sense of the dignity and importance of that fact. The friend, Signor Polidori, unknown till now, who comes to meet us, welcomes us with cordial frankness, and accompanied by him, we pass up the steep path leading from the gate to the square in front of the ramparts, admired, it is to be hoped, intently gazed at, certainly, by the crowds of Carpinetans to whom, it would appear, the presence of strangers is a thing to be talked about as an event. To us, the dominant thought in the place is, that it is the cradle of him who is "the thought and the life of the whole world." He himself has, in polished Latin verses, told us how fortunate he was in his early youth, how joyous his life was, he, the son of the Lepini hills, under his ancestral roof:

> "*Quam flore in primo felix, quam læta Lepinis*
> *Orta jugis, patrio sub lare, vita fuit!*"

And the memory is borne in upon us that the land around here is already famous in history as the native soil of other renowned Pontiffs. Away over in the dim distance rise the blue hills that hold Anagni towards the sun. Here it was that the Popes Innocent III., Gregory IX., Alexander IV., and the most memorable of the group, Boniface VIII., first saw the light. At Frosinone, in the vicinity, Pope Hormisdas, who, in the sixth century, made such strenuous opposition to the Eutychian heresy, first saw the light. It was from Anagni, in which diocese Carpineto is, that the Bishop, Mgr. Joachim Tosi, came in the March of 1810 to baptize the sixth child of Count Ludovico Pecci and Anna Prosperi-Buzi, by the names of Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis Pecci, who in the course of years became Leo XIII.!

The following account of the city and appearance of Carpineto, I quote from a paper I wrote immediately after my visit, when the impression of it was still keen and fresh: The city of Carpineto is built of a dark-yellow stone cut out of the mountain-side. From the

valley beneath the city the houses seem to be placed one upon the other on the same plane as in a theatrical scene. Within the whole city there is not perhaps more than six square yards of level ground, except in the little Piazza, where the crowds gather on a Sunday to hear the week's gossip, and where the women come to draw water and talk of their neighbors at the public fountain with the grotesquely-carved stone faces. Dark openings, like cellar entrances, lead into the houses. Narrow streets, about seven feet wide, are darkened by overhanging landings, all built of stone, and reached by high, outside stairs unfurnished with rails or balustrades. When you note that the streets are a series of stairs, here ascending, there descending, and that this is the rule, without exception, throughout the whole town, you feel that railless outside stairs present no difficulty, so far as fatigue is concerned, to this population. Space is also economized in an admirable way, and the ridge of mountain, on which the town is built, suggests to the inhabitants to build high rather than wide houses. Curious results flow from this. A donkey which enters his stable from the street level looks out of a three-story window on the side above the valley, the two lower stories on this side being utilized as cellars. The houses cling to the rocks like limpets. Since the first stone was laid in the walls of Carpineto, it is safe to say that the sound of cart or carriage wheels never disturbed the silence of the town. A horse is rarely seen within the city, and indeed he requires special training before he is able to ascend and descend these innumerable stairs. The Carpinetan beast of burden is the ass. He is cart, horse, and carriage all in himself. He forms an important item in the life of the city, and he looks so independent and dignified, and takes his own way to such a degree, that you feel he is conscious of the fact that without him Carpineto would be impossible! Pigs also abound. They are small and black like those of Montelanico. They lie about the streets, close to the houses, in the deep shadow — and there is much shadow — and complain loudly if their slumbers be disturbed; or they run about, wildly knocking against the people going up or down the stairs, or dash recklessly against the legs of heavily-laden donkeys.

When the heat of the warm May sun lessened, and the shadows began to lengthen, we set out through the narrow ascending and descending streets thronged with people and dogs and pigs, and wilful donkeys blocking the way, to seek the Pecci Palace, the birthplace and the home of the Pope. A very simple house, with six small windows on the ground floor, six larger ones on the second floor, and six small ones again on the third floor, with a large, arched door forming the entrance, and devoid of architectural ornament, with the exception of a marble shield bearing the Pecci arms carved upon it, is pointed out to us as the birthplace of the Pontiff. The house is unmistakably built upon a rock, for the lower position of the front wall has the irregular and projecting surface of the rock at its base; and a stairway cut out of the same eternal foundation leads up to the door. Entering the building, and passing up a spacious staircase, noble in its proportions, we are ushered into a large hall or *salon*. To the left wall our

eyes are attracted at once: here hangs a large portrait of the Pope painted shortly after he was created Cardinal. The countenance is thin and the features clearly cut; the eyes are bright and wondrously intelligent; the hair is almost jet black and abundant; the fine, nervous hands hold an open sheet of paper, and the portrait altogether is that of a prelate who must be a prominent personage in any society of great men. On the right of this hangs a picture of old-fashioned style, and unsatisfactory to eyes that seek the realism in art so favored now, representing the father of Leo XIII. He, according to this portrait, had a resemblance to Louis XVI., stout, florid, dignified, but nothing striking in the features or in the eyes. He is arrayed in the military costume of a colonel in the French army in Italy. The portrait of the Pope's mother, Countess Anna Prosperi-Buzi of Cori, on the other side of this same range of hills, — a town celebrated for its tobacco grown and manufactured there, — is of the period and probably by the same artist as the one already mentioned. She is a stout, matronly woman, her kindly face lighted up with dark, gentle eyes that look out of the picture at you and express cordiality and good-nature. Indeed, this portrait is a picture "one might live with," as the saying is. A curious feature about her dress is the three folds of white ermine passing round the neck, and down to the waist, sewed on to the tightly-fitting bodice, and suggesting the idea of her wearing three jackets or bodices. Other family portraits are here; but they had less interest for us. We next entered the chapel, where the Pope, when Cardinal, frequently celebrated Mass. Opening from this is the simply furnished bedroom in which he slept during his visits to Carpineto. A large hall, near this, has the walls hung with excellent old tapestries of much richness in design and color. In one of the upper rooms, insignificant in appearance, the present Pontiff was born eighty-one years ago.

When, years before, I visited Sinigaglia, the birthplace of Pius IX., I wrote that in Sinigaglia "we seemed to be standing beside the cradle of the child that afterwards became Pontiff, watching him in his boyhood, and dimly tracing his brilliant career through the passing years until he reached the highest position that man can attain to on earth. But as all this passed before us, we were reminded of the remark made by the old guide to the author of the Pilgrimage of the Tiber, as he stood at the source of that historical river and beheld it bubble up through the soil and set off upon its long journey: '*E questo*,' said the old guide, '*si chiama il Tevere à Roma* — and this is called the Tiber at Rome!'" The child born in this upper room in Carpineto eighty-one years ago is called Leo XIII. at Rome, and as such is known to the wide world!

Our host represented in himself the pride of the Carpinetans in having a fellow-townsman raised to the dignity of Pope. He was the leader of a deputation to Rome to congratulate Leo XIII. on his accession to the See of St. Peter, and the address delivered by him on that occasion was still fresh in his memory, and he repeated it all to us. The following words tell the feelings of the people at the time:

"When the whole world rejoices at the election of Leo XIII. to the Pontifical Throne," said the leader of the deputation, "figure to yourself, Holy Father, how Carpineto rejoices!" And so with memories and reminiscences of the early days of him who is now Pope, told with all simplicity and vividness, the evening came on, and the sun sank behind the higher hills. The woods, heretofore silent, became vocal with song. The nightingale with "tremulous song" was heard from a semi-ruined Franciscan Convent across the valley, pouring forth her stream of silver melody, now trailing

> "Her plaintive ditty in one low-spun note,
> Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
> A clear, unwrinkled song."

And again, letting

> "loose a tide
> Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
> On the waved back of every swelling strain,
> Rising and falling in a pompous train."

And the moon, yellow as a newly burnished shield, rose over the little city, and its four thousand inhabitants deserted the streets for their homes, and the cool air of night was felt as the Vesper bells, "Like hooded hermits lodged in turret cells, chanted their 'Aves,'" and then, as a fitting conclusion to the labors of the day, —

> "All the mellow air
> Throbbed with the trembling pulse of praise and prayer."

Rome, January, 1891. P. L. CONNELLAN.

The Intelligence of Elephants.

IN instituting a comparison between the intelligence of a dog and an elephant, Sir S. Baker decides in favor of the former, "who, when the day's work is over, lies down and sleeps before the fire at his master's feet and dreams of the dangers and exploits of the hunt." Sir S. Baker seems to have forgotten the old story in Æsop's Fables, where the horse was jealous of the dog and tried to ingratiate itself with its master by imitating its rival's habits of fawning on its master and jumping on his lap. Of course the horse fared badly in the contrast. And so would the elephant if he were to try to imitate the dog and curl himself up at his master's feet before the camp fire.

But Sir S. Baker himself acknowledges that the elephant is instructed and guided by the mahout in all that he does. He writes thus: "I do not know a more agreeable sensation than the start in the early morning on a thoroughly dependable elephant, with a mahout who takes a real interest in his work. A thorough harmony exists between man and beast and you feel prepared for anything. But how much depends upon that mahout! It is impossible for a bystander to comprehend the secret signs which are mutually understood by the elephant and his guide — the elephant detects every movement, however slight, and is thus mysteriously guided by its intelligence; the mighty beast obeys the unseen helm of thought, just as a huge ship yields by apparent instinct, to the rudder which directs her course."

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

At a meeting of the Catholic Union, held in Willis's Rooms in May, 1880, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk,

HIS EMINENCE (who on rising was greeted with cheers again and again repeated) delivered the following address: When I say to you, Gentlemen, that the question to which I shall ask your attention bears upon the subject of the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, you will think, perhaps, I am venturing without necessity upon difficult and dangerous ground — difficult because it relates to the future, and dangerous from the offence which it may possibly give to our Protestant brethren. But a man must write and speak on such matters as interest and occupy his mind. At the time when you paid me the great compliment of asking me to address you, you were aware what it was that you were asking; you were aware what I could attempt and what I could not attempt; and I claim in consequence, and I know I shall obtain, your indulgence in case you should be dissatisfied, whether with my subject or with my mode of treating it. However, I am not going to consider the prospect of this country's becoming Catholic, but to inquire what we mean when we speak of praying for its conversion. I cannot, indeed, say anything which will strike you as new, for to be new is to be paradoxical; and yet, if I can bring out what is in my mind, I think something may be said upon the subject. Now, of course, it is obviously an act of both simple charity and religious duty on our part to use our privilege of intercession on behalf of our own people: of charity, if we believe our religion is true, and that there is only one true religion; and of strict religious duty in the case of English Catholics, because such prayer is expressly enjoined upon them by ecclesiastical authority. There is a third reason which comes to us all, accompanied with very touching and grateful remembrances. Our martyrs in the sixteenth century, and their successors and representatives in the times which followed at home and abroad, hidden in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of England, or exiles and refugees in foreign countries, kept up a tradition of fervent prayer for their dear England, down almost to our own day, when it was taken up from a fresh beginning. It was a fresh start on the part of a holy man, Father Spencer, of the Passionists, himself a convert, who made it his very mission to bring into shape a system of prayer for the conversion of his country; and we know what hardships, mortifications, slights, insults, disappointments he underwent for this object. We know, too, how, in spite of this immense discouragement, or rather, I should say, by means of it — for trial is the ordinary law of Providence — he did a great work — great in its success. That success lies in the visible fact of the conversions which have been so abundant among us since he entered upon his evangelical labor, coupled as it is with the general experience which we all have in the course of life of the wonderful answers which are granted to

persevering prayer. Nor must we forget, while we bless the memory of his charity, that such a religious service was one of the observances which he inherited from the Congregation which he had joined, though he had begun it before he was one of its members ; for St. Paul of the Cross, its founder, for many years in his Roman monastery had the conversion of England in his special prayers. Nor, again, must we forget the great aid which Father Spencer found from the first in the zeal of Cardinal Wiseman, who not only drew up a form of prayer for England, for the use of English Catholics, but introduced Father Spencer's object to the Bishops of France, and gained for us the powerful intercession of an affectionate people, who in my early days were considered, this side of the Channel, to be nothing else than our national enemies. The experience, then, of what has actually come of prayer for our country, in this and the foregoing generation, is a third reason, in addition to the claim of charity and the duty of obedience, for steadily keeping up an observance which we have inherited. And now, after this introduction, let us consider what it is we ask for the conversion of England. Do we mean the conversion of the State, or of the nation, or of the people, or of the race? Of which of these, or of all these together? — for there is an indistinctness in the word "England." And, again, a conversion from what to what? This, too, has to be explained; yet I think that at all times, whether in the sixteenth century or in the nineteenth, those who have prayed for it have mainly prayed for the same thing; that is, I think they have ever meant, first, by conversion, a real and absolute apprehension and acknowledgment as true, with an internal assent and consent, of the Catholic creed and an honest acceptance of the Catholic Roman Church as a Divinely-ordained exponent; and next, by England, the whole population of England — every man, woman, and child. Nothing short of this ought to satisfy the desire of those who pray for the conversion of England. So far our martyrs and confessors and their surroundings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries are at one with each other. But so abstract an object is hardly all they prayed for. They prayed for something concrete, and so do we; but, as times and circumstances have changed, so has what is possibly desirable, assignable, changed as regards the object of their and our prayers. It must be recollected that the sixteenth and following centuries have been a period of great political movements and international conflicts, and with these movements and conflicts and their issues, religion has been intimately bound up. To pray for the triumph of religion was, in time past, to pray for the success in political and civil matters of certain sovereigns, governments, parties, nations. So it was in the fourth century, when Julian attempted to revive and re-establish paganism. To pray for the Church then was to pray for the overthrow of Julian. And so, in England, Catholics in the sixteenth century would pray for Mary, and Protestants for Elizabeth. But those times are gone. Catholics do not now depend for the success of their religion on the patronage of sovereigns — at least, in England — and it would not help them much if they gained

it. Indeed, it is a question if it succeeded here in England, even in that sixteenth century. Queen Mary did not do much for us; in her short reign she permitted acts as if for the benefit of Catholics which were the cause and the excuse for terrible reprisals in the next reign, and have stamped on the minds of our countrymen a fear and hatred of us, viewed as Catholics, which at the end of three centuries is as fresh and keen as it ever was. Nor did James II. do us any good in the next century by the exercise of his regal power. The event has taught us not to look for the conversion of England to political movements and changes, and, in consequence, not to turn our prayers for it in that direction. At a time when priests were put to death, or forced out of the country if they preached or said Mass, there was no other way open for conversion, but the allowance or sanction of the Government; it was as natural, therefore, then to look for political intervention, to pray for the success of dynasties, of certain heirs or claimants to thrones, of parties, of popular insurrections, of foreign influence on behalf of Catholics in England, as it would be preposterous and idle to do so now. I think the best favor which sovereigns, parliaments, municipalities, and other political powers can do us is to let us alone. Yet though we cannot, as sensible men — because times have changed — pray for the cause of the Catholic religion among us with the understanding and intention of those who went before us, still, besides what they teach us ethically as to perseverance amid disappointment, I think we may draw two lessons from their mode of viewing the great duty of which I am speaking — lessons which we ought to lay to heart, and from which we may gain direction for ourselves; and on those I will say a few words: and, first, they suggest to us that in praying for the conversion of England we ought to have, as they had, something in view which may be thrown into the shape of an object present or immediate. An abstract idea of conversion — a conversion which is to take place some day or other, without any conception of what it is to be, or how it is to come about — is to my mind very unsatisfactory. I know, of course, that we must ever leave events to the Supreme Disposer of all things. I do not forget the noble lines:

> Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
> But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.

But this great precept does not interfere with our duty of taking pains to understand what we pray for, what our prayer definitely means. And the question is, not what we shall get, but for what we shall ask. The views of our predecessors were clear enough. On the other hand, a want of distinctness is not only unjust to our object, but is very likely, very apt, to irritate those for whom we pray, as if we had some secret expedient and method against them; or else, as if we were giving expression to a feeling of superiority and compassion for them, and thus betrayed ourselves to the resources alone left to men who have been beaten in argument. Now certainly those who prayed for the accession of Mary Tudor or Mary Stuart to the Throne of England did not lay themselves open to this charge. They were definite enough in their petitions, and would have been quite satisfied with the

ordinary acts of Providence in their favor, such as are the staple of the world's history. And this is the point as to which I think they give us a second lesson for our own profit. I consider, then, that when we pray we do not ask for miracles, and that this limitation of our prayers is neither precisely to Divine mercy, nor to any want of faith. I do not forget the displeasure of the prophet Eliseus with the King of Israel, who smote the ground only three times with his arrow, instead of more times. "If thou had smitten five, six, or seven times," says the prophet, "thou hadst smitten Syria even to utter destruction, but now three times shalt thou smite." But in this case there is no question of miracles. Nor will it be to the purpose to refer to the parable of the importunate widow, and that has nothing to do with miracles either. What I would urge is this. The Creator acts by a fixed rule, which we call a system of laws, and ordinarily and on the whole He honors and blesses His own ordinance and acts through it, and we best know Him when we follow His ordinance in looking for His presence where he has lodged it. Moreover, what is very remarkable, even when it is His will to act miraculously, even when He outstrips His ordinary system, He is wont to honor it even while overstepping it. Sometimes, indeed, He directly contradicts His own laws, as in raising the dead; but such rare acts have their own definite purpose, which makes them necessary for their own sake; but for the most part His marvels are rather what may be called suggestions or carryings out to an extreme point of the laws of nature than naked contrarieties to them. And if we would see more of His wonder-working hand we must look for it as thus mixed up with His natural appointments. As Divine aid given to the soul acts through and with natural reason, natural affection, and conscience, so miraculous agency is in many, nay, in most cases a co-operation with the ordinary ways of physical nature. As an illustration, I may take the division of the waters of the Red Sea at the word of Moses. This was a miracle; yet it was effected with the instrumentality of a natural cause acting according to its nature, but at the same time beyond it. "When Moses," says the sacred writer, "had stretched forth his hands over the sea, the Lord took it away by a strong and burning wind, blowing all the night, and turned it into dry ground." The coincidence that it happened at so critical a time, and in answer to prayers, and then the hot wind's abnormal and successful action — all this makes it a miracle; but still it is a miracle co-operating with the laws of nature, and recognizing while it surpasses them. If the Almighty thus honors His own ordinances, we may well honor them too: and, indeed, this is commonly recognized as a duty by Catholics in the case of mediæval wonders, not to look to miracles until natural means had failed. I do not say that they neglect this rule in regard to their prayers for conversion, but they have it not before their minds consistently and practically. For instance, prayers for the conversion of given individuals, however unlikely to succeed, are, in the case of their relations, friends, benefactors, and the like, obviously a sacred duty. St. Monica prayed for her son. She was bound to do so, and, had he remained in

Africa, he might have merely exchanged one heresy for another. He was guided to Italy by natural means, and was convertd by St. Ambrose. It was by hoping against hope, by perseverance in asking, that her wish was gained, that her reward was wrought out. However, I conceive the general rule of duty is to take likely objects of prayer, not unlikely objects, about whom we know little or nothing; but I have known cases where good Catholics have said of a given Protestant — "We will have him," and that with a sort of impetuosity, and as if, so to say, defying Providence, cases that have always reminded me of that doctrine of Hindu theology represented in Southey's poem, that prayer and sacrifices had a compulsory force on the Supreme Being, as if an implicit act of resignation were not necessary in order to make our intercession acceptable. If, then, I am asked what our predecessors in the Faith, were they on earth, would understand now by praying for the conversion of England, as two or three centuries ago they would have understood by it the success of those political parties and measures with which that conversion was bound up, I answer that they would contemplate an object present, immediate, concrete, and in the way of Providence; and it would be, if worded with strict correctness, not the conversion of England to the Catholic Church, but the growth of the Catholic Church in England. They would expect again, by their prayers, nothing sudden, nothing violent, nothing evidently miraculous, nothing inconsistent with the free will of our countrymen, nothing out of keeping with the majestic march of slow but sure triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world. They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means and scenes, which are probably acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are, in faith and devotion, nearest to the Church, and seem, if they do not themselves defeat it, to be the objects of God's election, for a removal from the public mind of all prejudices about us, for better understanding of what we hold and what we do not hold, for a feeling of good-will and respectful bearing in the population towards our bishops and priests, for a growing capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinions, sentiments, ways, and principles; and in order to effect all this, for a blessing upon our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candor, and straightforwardness, that their reputation may be high, and their influence wide and deep, and as a special means, and most necessary for our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love, mutual sympathy, unanimity, and high principle, rectitude of conduct, purity of life. I could not have selected a more important subject to bring before you; but in proportion to my sense of its importance, is my consciousness that it deserves a treatment far superior to that which I have given it. I have done as well as I could, though poor at the best.

Herr Windthorst.

Not only the Catholics of Germany but those of the world unite to mourn the death of the aged champion of faith and religious liberty, Herr Ludwig Windthorst. A few weeks ago this old hero entered his eightieth year, and many were the hopes expressed that his noble life would be prolonged for many years; but his appointed work was done, and he has been called away to receive his recompense in a better world.

Ludwig Windthorst was born Jan. 17, 1812, of the Catholic branch of a good old Hanoverian family in Osnabruck. He was a child of peculiar temperament and great obstinacy, and narrowly escaped being apprenticed to a shoemaker. But fortunately the plans of an impatient father were frustrated, and under the guidance of judicious teachers the boy soon gave evidences of that penetrating intellect and tender piety which characterized him in after life. He studied at Goettengen and Heidelberg, winning high honors and distinction; and he entered upon manhood as a delicate young advocate. He was soon named member of the Catholic consistory, and took part in the debates on the Hanover constitution. He was also for a time counsellor of the Supreme Court of Appeals in Celle.

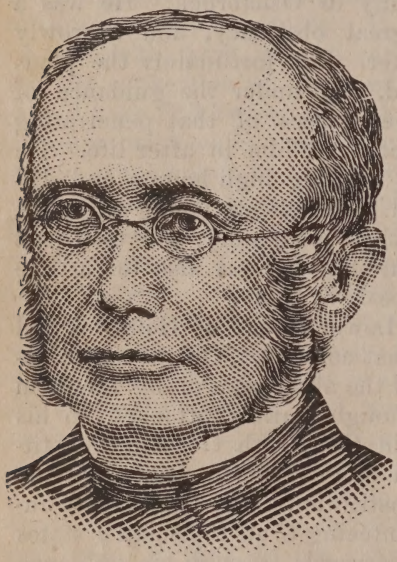
In 1851, he was President of the Lower House of Hanover, and was afterwards Minister of Justice of that country. On the dethronement of the unfortunate George V., and the absorption of his kingdom by victorious Prussia, Windthorst, although warmly attached to his sovereign, accepted the inevitable, and in the North German Constituent Diet voted for a centralized form of government, and took the oath of allegiance to the Prussian Constitution. He labored assiduously for the formation of a party guaranteeing to all the smaller states their constitutional rights; this was afterwards through his influence called the party of the Centre or of the Constitution. It was led by Bishop von Ketteler and Herr Mallinckrodt, from whom Windthorst received the pseudonym of "The Pearl of Meppen."

The death of the fearless Mallinckrodt in 1874, in the thickest of the desperate struggle, threw the leadership of what then seemed a forlorn hope upon the little Hanoverian. And never yet had a nobler host rallied round a purer or more dauntless leader. All the weapons that diabolic hatred and malice could invent were hurled in vain against that chosen band. Taunts, calumnies, presecutions but strengthened them. They became, as one of their great men said, "like steel — harder under the hammer."

With passive endurance, but unyielding constancy, they saw the grinding heel of persecution crushing down their co-religionists; they saw their bishops and priests and teachers exiled and imprisoned, their schools and churches confiscated, their children deprived of religious instruction, and their dying friends of the last sacraments, and they heard the mocking taunts and vain boasts of the imperious tyrant; yet, be it said to the honor of humanity and to the glory of Christian faith,

never once did that noble band consent to an act of violence, never once did they swerve from their loyalty to God and Fatherland. Truly might Prince Bismarck call it an "impregnable fortress," this noble German Centre, the grandest political party of the nineteenth century.

With clear and unerring foresight, Herr Windthorst pierced the depth of Bismarck's cruel policy; with unwavering patience and persistence he laid bare every weak point in the armor of the Iron Chancellor, and calmed the irritation and indignation which might have hurried the Centre into impolitic measures. Uncompromising in matters of principle, he could not be lured by the most tempting bait to support measures which fell short of the desired end, the emancipation of his countrymen from the galling yoke of religious persecution. His object was the entire abolition of the May Laws; that of Bismarck was the annihilation of the Centre party for the destruction of Catholicity in the German Empire. Herr Windthorst was a native of a conquered province, the upholder of a persecuted minority; Bismarck, flushed with pride, was the dictator of a victorious and powerful empire. It was but a repetition of the old story of the triumph of principle over brute force, of *faith* over tyranny.



HERR LUDWIG WINDTHORST.

After years of unrelenting persecution, the Chancellor commenced to realize the indomitable character of his antagonists. To use his own expressive language, he was "weary unto death" of the endless struggle and he sought an understanding with the Pope, to whom he complained of the obstinate policy of the Centre party; but Leo XIII. refused to interfere. The government offered first one and than another conciliatory measure, until finally the gravity of the dangers which threatened the empire in the alarming growth of socialism, a natural sequence of religious persecution, brought about the repeal of the obnoxious laws and the gradual emancipation of the Catholics of Germany from the bondage of a persecution which is the darkest stain upon the history of the Fatherland.

Since 1871, the world has witnessed strange events. Three generations have sat upon the Kaiser's throne. The man who ten years ago was looked upon as the arbiter of European politics has been forced by the result of his own evil policy into involuntary retirement, while his puny but valiant opponent has reaped a triumph far beyond his expectations. Not only have the rights of the Church been acknowledged and her prelates and pastors restored to their orphaned

flocks; but the government has even agreed to pay interest on the ecclesiastical property confiscated during the dark days of the despicable *Kulturkampf*, and the Centre party is earnestly working for the abolition of the law expelling the Jesuits from Germany. Herr Windthorst died March 14, after a short illness; it is said that just before he expired, after he had been speechless for some time, his voice suddenly returned to him, and imagining he was in the Reichstag he delivered a thrilling and impassioned address in favor of the restoration of the Jesuits. What a beautiful thought it is that the voice which had ever been heard on the side of truth and justice and in behalf of the down trodden and oppressed, should give its last utterance in behalf of a society so cruelly and unjustly treated by the German government.

Bismarck and Windthorst, although bitter antagonists in the political arena, were not personally inimical to one another. Indeed the Chancellor delighted to honor this great foeman, whom he had found invincible. At entertainments it was remarked that he always gave Herr Windthorst the place of honor, and lavished blandishments upon him, perhaps from motives of sincere regard, perhaps with the hope that flattery might soften the man whom nothing else could subdue; but the veteran statesman was proof against the wiles of diplomacy, and he succeeded in making use of Bismarck more than once when the interests of his old friends were in jeopardy and the influence of that powerful man was needed in their behalf. There was something irresistibly amusing in the peculiar friendship of these two men; the one with apparently every advantage against him, a puny, delicate physique, opposed to a burly giant, the leader of a hopeless minority against the ruler of an empire; and yet, like the hero in the old nursery tale, the delicate boy, with no weapons save his natural shrewdness and his sense of right, wins back his father's heritage and lets the ogre fall into the trap set for himself.

There was nothing defiant or aggressive about the Catholic leader. Although incorruptible and inflexible, he was ever gentle and courteous. If he unsheathed the sword of sarcasm, the wounds it made were swift and keen, and laid bare the skeleton of deceit and treachery. He was a knight of the Round Table, a gentleman of the old school; and he was beloved by all for his sparkling wit, his indomitable will, his unvarying courtesy, and his stainless chivalry.

It has for some time past been customary to celebrate the birthday of Herr Windthorst by sending him congratulatory addresses and tokens of esteem and veneration. The aged leader was deeply interested in building the magnificent church of Notre Dame in Hanover, and among the annual offerings of late years were large sums of money contributed by admiring friends in his name to the building fund of the church. His seventy-ninth birthday, Jan. 17, 1891, the last he was to spend on earth, must have been a happy one. In the morning Mass was celebrated for his intention, all the members of the Centre assisting. Among the first messages of congratulation was the loving benediction of the Holy Father. The subscription to his Notre Dame fund was enormous, that from Prussia alone amounting to forty-seven

thousand marks. Felicitations poured in upon the aged champion from all sides. The President of the Reichstag offered congratulations amid the unanimous applause of the whole assembly. The same evening, a grand banquet at the Imperial Hotel, Berlin, was tendered him, a letter written by Cardinal Rampolla in the name of the Pope was read; and addresses were made by the most distinguished deputies from various German states; to all of which Herr Windthorst modestly and courteously replied, attributing his great success to the spirit of union and concord among German Catholics.

The career and character of this great statesman are unique; he was evidently raised up by God to confound the enemies of religion and to be a shining example of the power of faith and patience over tyranny and brute force. "Let perpetual light shine upon him, and may he rest in peace." AGNES HAMPTON.

Terrible Chastisement.

A MOB, five thousand strong, took possession of the parish jail in New Orleans, and shot nine of the Sicilian prisoners accused of the murder of Chief Hennessy and hanged two more. They had been acquitted the day before by a jury alleged to have been bribed by the Mafia. Citizens endorse the action of the mob. Mayor Shakspeare says he took no measures to prevent the tragedy, does not regret it, and certainly approves it. "They were punished," he says, "by lawful means. The men who did it were all peaceable and law abiding. The Italians had taken the law into their own hands, and we had to do the same. It was what they did in Italy. The Mafia got too strong for them, and what happened? The Sovereign took hold of it — the King. Here the sovereign also took hold of it — the people." The Italian government has appealed to this country for redress, and international complications may result. The Italian iron-clad fleet is quite formidable — four of their ships are equal to any ever constructed and armed with the heaviest guns — one hundred tons, English make — ever mounted. The Italian Government could make a naval demonstration that would disturb considerably the cities around Manhattan harbor.

The Morning Star and Catholic Messenger of New Orleans has this comment on the terrible event:

The Extra Judicial Execution.

"Since our last issue this city has been the arena of events so momentous that they have occasioned excited comment throughout the civilized world. Eleven men have been executed in open day by a semi-organized band of citizens without and beyond the methods provided by law. Whether or not the citizens were justifiable in their deed is a mixed question of fact and of moral law as applied to the facts.

"The general principle of moral law seems to be settled that there may be circumstances that will justify citizens in setting the civil law

aside. The gravest form of this assertion of original right is revolution. Moralists hold, for instance, that the American Colonies were justified by circumstances in setting aside the sovereign supremacy of Great Britain in their Declaration of Independence.

"If a people may find justification in an absolute and final upsetting of their government by force, is it not still easier to excuse the case where they only suspend its operations for the time? How can we hold that circumstances may be such as to permit the people, without wrong, to abrogate the laws, empty the courts, re-organize political society, and yet never such as to justify the momentary resumption by the people *en masse* of the powers ordinarily confided by them to certain agents.

"When it comes, however, to applying these principles to the facts of this particular case it is not for us to assume any prominence in passing judicially on the matter. As a matter of current comment we observe that the weight of public opinion, so far as it has reached this community, is in favor of the action taken. It is not only justified but highly extolled by the majority of critics. And, as to those whose comments are unfavorable, we must remark that it is almost impossible for non-residents to form a correct opinion of the condition of affairs here. The traditions of fifty years have concurred to produce impressions upon the public mind of our community that cannot be faithfully mirrored elsewhere. The vendetta is an exotic naturalized here of which the people are heartily ashamed, and the Mafia, a secret, oath-bound organization of assassins, is an imported institution that would fill the public with dismay, if the terror were not entirely lost in a sense of indignant exasperation.

"The gentlemen who composed the assemblage that invaded the parish prison, seemed to be absolutely convinced, not only that there is in our midst an oath-bound order of assassins, but that the vindication of the law in their regard had been an utter failure. They were satisfied that the evidence elicited in court was conclusive of guilt on the part of the prisoners; that the jury had been improperly influenced by bribery or other unworthy considerations, and that the forms of law, instead of being a bulwark of protection to society had become a mockery and a thing of contempt.

"When a man takes the law into his own hands he assumes the responsibility of being right. It would be uncharitable and unreasonable to suppose that the gentlemen who headed and aided in this movement were not thoroughly convinced of the truth of all the facts above referred to.

"As to the mode of carrying out their judgment we have heard some regrets expressed. If the men were to be executed outside of the law, why not surround the proceeding with a dignity at least equal to that of the law? Eleven men hurried into the presence of their Maker without a moment for deliberate preparation is something terrible to contemplate. Half an hour of delay would have been but a short stay of that avenging justice which ought not to extend its effects to the next world."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

I Can't, I Won't, and I Will.

THREE little boys in a rollicking mood
Out in the snow at play ;
Their hearts are light, for the sun is bright
On this glorious winter day.
Three little boys with shouts of glee
Slide down a snowy hill,
And the names of the rollicking little boys
Are "I Can't," "I Won't," and "I Will."

But play must cease, and a warning voice
Calls out from the open door:
"Come, boys, here's a task for your nimble hands,
We must have it done by four."
"I Will" speeds away at his mother's command
With a cheerful and sunny face,
And "I Can't" follows on with a murmur and groan
At a weary and lagging pace.

But "I Won't," with a dark and angry frown,
Goes sauntering down the street,
And sullenly idles the time away
Till he thinks the task complete.
At school "I Will" learns his lessons as well,
And is seldom absent or late ;
"I Can't," finds the lessons all too hard ;
"I Won't" hates book and slate.

So the seasons come and the seasons go,
In their never-ceasing race,
And each little boy, now a stalwart man,
In the busy world finds his place.
"I Will," with a courage, undaunted, toils,
And with high and resolute aim,
And the world is better because he lives,
And he gains both honor and fame.

"I Can't" finds life an uphill road ;
He faints in adversity,
And spends his life unloved and unknown,
In hopeless poverty.
"I Won't" opposes all projects and plans,
And scoffs at what others have wrought,
And so in his selfish idleness wrapped
He dies and is soon forgot.

Waked from His Winter's Sleep.

A LEDYARD boy on Monday discovered a woodchuck in a heap of leaves in an old tree and pulled him out. He was curled up, with both forepaws pressed closely over his eyes. When his paws were pulled off his eyes he did not open them, but yawned and gaped as a heavy sleeper might be expected to do. The animal could not be aroused from his dormant condition until he had been in a warm room several hours.

Test.

"AH me!" sighed Katreena, "a sad problem have I to solve; the problem of bread and butter for two hungry boys; shall I pick faggots from the hillside, and like the witch of fairy lore, believe and believe, until belief turns them to gold; shall I pick heather, and go out on the highway, and cry 'will you buy?'—or shall I take my thimble and thread and go from door to door and cry 'any garments to mend, to mend?' When one has lived to do good, to be good, why should such sorry fate as want, befall them! but to find bread and raiment! ah, me! one must be good, and be good for something, too, but here's the post boy.'

"Letters from father!" announced Hugo, catching breathlessly at the mail, "and there's one for Sanders, and one for me, and one for *thee*, mother dear."

Sanders broke the seal of his own precious epistle, and read as follows:

"Be a good boy, Sandy; chop the wood, and herein find a dollar for the Fourth,—from your father—Hantz Magruder."

Hugo opened his letter, and read likewise:

"Be a good boy; keep the garden clear of rubbish, and herein find a dollar for the glorious Fourth."

"My Katreena," wrote Hantz, to his spouse, "you will find five dollars in your letter; my Katreena, we will have a little talk; business is dull, but you know we have ever agreed it good policy to give the boys allowance; boys who do not get allowance are apt to covet, so I have given each of the boys a Fourth of July allowance; say neither yea nor nay to them as to how they are to spend it. I am your husband Hantz."

Hugo, the oldest of the flock, locked his dollar away, and hid the key up the chimney.

Sanders carried his dollar in his boot. Katreena knotted her precious "Five," in her handkerchief, and put it under her pillow by night, and in her bosom by day.

Lo, one memorable morning, an alarming knock sounded on the door, and in the ominous silence following, could be heard Katreena's heart-beat.

Opening the door tremblingly, she found just what she expected, the butcher with his bill. "Honesty at any risk," decided she, as she counted out the debt, "but oh, what—if—the—BAKER should come!"

Lo, already peering through the window-screen, stood the squat little "baker" in his paper cap, with a "good morrow, kindly, and will you please settle to-day?"

"Oh, yes," said Katreena, resignedly, "I will settle to-day," and she counted out to him the last of her store. Not a fraction had she left for extras, and oh what a Fourth of July dinner she had intended for "them boys."

So she went to her trunk, and still thinking of the boys, sought for treasures; there was her ring, and her bit of turquoise, that she had got far back in her girlhood; what value were they now to her when placed side by side with the disappointment of those boys, at

getting no Fourth of July feast from mother. That Hantz had done his very best she accepted in right loyal faith, and if the work *was* slack, how could he help *that;* she must manage things out and sell the trinkets.

So she stole off to town, away from where she was known, to a great jeweller's on an unfamiliar street, and came back at dusk with three dollars in her pocket, and great plans in her heart; but when she had reached the door of her humble little home, — oh, then, — there stood something that made her heart quail within her — the landlord.

"The rent is overdue these three months, mam," said he, "and I'll have to put ye out."

"Oh," cried she, with clasped hands, "wait a little, kind sir, don't be harsh; don't visit homelessness upon the children, don't do that. I have three dollars, take it," said she, eagerly; "and wait a little; times will mend; Hantz will yet be able to pay for our shelter; why not, does not the good God still live?"

Grumblingly he took the three dollars, and went his way, and a sorry mite he valued it, though to Katreena it seemed at that moment part of her own heart's life.

And so it came about, that when the "glorious Fourth" arrived, it found her sorrowful. The boys, on the principle that "walls have ears" knew their mother was moneyless. Hugo would die for her, but his "dollar," his allowance, meant all Fourth of July to him, and he could never give *that* up; besides, the other boys, his playmates, were to have each a whole dollar to spend; and he had boasted to them of his own allowance, and made great celebration plans, and he guessed mother'd "make out and manage somehow." Katreena turned over in her mind the possibility of the boys giving up their allowance to her, in which case she could bridge matters, ask them for it she never would, but would they of themselves surrender.

Sanders was nowhere to be found, but Hugo hovered around like a restless spirit for a while, his conscience vacillating, as it were, between his precious dollar, and his mother's pressing need.

A shout from his playmates without rose upon his ear; he hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"Got anything for dinner, mother?" he said.

"Oh yes, dear," said she, with assumed cheerfulness: "mother will always have something for dinner, for her boys."

"And will there be anything for *you*, mother?" he said, in a faltering whisper.

She turned away in silence, fearing to trust her voice. "Run out and enjoy yourself, Hugo dear," said she, presently.

"Mother," said he, coming to her side, in a pleading whisper, "I'd give you my dollar if 'twasn't Fourth of July."

"Run out, dear, run out and play, and think no more about it; come in at twelve, and there will be a bowl of milk and bread for you, and another for Sanders," and she turned aside, and pretended to be very much taken up with dusting about, and fixing things.

So he went away, and shortly, Katreena, who had these last days

totally forgotten self, and given up all thoughts to "the boys," and had done a great deal of running back and forth, and had gone through untold anxieties, at last became conscious that nature was protesting. She looked faintly toward the empty cupboard; there were the two bowls, the two allowances of bread; she felt she could not take a crumb for herself, lest the boys should fall short. She was weak, and depressed, and at last went into her little room, and with a strange blindness settling upon her, sank down to rest. For awhile she lay there, looking out through the open window, at the great mansions opposite built of stone.

"The world seems turned to stone," thought she.

At last a sound smote her ear; 'twas Hugo's voice.

She raised on her elbow, and peered out to view his face; it was difficult for her to think that that erect head, with its thatch of golden curls, those heavenly blue eyes, that active, graceful form, belonged to a boy whose heart could steel itself against the needs of a loving mother.

Feverishly she watched him, as he waved his high school-cap; and sent out such cheers for Independence, as made every boy within sight of him, tenfold a patriot.

Then she lay back again on her couch. "Sleep," thought she, "removes hunger, I wish I could fall asleep, and forget." Presently she did fall asleep.

Hugo returned at noon to his bread and milk, and, missing her, went from room to room calling her name.

At last he found her.

Sanders was there by her side, like a good guardian angel, watching over her while she slept. His arms, too, were heavily laden with bundles.

"Has anything happened?" asked Hugo, in a whisper.

"She has been crying," said Sanders, softly, tracing the tears; "she misses father, and she has no money; I hate to wake her, but," with a glorious smile, "I've got such a party for her here, as will make her stare when she does wake."

While he spoke, she opened her eyes and intuitively sensed the meaning of the packages. She had feared Sanders might too be of Hugo's spirit. She reached her arms to him; something in the glad intensity of her manner thrilled the boy's soul.

"See," he cried, snapping the cords, "I bought everything here for *you*, mother, with *my* dollar. Then I earned another running messages, and bought more with that and I meant to have got home sooner, but — "

"Bless all here!" said a voice, breaking upon them like a cymbal.

There was a loud rejoicing cry of "Father! from the boys, who ran to embrace him.

Said Hantz, when the family greetings were over, "I have a confession to make. I planned to get here in time for a 'glorious Fourth,' or in other words, in time for the 'night before,' but the

train ran off the track in one place, and the barge broke down in another, and so in my journeying I had to walk much, and walking Fourth of July," said Hantz, wiping his brow, "rockets over you, and pyrotechnical conundrums under you, and one's hat afire on his head, means navigating under difficulties.

"My Katreena, I hope you will forgive me. I held back good news the better to surprise you. I have speculated with unexpected good results. I have brought you home *five hundred gold dollars.* Boys, you too must forgive father. He has been playing pranks, he sent you a 'dollar,' each, just to see, you know, who would be the 'Gentleman' to mother; now," squaring around and holding up a beautiful gold watch, "this is for the boy who has been the 'Gentleman' to mother. I knew she'd feel the need. I knew there would be a great many birds of necessity picking at her few grains of corn, and I just wanted to '*Test*' how you would look out for her in case it so happened I was not on hand. Sanders, speak up, son, how much did you give mother?"

"All I *had*," avowed Sanders, "and all I could get."

"Hugo," said his father, "how much did you give mother?"

Hugo seemed to have retreated so far within himself, as to admit of a very thin, whining voice, that sounded as if coming from behind a tree in the far west; it said —

"*Mother never asked me for any.*"

. . . . . .

Over the mantel of the best room, and in the best frame of its size the town could afford, Master Sanders' portrait was hung, taken with his arms full of "goody" bundles just as he brought them to his mother that "glorious Fourth."

A gold watch is seen peeping above his little watch pocket, a smile, bright as the morning, lights the countenance.

This monument has no written epitaph, it preaches its silent sermon of filial devotion, day after day, to that little family circle, and now and then Hantz stands before it, admiringly, and says in a whisper to his youngest son,

"*The boy who declared Independence over 'Self' and stood by his mother*, eh, Sandy?" and points to the picture.

MARGARET G. REYNOLDS.

Impediment to Marriage.

AMY — It seems strange to me that you and Mr. Linger have never married, or at least become engaged. He seems devoted to you. Mabel — If it wasn't for that unfortunate impediment in his speech we might have been engaged by this time. Amy — I know he stutters dreadfully; but I wouldn't reject him on that account if I were you. He's a good-hearted young man, and would make a good husband. Mabel — Oh, it isn't my fault. Amy — Then what is the trouble? Mabel — It's this way. He has begun to propose five or six times, but he is so slow about it on account of his stuttering, that some one always comes in before he gets through and interrupts him.

The Young Composer.

In a humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still, at times he thought of loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor, invalid mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own — one he had composed, air and words; for the child was a musical genius.

He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a bill with great yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands. His eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down the yellow curls, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house to the hotel where Madam Malibran stayed.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, who says he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come. I can never refuse children," said the beautiful singer, with a smile.

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and, bowing, said:

"I came to see you because my mother is sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat. Very tall and very stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked. "You? and the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a moment's thought.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I shall send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown with which you may get food and medicine. Here is, also, one of my tickets. Come to-night. That will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invaild, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and of silk, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his eyes riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited. The band — the whole band — struck up a plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing! Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song — oh! so touching.

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now! all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened, and yet delighted, by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said:

"Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and, after he has realized a certain amount, little Pierre here is to share his profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted, and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good; and in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments with his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days — now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

One Maine Boy.

THE son of Mr. Alvin Howes of Palmyra, Me., is considered about the smartest boy in that section. He is nine years old and is master of Greenleaf's Complete Arithmetic, having interest, equation of payments, mensuration, square root, cube root, etc., at his tongue's end. He will perform calculations with large numbers readily without slate or pencil, and rarely, if ever, makes a mistake. With him a thing once learned is never forgotten. He began to learn geography when he was three years old by hearing his brother reciting his lessons to his mother, and now it is next to an impossibility to ask him a question in that study that he cannot readily answer. He has a better knowledge of physiology than most teachers possess, and withal is quite a politician, being better posted on the events of the day than many who go to the polls and vote.

The Emperor Napoleon's Dog.

It was dark, and down a retired street in Paris a man rode alone on horseback, says the Youth's Companion. Suddenly the horse stopped as if frightened. Then a man rose from the pavement in the middle of the street and jumped to one side with a cry. The rider was angry, and exclaimed: "Are you drunk, man, that you lie about in the middle of a dark street to get yourself run over?"

"You might better lend a poor fellow a hand than scold in that way," exclaimed the other. "I had three hundred francs in gold in this bag carrying it to pay a bill for my master, and the bag has broken and it is all lost over the street. If you have some matches they will do me more good than your curses."

"It's no easy task to find lost money on a night like this" said the rider, dismounting. "I have no matches, but perhaps I can help you. Have you any of the pieces left?"

"Only one," replied the unfortunate fellow, with a sob.

"Give it to me," said the other.

The poor man hesitated, but the stranger repeated the words in a tone of authority, and the last coin was handed to him.

The stranger whistled and a great Spanish mastiff stood beside him. He held the coin to the dog's nose, and leaning to the rough pavement said: "Find them."

The dog sniffed the gold piece and began the search.

One, two, three; he began bringing in the coins and dropping them into his master's hand, while the servant stood by in wonder.

Thirteen times he returned with a twenty-franc piece. Then, after a long search, he came back empty, with a grunt that seemed to say: "There are no more."

"We are yet lacking one piece" said the stranger. "Are you sure there were just three hundred francs?"

"As sure as sure can be, sir," the servant replied.

"Then look in the bag again. There must be one left there."

The man looked and sure enough found the gold piece still there.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, as the stranger sprang into his saddle, "you are my deliverer. Tell me your name that my master may know who has done him such a service."

"I have done nothing," said the stranger. "Tell your master that the one who helped you was a very good and intelligent dog by the name of Joie."

It was some years afterward, when France had seen troubled times and the royal family was no more, that the master was telling the incident to a party of friends, one of whom had been employed in the palace.

"Joie! Joie!" he exclaimed. "There never was but one dog of that name and there never was a more remarkable and faithful dog than he. He always accompanied his master when he went in disguise about the city."

"Who was his master?" they all asked.

The reply was brief: "The Emperor Napoleon."

Introduced to His Mother.

A DAILY paper published in Chicago tells a good story of a young man, whose business required him to be down town about the hour when the other members of the family were at breakfast and who had gotten so into the habit of eating his dinner in a restaurant and spending his evenings at the club or the theatre or the hotel lobby, that for months and months the only time he'd seen his mother and sister would be at Sunday's principal meal.

When this had been going on for nearly a year, the father of the young man took a quiet way to teach him a lesson. The young fellow will tell that part of the story in his own words:

"'Yes,' I said, 'I promised to go to the theatre with Will Brown.'

"'How about to-morrow night?' he asked.

"'Haven't figured ahead that far,' I replied.

"'Well, I'd like to have you go somewhere with me.'

"'All right,' I said; 'where'll I meet you?'

"You see, he leaves the office about an hour before I get through.

"He suggested the Tremont House at 7.30, and I was there, prepared for the theatre and a quiet lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous occasions. But when he appeared he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him.

"'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"We went out and started straight for home.

"'She is stopping at the house,' he said, when I spoke of it.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Tremont House under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister!

"The situation struck me as ludicrous, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"My, it wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. Then we four played whist for a while. When I finally retired I was courteously invited to call again. I went up stairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady and my sister a good and brilliant girl."

"And now?"

"Now I'm going to call again; as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company and propose to cultivate their acquaintance."

And the young man — he was only about twenty-two — put on his coat and started for his car.

How many other young men are there who are strangers to their own families, neglectful of their homes, careless of cultivating the friendship of parents and brothers and sisters? Wouldn't it be a good scheme for them to get some common friend to introduce them to their nearest kin and spend some of their evenings in the company of those who should be to them the nearest and dearest in all the world?

Catholic Columbian.

A Tree That Gives Milk Like a Cow.

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomona which he had, during his extensive travels, witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of a cow. The adult Indians would go each morning with their slaves from the village or station on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela, where Humboldt was stopping, to a forest where they grew, and, making some deep incisions into the trees, in less than two hours their vessels, placed under these incisions, would be full. All present would then partake of the milk, on which the slaves grew fat, and a quantity would be carried home to be given to the children, and to be mixed with cassava and maize. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long alternative leaves, and was described by Linden as *Brosimum galactodendron.* The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white, and somewhat viscid; the flavor is very agreeable. Some time ago, on the occasion of M. Boussingault going to South America, Humboldt requested him to take every opportunity of investigating this subject. At Maracay the tree was first met with, and for more than a month its excellent qualities were daily tested in connection with coffee and chocolate; but there was no opportunity for a chemical analysis. Nor does such appear to have occurred till recently, when, amid the many curious things exhibited by the Venezuelan Government at the Paris Exhibition, there happened to be several flasks of this milk, and after a long period M. Boussingault has been enabled to complete his analysis of this substance which is unique in the vegetable world. In a memoir, laid before the Academy of France, he gives a detailed analysis, and concludes by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, caseine and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive powers.

IT is certain that the love of God does not consist in shedding tears, nor in experiencing sweetness or tenderness of heart, but in truly serving God in justice, strength, and humility.— *St. Teresa.*

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing tue Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE most of the failures in our schools are due to two causes: to neglect of study in the beginning of the school term and bad attendance. In one case the foundation of the studies is not properly laid, and in the other no foundation at all is laid; which two things are about equal and naturally produce equal results,— partial or complete failure in examinations.

THE remedy for these twin evils lies in the hands of the parents if they want to use it; they can make their children study the lessons given to them, and they can make them attend school faithfully. When the parents do not make use of the remedy, they should not be surprised that their children turn out to be dull and ignorant.

WHEN we advise parents to send their children to good schools for an education, we suppose that the parents have brains enough to understand that the schools which do not educate children *mentally*, *morally*, and *physically*, are not good schools, and the children who attend them must come out from them lopsided and unfitted for the hard work of life.

WHEN parents follow the laws of God and of His Holy Church, and send their children to schools, where they will learn that it is wise and prudent to gain a sufficient knowledge of earthly affairs to meet the wants of the body, and where they will be taught that the most important study is the study of God and of His Kingdom, they may be sure that they have done their duty to their children, and that Almighty God will not hold them accountable for the wrongs their children may do afterward. But when parents send their children to schools, where the chief and only study is to make a living in the world, and enjoy it, they may be sure that they are violating the laws of Almighty God and His Holy Church, and that he will hold them accountable for the crime.

AS far as the history of learning goes two things have been made clear, namely: a good school will produce good scholars, and a good scholar will sometimes come from a poor or indifferent school. In fact, some of the best scholars the world ever knew never saw the inside of a school. But the scholars from the poor or indifferent schools, or from no school at all, are so rare, and the average intellect is so weak and low, that the general principle could not be advanced or sustained that it matters little to what schools children are sent to learn the true knowledge of life; and the best plan for parents to follow is to send their children to the good schools, where if they are not gifted with a superabundance of intellect, they will, at least, have the opportunity, if they embrace it, of being trained, instructed, and educated to the full extent of their mental, moral, and physical capacities.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Easter Day.

NEVER was this day of days more generally observed than on Easter Sunday, March 29. Our Protestant brethren seemed as anxious to observe the day as the Catholics, who have always celebrated the glorious Resurrection of Our Lord. The day was fine. Our churches were crowded from six o'clock in the morning until night. Boston is Catholic.

From the New York Independent (non-Catholic).

It is Opposed to Calling Names.

THE Herald and Presbyter has discovered that we do not use the word Romish as applied to the Roman Catholic Church, and begs us to tell why. Our regular readers know why. It is not the name of the Church. We know a man who says Peskypalian for Episcopalian, and another who says Methody for Methodist; but we do not.

REV. JAMES A. DOONAN, S. J., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, will lecture on "Garcia Moreno, the Martyred President of Ecuador," in Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, April 26, in aid of the Carney Hospital.

First Meeting of the National Federation.

THE National Federation Convention opened in Dublin on the 10th of March, Justin McCarthy presiding. A letter from Archbishop Walsh was read, in which the Archbishop said that four fifths of the constituencies were ready to follow the lead of Kilkenny. Parnell's policy involves the destruction of the work of the last ten years. Letters of approval of the course adopted by the new organization were received from Archbishop Croke and most of the bishops in Ireland. Sir Thomas Esmonde, secretary of the convention, stated that one hundred and fifteen organizations sent delegates. Letters have been received from ninety others stating that these organizations would support McCarthy.

Esmonde said the league had allowed itself to be captured in a recreant way by the "crowbar brigade." The Federation, he declared, was well rid of the National League. It was thought by some persons that they had waited too long for the leaguers to take action, but they had felt bound to hold on in the hope that the party would remain united.

Thomas Sexton, member of Parliament, made a statement to the effect that during the Boulogne negotiations representatives of the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party offered to leave the chairmanship of the party open for a year if Parnell would retire temporarily from that position. The negotiations proceeded on this basis. Parnell's leadership, he said, is no longer within the range of practical politics.

The draft of the constitution submitted to the meeting defines the objects of the National Federation as being Home Rule, land law reform, improvements in the status of the masses, assent to the social and political rights of laborers and artisans, the development of Irish industries and resources, the abolishment of the Grand Jury system, the establishment of an educational system based on the principle of equal dealings toward all sections of the Irish people, an electoral registration, reform in regard to Parliament and municipal governments and other bodies and repeal of the Coercion act. A pledge is also proposed binding all members of Parliament who declare for National Federation to vote with the party.

THE PILOT FAMINE FUND.

Archbishop Williams	$100 00
Pilot Publishing Company	100 00
M. M. Cunniff, Boston	200 00
T. B. Fitz, Boston	100 00
P. B. Stone, Boston	20 00
A Friend, Boston	10 00
C. F., Boston	5 00
Patrick Breen, Charlestown	5 00
Edward Kelly, Boston	2 00
A Friend, Boston	50
Andrew Miles, Omaha, Neb	5 00
Mrs. W. McC., Woonsocket, R. I.	1 00
C. A. M., Woonsocket, R. I.	1 00
John R. Alley, Boston	100 00
A Friend of the Poor Orphans	100 00
Thos. Kelly & Co., Boston	100 00
P. H. Powers, Boston	25 00
Robert L. Reilly, Buckland, Va.	10 00
Thos. Wynne, Platteville, Ill.	10 00
Jas. M. Cavanagh, Warren, Mass.	2 00
A Reverend Friend	5 00
Ellen C. Hinton, Petersburg, Va.	5 00
Michael Dundon, East Boston	5 00
Rev. Jas. McKenna, Beverly, N.J.	5 00
A Working Girl, Holyoke, Mass.	1 00
A Sympathizer, Brookline	5 00
John H. Roche, Eastport, Me.	5 00
A. Shuman & Co., Boston	50 00
A Friend, Boston	1 00
John Collins, Detroit, Mich.	10 00
A Friend, Central Falls, R. I.	1 00
A Friend, Boston	5 00
Thomas Murray, Boston	00
A Friend	5 00
Margaret Reilly, Taunton	5 00
A Friend	50
M. Mullen, Rutland, Vt.	1 00
A Working Boy, Providence, R.I.	1 00
A Sympathizer, Newport, R. I.	2 00
A Miner, Martina, Montana	5 00
Previously acknowledged	$1,011 50
Since the above were acknowledged, these additional subscriptions have come in : —	
A Friend	5 00
Mrs. S. Collins, Collinsville, Mass.	5 00
A few Sympathizers, Buckland, Va.	6 00
A Friend, Boston	1 00
Adoul & Lobit, Galveston, Texas	20 00
Mamie Powers, Paw Paw, Ill.	1 00
Mary O'Neil, Lawrence, Mass.	5 00
A Sympathizer	10 00
A Friend, Halifax, N. S.	1 00
Mrs. Catherine Gilmore, Mt. Auburn, Cambridge	3 00
A Friend	1 50
A Friend	1 00
Total	$1,070 50

Parnell's Defeat at Sligo.

THE result of the polling on the 2d of April for a member of Parliament to succeed the late Mr. Peter McDonald as the representative for North Sligo was that the McCarthyite candidate, Alderman Bernard Collery of Sligo, was elected over the Parnellite nominee, Alderman Valentine B Dillon, Jr., of Dublin. Mr. Collery's majority was eight hundred and six.

Acknowledgments.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, Mt. St. Michael, Claremorris Ire., March, 11.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.—

DEAR SIR:—Accept my best thanks for your kind and welcome letter, enclosing a draft for £5 in aid of the sick and dying poor of this neighborhood, many of whom have not the means of getting the necessary support and comfort in the try, ing time of sickness.

May the good God pour on you a special blessing and reward your charitable heart, for your many good and kind acts to the poor, suffering people of this neighborhood.

With very kindest wishes for your happiness, I remain, in Jesus Christ, yours gratefully,

SISTER M. J. DOWDALL.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, Tuam, Co. Galway, March 9.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE:—I return you many grateful thanks for the charitable contribution (£5) you so kindly sent me, and which I received quite safely. I can assure you it was most acceptable. We have so many calls from the poor we are unable to meet them all. We have given over £60 in blankets alone this winter, not to mention all that was given in other clothing, food, and money; and it is as a drop in the ocean; and we did not get one shilling of the money collected in England of the relief fund.

I am sorry to say the poor woman I wrote you of, who had to go out to work with her child on her back, is now in an asylum, out of her mind. We had Masses said for our benefactors and their intentions; and we give them two general Communions every month, fifteen decades of the Rosary every first Sunday in procession with the nuns, school children, and girls in the House of Mercy, and Novenas throughout the year without number. Believe me, dear Mr. Donahoe, very sincerely yours, in J. C.,

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE.

Letters from Irish Bishops.

LOUGHREA, Ire., March 1.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.,—

MY DEAR SIR:—Accept most grateful thanks for £20 check for the distressed poor here, and through you I beg to express same to the good Archbishop of Boston, for his charitable interest in our distressed state. I shudder to contemplate the misery we are doomed to witness until the next harvest.

Very faithfully yours,

✠ PATRICK DUGGAN, Bishop of Clonfert.

SLIGO, Ire., March 1.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.,—

DEAR SIR :—I am in receipt of your favor of the 13th ult., covering draft for £20 towards our Relief Fund. I am deeply grateful for this timely remittance, especially to His Grace of Boston, to whom I beg you will kindly convey my grateful acknowledgments.

Your obedient servant,

✠ L. GILLOOLY, Bishop of Elphin.

TUAM, Ire., March 5.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.,—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been absent on visitations since your kind letter reached, enclosing the generous contribution of £20 for the relief of our distressed poor.

I pray God to reward you and the charitable contributors an hundred fold.

The seaboard in this extensive diocese, extending from Achill, in Mayo, to Spiddal, in Galway, embracing the whole coast of Connemara and the mountains, is more than half the province. It is along the seaboard and in the mountains the distress is chiefly felt.

I really feel a great reluctance in speaking of this, for fear of trespassing too much on and stimulating a generous public. I remain, very faithfully yours, ✠ JOHN MCEVILLY, Archbishop of Tuam.

THE ABBEY, BALLAGHADEREEN, County Mayo, Ire., Feb. 26.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE: I have received your letter with enclosure of £20 towards the relief of my afflicted poor. May God bless you for this generous and timely gift; THE PILOT and its good editor are true to their ancient prestige — the friends and benefactors of the needy and distressed.

The same mail brought me THE PILOT and the Magazine, a periodical I have for many years admired. I have read your appeal in both. Your good Archbishop has stood our friend. I know Father Walter Conway well; he and I were together in Maynooth, and I know his destitute district, as bad in every sense as my own.

Balfour's fund, so far, is little good to us. Here we are at the last day of February, and we have not got one penny of his money or one rag of his clothes. Still our thousands and thousands must live, and I have to supply the food. In order to induce the Government to come to our relief, I have gone into the statistics; and to my amazement I have discovered that, excluding the cities of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Limerick, there is no district in Ireland so populous as my diocese; and without exception, it is the lowest rated, that is, the poorest, the most needy. There is, I suppose, in Connemara a place here and there in worse circumstances, but taking the district, there is nothing so bad as mine.

May God bless and reward you for your kindness to the Irish at home. I am my dear Mr. Donahoe, yours sincerely,

✠ JOHN LYSTER, Bishop of Achonry.

TWO DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS.

George Parsons Lathrop and His Wife Received into the Church.

THE following interesting letter has just come to hand. As our readers are well aware, Mr. Lathrop is an eminent American author, as is also his wife, the daughter of the greatest American romance-writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. They were received into the Church on Thursday, March 19, by the Rev. Alfred Young, of the Paulist Fathers, at St. Paul's Church, New York, and were confirmed by Archbishop Corrigan on Saturday, March 21.

NEW LONDON, Conn., March 24.

MY DEAR MR. ROCHE:—No one ever suggested my becoming a Catholic, or tried to persuade me; although a number of my friends were Catholics. The attempt to inform myself about the Church began with the same impartiality, the same candor and receptiveness that I should use towards any other subject upon which I honestly desired to form a just conclusion. Notwithstanding that education had surrounded me with prejudice, my mind was convinced as to the truth, the validity and supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, by the clear and comprehensive reasoning on which it is based. And, while the reasoning of other religious organizations continually shifts and wavers, leaving their adherents—as we now see almost every day—to fall into rationalism and agnostic denial, the reasoning of the Church, I found, led directly into sublime and inspiring faith. This union of solid reasoning and luminous faith I cannot discover elsewhere.

In carefully examining the matter, I observed that expositions of doctrine were presented by the Catholic Church in a positive manner, with a confident appeal to the intellect; and her replies to attacks made by adversaries impressed me as remarkably calm, thorough, free from malice or abuse, and imbued with a profound spirituality; strongly contrasting, as I hardly need remind you, with the prevailing tone of those who resist or disparage her divine claims.

The Church revealed itself to me as broadly liberal and gentle towards all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, those titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she has always been known. Moreover, the present active and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop short with this life, or end in that pagan acceptance of death as an impassable barrier, which one meets with in Protestant denominations. It links together religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond, by a communion which is constant and transcends time. Those with whom our mundane lives have been joined in bonds of personal affection, or by the higher interests of the spirit—those whose visible presence death has taken from us for a time—do not cease, in the Catholic Church, to be still one with us, in heart and soul. Neither, in this communion, are the saints forgotten merely because their human careers were ended long before our day. The Church retains all, living or dead, in a great company which connects earth with heaven, at every moment. This is what one might naturally expect, if Christianity and the spiritual are supreme. Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The Australian Commonwealth.

THE United States can well congratulate the Australian colonies upon their success in adopting a constitution in their federated capacity which is based upon the fundamental principle which was adopted in the federal convention of 1787. This principle is that these several colonies shall be independent of one another in their local affairs, and federated together in their common interests as a commonwealth or nation. The constitution which they have adopted does not go quite to the lengths to which our own extends. It connects the colonies as a body with Great Britain through a governor-general, and by this slender tie England will still dominante mildly over her island dependencies in that part of the world. It shows the progress of political opinions that the ideas which a century ago Great Britain refused to accept for the future development of her American colonies are now made the basis of political unity in Australasia.

IT is always well to conform ourselves to the will of God, and make a virtue of necessity, for whether we will or not the will of God will be accomplished in heaven and on earth.

St. Patrick's Church and Provisional College at Rome.

ROME, March 14.

THE opening of the College of the Irish Augustinians and the Provisional Church of St. Patrick in Rome—which will take place on March 17—constitutes an event of universal importance. In itself such a ceremony, though comparatively rare in Rome, might not have much importance beyond the place in which it occurs. But, when it is considered that by the completion of this college and by that of the Irish National Church of St. Patrick—which will, in all probability, be opened within two years—the Irish race throughout the world will have a representative national institution in the Eternal City, the act about to be accomplished on the feast of St. Patrick, 1891, assumes the nature of a momentous event in the records of that race.

Apart altogether from its direct and real purpose, that of a residence and house of studies for students and priests of the Irish branch of the Augustinian Order, the scope of the college foundation embraces a more extensive idea. This, with the National Church adjoining, will henceforth be widely regarded as a piece, as it were, of Ireland transferred to Rome. Other Irish institutions are to be met with in this city, but none else having this special character: that, from their very inception, from the very corner-stone of their buildings, they have originally been destined solely for Irish purposes and constructed, almost entirely, from Irish contributions.

The very event of the opening of this college —and later on that of the church—will mark a new era in the relations of Ireland with Rome. The wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff, that the Irish people should have a national church in Rome, are thoroughly in harmony with the desire of the Irish race throughout the world — as is attested in their generous contributions — that they should be represented here, at the centre of the faith, as other nations are. And from whatsoever land they come—and where is the land in which the children of Ireland are not to be met with?—they will find here an Irish welcome, and all that kindness and care which will contribute to make them feel that though they are far from Ireland they are not, on that account, entirely homeless.

The Location of the Church and College.

Apart altogether from the historical memories and antiquarian interest so closely associated with this spot, it has other claims which are, perhaps, still more important to the purposes of the great work undertaken by Prior Glynn. The site is one of the healthiest in Rome, and that is a primary consideration in the choice of a locality for an Irish college and house of residence. The ground is but sparsely encumbered by the remains of ancient buildings; and in the laying of the foundations of college and of church no remains whatever of anterior structures have been met with, the soil being entirely virgin. Thus the fever amongst workmen generated by the destruction of old buildings, and known in Paris, where it seems to have been first observed as the "Haussmann fever," from the late transformer of ancient Paris, Baron Haussmann, is completely unknown here.

The purity of the air in this vicinity is naturally derived from the elevation of the locality. With the single exception of the part of Rome immediately surrounding the Porta San Pancrazio, on the Janiculum Hill, the site of the Church and College of St. Patrick is the highest ground within the walls of the city. The summit of the Janiculum reaches eighty metres (each metre is 39.37 inches) above the level of the sea, and the Villa Ludovisi, in which St. Patrick's is situated, is seventy metres. It is fifty-six metres higher than the ground on which the basilica of St. Paul's stands; fifty above the Coliseum; twenty higher than the ground of the Cœlian Hill, on which the Lateran is built; ten metres above the Via Venti Settembre, and five higher than the hill on which the Papal Palace of the Quirinal—now occupied by King Humbert and Queen Margaret—is built, and which was selected as a specially high and healthy site.

With regard to its proximity towards what may be called the centre of the city—the Piazza Colonna in the Corso—it is nearer to that point than is the new Palace of the Exhibition in the Via Nazionale; much nearer than the new quarter of the Prati di Castello, and twice as near as St. John Lateran. Thus, in every way, both in healthy situation, excellent air, and proximity to the specially busy quarter of the city, St. Patrick's is highly favored.

The Architectural Arrangements.

The selection of a site for the construction of a church or palace, or even a simple house, was, in the fifteenth century in Italy, considered an act of most serious importance. In choosing a particular site or adopting a certain plan, so strongly organized was the family life at that period, the builder engaged his descendants to his construction for a succession of generations. Thus a person building at this time took all possible guarantees and every precaution, and, in fact, employed all rites to bring down the blessings of Heaven on his work.

All the preliminary part of selection of site and laying of the foundation-stone having been accomplished over three years ago, the completion of this college at the present moment permits us to gauge the nature of the design and the character and quality of the architectural work. The space occupied by the College and National Church of St. Patrick forms a square or block, the faces of which are turned almost directly to the four cardinal points. The four streets that enclose it are: to the east, Via Piemonte; to the South, Via Boncompagni; to the west, Via Abruzzi, and to the north, Via Sicilia. The entrance to the college is on the Via Piemonte. The façade of the church is turned towards the grandest and noblest street in modern Rome, the Via Boncompagni, lined, where built up, with splendid palatial residences, and extending, in conjunction with its prolongation, the Via Ludovisi, from the Porta Salaria to the grounds of the French Academy, on the Pincian Hill, a distance of over a mile in length.

The style of architecture of the completed college is at once seen to be a fine specimen of the pure Tuscan architecture of the fifteenth

century, as employed in residences, such as palaces or other large buildings. Now that the scaffolding and boarding which surrounded the college are entirely removed, the majestic and imposing character of the building attracts the most unobservant eye. To any one who has visited Florence, or travelled through the other cities of Tuscany, this style of architecture must be familiar. The municipal hall of that capital, the Palazzo Vecchio, was for a long time the ideal of this style. In the days of Brunellesco and Michelozzo the idea prevailed that the dwelling of a patrician should have something of the fortress about it: that it should be built so that the inhabitants of it might at need sustain a siege behind the gigantic projecting stones of the façade; of windows and doors there were only those strictly necessary. It was in the interior of the building only that decoration could be developed. And these signs of another and a bygone time, visible in that admirable construction, the Palazzo Strozzi, at Florence, which belongs to the end of the fifteenth century, are, although considerably toned down, the distinguishing features of the building that will shelter in Rome the Irish students of the Augustinian Order and the bishops, priests and distinguished laymen from Ireland who may be visiting the Eternal City. Such are the chief characteristics of the architectural style employed by the Florentines and other people of Tuscany, following and imitating the massive and rude grandeur of the ancient Etr scan walls of Florence and Cortona; and now, in St. Patrick's College in Rome, sweetened and rendered milder in appearance without any perceptible loss to its grandeur, solidity or beauty.

The building consists of three stories, clearly defined by elegant cornices, the upper cornice being noble and rich in form, and projecting far out, supported by consols chastely carved in volutes. Each of the stories on the Via Piemonte has twelve large windows: the lower two rows having arched tops and being surrounded with the frame of a pointed or semi-gothic arch, so common in Florentine architecture. Some of the windows are bilobed, the dividing column being elegantly formed of fine white marble. The windows on each story of the part facing the Via Sicilia are nine, treated in a similar style of decoration. The lower story walls are formed of that massive rustic work, or *ashlar*, as it is called by English architects, which has a surface of rudely formed blocks uncarved and unpolished, that gives an appearance of massiveness and strength.

The lighting of the interior is provided for by two square courts, the larger surrounded by a fine portico of strong Doric columns; the spaces between the columns being filled by large windows in frames of iron. These two porticos—one on the ground and one on the first floor—form cloistered walks, where the studious may, while taking exercise, read and study during the winter, or, with windows open, seek coolness and shade in summer.

The library is a splendid hall on the second floor, the walls painted in imitation of ancient wainscot in rich carved wood-work. In the ceiling are two painted imitations of galleries opening to the sky; here the space is backed by the pale blue of the sky, flecked by pink and white clouds—a light and most cheerful effect. The style is not uncommon in Italian decorative house-painting.

The refectory, on the ground floor, with windows chiefly opening on the Via Abruzzi, is an oblong room capable of affording place for 100 guests. The floor is paved with mosaic of many colored marbles arranged in large patterns suitable to the size of the material employed, as most of the mosaic cubes are an inch square. Three large compartments in this floor are highly ornamental; in the centre a circular space contains a large colored representation of an Irish harp, and the circular border around encloses the words of St. Patrick admonishing the Irish people that, together with the treasure of the faith, they, by the fact of their baptism, all became Romans—"spiritual children," as Mgr. Kirby wrote, "of the mother who by Patrick generated them to Christ,"—"*Ut Christiani ita et Romani sitis.*" The other two compartments, which are square, contain shamrocks intertwined and formed in a large decorative spirit, as suits the capacity of the material in which they are designed.

The provisional chapel, which is to be opened with extraordinary solemnities on St. Patrick's Day, is really the sacristy of the future church. It is a large and noble hall, and is admirably fitted for the use to which it is turned today. For this occasion it is hung with rich draperies in that beautiful and splendid style which prevails in Roman churches on occasion of the celebration of some great festival. The walls are covered with crimson damask, scarlet silk, and festoons of rich reddish brown velvet, fringed with gold lace, and from which hang heavy galloons of the same. A heavy chocolate-colored drapery, with large white Greek meanders, forms an effective series of looped-up curtains. The various divisions of the chapel have diversity of ornament in these hangings, but all of them are especially rich and brilliant. The back of the altar is decorated with golden honeysuckle ornament and Greek fret-work, while a rich carpet covers the floor. Regarded as a whole it has the appearance of a royal chapel ornamented and decorated for some unwonted festival, to the thorough observance and decorum of which neither labor nor love have been spared.

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail on the number and character of the rooms prepared for students, for bishops and other ecclesiastics, and for distinguished visitors from Ireland, or from the greater Ireland beyond the seas. That these are well arranged and provided is what was to be expected. Two magnificent terraces on the top of the building constitute a most charming retreat in the warm evenings of summer. From the highest of these the view of the city and surrounding is very extensive and is profoundly interesting. In the west the great dome of St. Peter's, "a hive o'er hoarded prayer and pardon," as an American poet described it, rises against the horizon; to the east the sky-line is cut by the gently undulating Alban Hills topped with the Convent of the Passionists, and sheltering on their purple sides white shining little cities of traditional and historic fame; to the north the Sabine Hills, still snow-crowned, raise their rugged sides; while to the south the Quirinal Palace, the Ministry of Finance, and Rome's awful and mysterious volume, half shrouded in silvery haze, lie before the vision of the speculative gazer, who may view them from the roof of St. Patrick's College.

Pagan and Christian Memories.

In referring in THE PILOT three years ago to the site of St. Patrick's Church in Rome, I wrote: "The area destined for the construction of the new church in honor of St. Patrick is within the confines of the ancient Villa Ludovisi, not far from the Salarian Gate of the city walls made by the Emperor Aurelian in the third century of the Christian era." Since then most of the land enclosed within these walls in this vicinity has been built upon; and the diggings of foundations have brought to light considerable remains of antiquity, which furnish fuller information on the story and associations of the place. It is already well known, even to those who take little interest in the ancient history of Rome, that the Church and College of St. Patrick stand on land once included within the sumptuous Gardens of the ancient Roman historian, Sallust, which were situated between the Quirinal and Pincian Hills, and which were formed by the wealth he had acquired as Proprætor of Numidia. Sallust, like

many a modern Christian, inveighed against the plunderers of provinces, yet practised to his own profit the vices he so eloquently condemned. After his death this estate passed to his heir and nephew, Sallustius Crispus; and when this man died without issue, the Gardens became the property of the Emperor Tiberius. Nero sought refuge in them; and they were a favorite retreat of Vespasian and of Nerva, who died here A.D. 99, after having chosen Trajan as his successor. They were much frequented by the Emperor Aurelian, who built the walls enclosing Rome, and by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. In 409 the residence and other buildings in this place were burnt by Alaric, who entered Rome by the adjoining Porta Salaria. Here also, in 537, the Goths wrought destruction during the siege of Rome.

From time to time various objects of artistic or historic value have been unearthed in this extensive site. Flaminius Vacca, the sculptor and antiquarian of the sixteenth century, relates how his father Gabriele, excavating in his own vineyard near Porta Salaria—afterwards the Villa Ludovisi—found a fabric of ovate form, with a portico around it, adorned with columns of yellow (Numidian) marble, fluted, with Corinthian capitals and bases. Other columns of semi-transparent Oriental alabaster were found, as well as many large coins of silver and bronze belonging to the Emperor Gordianus (third century), and a quantity of mosaics. This building, with its splendid columns and marbles, was a temple dedicated to the Venus of the Gardens of Sallust. It was similar to the Temple of the "Sybil" at Tivoli; to that of the goddess Dia at Magliana, and to the Roman circular temples of Vesta, Hercules, and Mater Matuta

At various later periods statues in basalt and red granite, imitations of the Egyptian style, columns of Oriental granite, bas-reliefs, capitals, and many "other rarities' were found here. The inscriptions found in the vicinity of the Gardens, though not within their area, have been of much use in fixing the original ownership of the place. For instance, a sepulchral inscription amongst many hundreds found in the Necropolis, which was immediately outside the Sallustian property, marked the place of a monument which, as the inscription indicated, was placed near the Gardens of Sallust: PROXIME . HORTOS . SA*llustianos*. SALLVSTIA . CRISPI . L. HELPIS, who, as the same inscription tells, outlived her husband and her three children. Similar names, allied to Sallust in one form or another, have been found here.

A specially interesting feature of the place is the indication of the very great care taken by Aurelian to follow rigorously with his walls the boundary line of the Gardens of Sallust, without sacrificing a single square palm of them to strategic necessities, or to the defence of the city. The precise identity of the two lines—that is to say, the Garden boundary and the wall of the city, is demonstrated by the fact that the sepulchres of the first and second century, prior to the construction of the walls, reach to their very bases, whilst in the inner or Garden side there is not the slightest indication of a sepulchre.

The Christian memories of the vicinity are still more interesting. The Salarian Road, which begins here, is bordered on both sides by venerable catacombs containing the original burial-places of a host of saints and martyrs. The itineraries, or guide-books to the sacred places of Rome, written by the pilgrims who journeyed here in the seventh and eighth centuries of the Christian era, make lengthened mention of the remarkable shrines on the Via Salaria. The *Itinerarium*, known as the *Salisburgensi* notes that here were the shrines of St. Boniface, Pope; SS. Saturninus, Daria, Chrysanthus, Hilaria, Alexander, Theodulus and Eventus; and afterwards the pilgrim reaches the Church of St. Sylvester. This spot is perhaps that which will have the most precious memories for Irish people visiting Rome. Here it was—at the Catacomb of Priscilla—beside a multitude of martyrs, St. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor in the days of Constantine the Great, was buried. At his feet, as the *Itinerarium* relates, was St. Syriacus, Pope, and on the right Celestine, Pope, and Marcellus, Bishop. This Celestine is he from whom St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, received the commission to preach the Gospel in that island of the West. And, as if the very earth rejoiced in the coming of the Irish into possession at Rome, and gave up its secrets, within the last days of 1890, the foundations of the basilica or Church of St. Sylvester have been brought to light, and the traveller from the West today who cares to visit these places, consecrated by religion and history, may see the site of the tomb where Celestine, who commissioned St. Patrick, was laid to rest on his death, A. D. 432. It would be a matter of rejoicing if some inscription relating to Celestine had been found in the course of recent excavations; but nothing whatsoever, if we except the foundations, has been brought to light. What a delightful task it would be for one appreciative of the facts of history, and acquainted with the actual features of the place, and familiar with the art of the early centuries of Christianity, to attempt to construct a historical picture, true in statement and accurate in details, of the state of Rome when Patrick received from Celestine the commission to preach in Ireland, and bring its children to the faith! The late discovery would help to inform the mind of the writer. It seems a happy coincidence that in the reign of Leo. XIII., when the Irish race are building a national church in honor of their apostle, the name of the predecessor of Leo, who gave that apostle his commission, should be in all men's mouths, by the fact of the discovery of the plan and foundations of the basilica in which he was laid to rest nearly fifteen centuries ago!

P. L. CONNELLAN.

HOME FOR WORKING GIRLS, BOSTON.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' interest in the Home for Working Girls, established three years ago in Boston, is well-known. He was its first, and has been its most constant and serviceable friend. Acting for the Grey Nuns, in charge of the institution, he bought, on April 1, for the proposed new buildings, the property corner of Harrison Avenue and Union Park Street, opposite to his own residence. The present location of the Home on Dover St., is inconvenient, and the good work is hampered for want of room. On the elegible site which the Archbishop has procured, the new buildings will be erected as soon as the needed money shall have been subscribed by the friends of the Home. The object of this institution, to furnish the safety and comfort of a home to young girls and women who, for one reason or another, are far from their own kindred and dependent on their own exertions, is one which should commend itself to every kindly heart. We shall have more to say of this good work in an early issue of THE PILOT.

"VICTORY is within sight. Victory is within reach," says the Boston Daily Advertiser, stanch friend of Home Rule for Ireland. It wisely adds;—

"The question for Irishmen, for Irish-Americans, for all American friends of Irish Home Rule now is: Shall the opportunity be flung away? It will be flung away, as certainly as the sun will set tonight, if the faction fight is kept up. Let every man, every woman who really loves and wants to help the cause of Irish Home Rule remember that a dollar given to keep up that faction fight is in effect, whatever the intent, a dollar given to retard the dawn of a better day for the land of Henry Grattan, Robert Emmet and Thomas Moore. Do not give the dollar.'

The Parnellite Envoys.

NEW YORK, March 16. — The following card was issued to-day by Patrick Gleason, president of the Irish National League : —

NEW YORK, March 16.

In view of misleading statements, I deem it necessary to state that the Irish National League of this city has taken no action regarding the reception of any Irish delegates, Parnellite or anti-Parnellite.

PATRICK GLEASON,
President Municipal Council.

"I CAN'T bear this affliction," said a weeping father who had just buried a dear son whom he tenderly loved. "Yes, you can, and you must, and you will," said a Christian woman in reply to him. "You love God and He loves you, and He will help you to bear it, and you will, in this world or the next, see that it was best that you should bear it." That idea brought comfort to his stricken soul, and he did bear the affliction in the sweet thought that God "doeth all things well," even when he afflicts those He loves and means to save.

A GOOD story comes to us from Michigan. A straw held in the mouths of three rats drew the attention of citizens of Nashville to a strange sight. They were travelling along the road, three abreast, when it was discovered that the two outside rats were thus leading the centre one, which was old and blind.

SENATOR DAWES says : "I bear testimony to the practical, business-like way in which the Catholic Church deals with the Indians. True, she receives the largest share of the Indian appropriations set apart for religious purposes, but she deserves it. When other religions are asleep, the Catholic Church is up and doing. As she shows the most practical results, I don't see why other religious bodies should envy her her share."

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES says : I advise you not to indulge in your own judgment. If you do, it is beyond a doubt that it will inebriate you, as there is little difference between an intoxicated person and one who is attached to his own opinions ; one has no more reason than the other.

IT is somewhat of a coincidence that the two surviving generals of leading rank in the late war between the States, are Catholics and former foemen — Beauregard, the Confederate, Rosecrans, the Federal. May they live long and die happy.

Death of a Marvellous Boy.

ON February 21, died little Jimmy Meara, at the residence of his father, Mr. John Meara, Main street, Roscrea, Ire., aged seventeen. Little Jimmy had been a prominent figure enough in Roscrea a few years ago, where he was loved for his quaint ways, and wondered at for his extraordinary gifts. His memory for dates was simply astounding. Almost every date in history was at the end of his tongue. Ask him when was Aristophanes born, or when Confucius died, and the answer would come with automatic precision and correctness. Give him a line from one of the English classic poets and he would give you the next. His reading was varied. At school he pursued a course of his own, and was generally to be found in a blue study talking to himself, with his chin raised, and his brilliant blue eyes bent on the ceiling, and a strangely beautiful smile playing across his face. Once the inspector was angry to find while all the other boys were diligently working out their card of sums, Jimmy was in a state of blissful listlessness. Examining Jimmy's paper he found the correct answers, without any preliminary working, scrawled across the sheet. His power of instantaneous calculation was little short of miraculous. For the past two or three years he has been in declining health, and was confined to his bed three weeks before his death by congestion of the lungs. He was reduced almost to a shadow, but was in perfect possession of his faculties to the last. God rest his soul. — The Midland Tribune, Birr, Kings county, Ireland.

Particular Notice.

THOMAS J. BUTLER, who has acted as canvasser and collector for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is no longer connected with the Magazine. Neither is he authorized to procure subscribers for The Pilot.

Constipation in Children.

THIS is a much less common disorder than diarrhœa in teething children. When present, nothing but the simplest remedies should be resorted to, such as a suppository made by rolling up a ball of castile or turpentine soap, or injections of warm soap suds. It is best to avoid purgatives as much as possible; and if any are used, let them be of the mildest kind, such as sweet oil, manna tea, syrup of rhubarb, malt extract, or simple syrup or molasses. Gently rubbing and kneading the bowels every day, is one of the safest and best remedies for constipation both in infants and adults.

A Great Hibernian.

MR. JOHN MULQUEEN, the Grand Marshal of the Irish Societies in the parade on St. Patrick's Day, in New York, is physically a splendid specimen of the old Celtic race, standing over six feet in his stockings, turning the scale at two hundred and forty-five pounds, and built every way in good proportion. He is a native of Kilrush, County Clare, and is the first man from the old battle-ground of the Emancipation struggle that has ever held the position of Grand Marshal in New York. He came to this country when quite young, and for twenty-one years has never failed to parade on St. Patrick's Day. Mr. Mulqueen is President of Division No. 42 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the members of which felt highly flattered by the unanimous selection of their representative as Grand Marshal of the National celebration.

The Worst Boy the Best.

THE bad boy "Micky" was a hoodlum and terror to all weaker than himself. Four of the best boys in town determined one cold winter night to put on masks and give him a sound thrashing. On their way to his house they found his father lying drunk in the snow, freezing. They took up the drunken man and carried him to his home. There they saw such evidences of poverty and misery, that instead of thrashing "Micky" they rushed off and came back with fuel and provisions. The result was, that kindness accomplished what threats and thrashings never could, and "Micky" became one of the best boys in R.

The Archbishop's Jubilee.

BOSTON Daily Globe: Archbishop Williams had cause for pride in the immense throngs that attended his silver jubilee, and in the evident affection in which he is held by all his people. His long and spotless ministry, also, has commanded universal respect outside, as well as inside, the Catholic church. He has lived to see the church in this part of the country make amazing progress in numbers and influence. He himself is ranked as perhaps the foremost prelate in America, aside from Cardinal Gibbons, and there is a general feeling that if the Pope determines to create another American cardinal the Boston archbishop might well be the recipient of that high dignity. We are sure that on this anniversary occasion he has the general respect and good-will of Protestants as well as the deep and affectionate regard of Catholics.

Weak-Kneed Catholics.

THE Church of God suffers more from the bad lives of some of her children than from the attacks of her most violent enemies. Irreverence for God's holy name, intemperance, disregard for the Lord's Day, are often found in the lives of men and women who profess their faith loudly, who never miss the Holy Mass, and who are often found at the Sacraments. How can we expect non-Catholics to think well of our religion and study its beauties, when they see professed Catholics giving such bad examples, and hear them speaking slightingly of persons and things they profess to regard as sacred? In the day of judgment Catholics, whose lives are not in keeping with their faith, will have much to answer for in the souls lost to truth and God through the influence of their bad example. We Catholics ought to be the best men and women in every community. We have the truth; we have God's Church to keep us in it, we have Christ's Sacraments to shape our lives. Let us be true to our mission and nothing can withstand us.

Henry VIII. and Cardinal Fisher.

WE (Roman correspondent of Liverpool Catholic Times) had the honor of accompanying a venerable Irish Bishop on Saturday, to visit the Church of St. Vitale and to see the portrait of Cardinal John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester in 1534, and who was imprisoned in the Tower of London, by order of Henry VIII., for denying the King's spiritual supremacy where, in spite of his eighty years, he was treated with the greatest severity. Pope Paul III., when informed of the heroic courage of the aged man, in order to give him a signal mark of his sympathy, created him Cardinal in 1535. The brutal answer given by Henry to this information, that the Pope might give Fisher a hat, but that he would see that he had no head whereon to place it, and the immediate order to behead Bishop Fisher, are well-known historical facts. John Fisher received the title of St. Vitale when the Pope created him Cardinal, and his titular Roman Church has faithfully preserved the memory of the illustrious Cardinal-martyr. Catholics from Great Britain seldom fail to visit this church.

The Irish in Chili

RECEIVE the highest recognition. The newest iron-clad is the Captain Prat, another being the O'Higgins, and another the Amirante Lynch. The O'Higgins is named after Bernardo O'Higgins, whose father, born in a laborer's cottage in the county Westmeath, emigrated to South America in the early part of the last century and rose to distinction in different parts of that continent. The father, Ambrose, was one of the last Spanish Viceroys of Peru, and the son, Bernardo, was the first Director of the Republic of Chili. Bernardo O'Higgins is the Washington of his country. He it was who was mainly instrumental in winning the independence of Chili at the beginning of this century, and the grateful country has given his name to a province and a war ship, and has erected a statue in his honor in its capital.

A Remarkable Cure.

THE remarkable cure of Miss Annie Fanning, of Olneyville, R. I., who had long been a helpless invalid, and is said to have been suddenly restored to health by the application of some clay from the tomb of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, having caused much wonderment in that district, a representative of the Providence Evening Telegram was induced to call upon the young lady and investigate the facts of the case. The reporter, who seems to have been actuated by a spirit of honest inquiry, relates that he found the former invalid apparently enjoying the best of health; and learned from her that eighteen months ago she was taken ill, and continued steadily to decline. She was afflicted with partial paralysis, which at times deprived her of the power of speech; and all the physicians in attendance, save one, gave up her case as hopeless. As a last resort an operation known as the "burning of the spine" was to be tried. Some delay was caused in making preparations, and meantime, on Ash-Wednesday, two Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame called to see the patient. They brought with them a piece of clay from the tomb of Madame Bourgeoys, and this was applied to the spine of the invalid near the part most affected. That night she slept soundly, which was altogether unusual; and the next morning, at ten o'clock, she felt herself suddenly well and able to walk about with perfect ease. She has been up every day since that time, and enjoys excellent health. Her case is certainly a remarkable one, and her home is hourly besieged by curious questioners. Margaret Bourgeoys was born in France in 1620, and while still young emigrated to Canada, where she became the first superior of the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady, and founded the famous sanctuary of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. She was declared Venerable in 1878. Her memory should be especially dear to Americans, she having been the foundress of the first free schools in North America.

FOUR Catholics have recently been elected mayors in important Australian towns: Mr. Coen, of Yass; Mr. Doyle, of Lismore; Mr. Dolman, of Newtown, and Mr. Punch, of North Sydney.

The St. Bernard Centenary.

BURGUNDY is about to celebrate the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Bernard, and it has been suggested in influential quarters that the event should assume rather the character of a national than of a provincial celebration. The suggestion may not be carried out; yet the bare idea of coupling under existing circumstances national honors with the memory of the saint of Clairvaux is in itself significant. Whether or not Burgundy secures to itself the honor of the St. Bernard celebration, the event will be one of importance. St. Bernard being to the front, fashion as well as piety dictates remarks respecting him. One writer says: "He commanded emperors, counselled popes, and raised armies, not *although* he was a monk, but *because* he was one." His birthplace at Fontaines-les-Dijon is an object of pious pilgrimage with French Catholics. The old *chateau* restored by the Abbé de Bretennières, is now under the care of missionaries, who show to visitors the room in which St. Bernard was born, and in which his mother first taught him to pray. The imagination has to picture to itself the primitive room, for the eye sees only a stately chapel raised by Louis XIII., in honor of St. Bernard, and in gratitude for the birth of his son, the Dauphin.

What "Missions" Are For.

"MISSIONS," says Father Luiselli, S. J., "are given for the purpose of aiding the pastoral work of the clergy by awakening in the hearts of the people a full realization of their spiritual condition, and extending the necessary means to unite them more closely to God. Missions are intended not only for those who have been lukewarm in the performance of their duty to the Church, or wholly neglected the same, but likewise for all the faithful, that the spirit of divine love may be rekindled in their souls, their imperfections more keenly discerned, and the great object for which they were created more firmly impressed upon their minds. To receive the benefits of the mission it is necessary to attend service five times and hear that number of sermons; to go to confession, perform the penance enjoined, and receive Holy Communion in the Mission Church; lastly to offer up prayers for the Holy Father."

Perpetuity of the Republic.

THE Philadelphia Press asked a number of the prominent men of the country three questions: First, Would this Republic live another hundred years? Second, What is our greatest peril? Third, Is the influx of British capital a menace?

Cardinal Gibbons gave the ecclesiastical view in the following words: "To your first question I reply, I not only fervently trust, but also firmly believe, that it will. You ask, 'What is our greatest peril?' I answer, a departure from those Christian principles upon which our very laws and institutions are based. As long as these Christian principles are maintained our institutions will, under God, survive and flourish. Our laws, which are only expressions of the eternal law, will command our respect, and, therefore, our loyal obedience. On the other hand, every departure from those Christian principles upon which our social fabric rests, especially in respect to the marriage tie and the freedom of popular suffrage, tends to loosening of the foundation stones of the Republic. One of the most admirable features of our system of government is the happy balance of Federal power with State autonomy, and so long as this golden mean is observed we shall possess strength and liberty and indestructibility as a great nation. In my judgment we need have no fear of foreign capitalists and foreign syndicates. Those who invest in our public lands and our business enterprises will naturally be brought into closer acquaintance with our republican form of government, and there is little doubt our institutions and our laws will gain upon them upon closer acquaintance. Moreover, the present influx of capital cannot in the nature of things continue. The vendors will themselves soon be in competition with foreign investors, so as to obtain, in their turn, profitable investments. This influx of capital is, according to my view, a positive benefit rather than a peril to large areas of our undeveloped continent."

Uncle Sam's Border Line.

FOR many years the question of boundary between the United States and the possessions of Great Britain was discussed, and, at last, at the Convention of London held in 1818, the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude was decided upon. A parallel of latitude, however, being an imaginary line, is a very poor guide to a traveller. So the next thing to do was to mark that line so that all who pass that way should know where it was located. Accordingly the country in that vicinity was surveyed, and monuments were set up at even mile intervals, the British placing one between every two of ours. These extend from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. M. Louise Ford, in the February Wide Awake, tells how the boundary line is defined. Where the line enters forests the timber is cut down, and the ground cleared a rod wide; where it crosses small lakes stone cairns have been built, sometimes being eighteen feet under water and eight above; in other places earth mounds seven by fourteen feet have been built. The most of these monuments, which number three hundred and eighty-eight in all, are of iron. It was found that the most solid wooden posts were not proof against the ravages of the Indians, prairie fires, and the weather, so that nothing but iron would do. These pillars are hollow iron castings fitted over solid cedar posts and well bolted through, and are sunk four feet in the ground. They are eight feet high, eight inches square at base and four at top, and upon opposite sides facing north and south are the inscriptions cast in letters two inches high: "Convention of London," and "Oct. 20, 1818." The pillars weigh two hundred and eighty-five pounds each, and were made at Detroit, Mich. So you see Uncle Sam's border line is very distinctly marked all the way from the lakes to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

THE number of retail liquor dealers in the United States, according to the official returns of the officers of the internal revenue for the year ending May 1, 1890, was 185,868, or 1 liquor dealer to every 275 inhabitants, on the basis of the census of 1880. In New York there was 1 retail dealer in distilled liquors to every 150 inhabitants; in New Jersey, 1 to 175; in Ohio, 1 to 230; in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, 1 to 400; in Indiana, 1 to 325; in Delaware, 1 to 160; and in California, 1 to 75. The average in all the States which have general license laws is 1 dram shop to 250 inhabitants. In Maine there is 1 retail dealer in distilled liquors to every 750 inhabitants; in Vermont, 1 to 820; in Iowa, 1 to 520; and in Kansas, 1 to 800.

"In Memoriam."

Go! heart of mine! the way is long,—
The night is dark,—the place is far;
Go! kneel and pray, or chant a song
Beside two graves where Mary's star
Shines o'er two children's hearts at rest
With Mary's medals on their breast.

Go! Heart! those children loved you so,
Their little lips prayed oft for you!
But ah! those necks are lying low
Round which you twined the badge of Blue.
Go to their graves, this Virgin's feast,
With poet's song and prayer of priest.

Go! like a pilgrim to a shrine
For that is holy ground where sleep
Children of Mary and of thine.
Go! kneel and pray and sing and weep;
Last summer how their faces smiled
When each was blessed as Mary's child.

. . . . . .

My heart hath gone! I cannot sing!
Beside those children's grave, song dies;
Hush! Poet! Priest! Prayer hath a wing
To pass the stars and reach the skies;
Sweet children! from the land of light
Look down and bless my heart to-night.

FATHER RYAN.

THE curse that is said to pursue the despoilers of the monasteries in England has fallen upon the late Duke of Bedford. He owned eighty-six thousand acres of land, most of which belonged to the monasteries before their suppression by Henry VIII. The late Duke committed suicide.

What Part of the New World

DID Columbus first set foot upon ? has long been a much-disputed question, and added importance now attaches to the subject from the fact that Castelar and other Spanish notables are proposing to make a combined voyage of vessels from the Old World to the New in September and October, 1892, as a feature of the honors to be paid to Columbus. Governor Blake, while governor of the Bahamas, a few years ago, made several cruises among the islands of which he had official charge, for the express purpose of studying this question. With the log-book of Columbus to guide him, he followed the explorer's course as nearly as possible. A draughtsman sketched the outlines of the various shores, and the governor's wife made water-color drawings of the scenery. He also studied the dangerous currents against which the early explorers had also to contend. By a process of elimination, one after another of the islands was rejected, as failing to fully satisfy the description given by Columbus, while Watling's Island wholly agreed with it. It had the lake in the centre, the fertile soil, the reef encircling it except at the capacious harbor with its narrow entrance, and the bluff hard by. Such an independent study, together with the conclusions of the geographers who had not themselves seen it, entitles Watling's Island to be definitely considered as the spot seen when the joyful cry of "Land!" was raised, and indeed it has been officially named San Salvador, although many authors have heretofore called Cat Island San Salvador.

BISHOP KEANE, president of the Catholic University at Washington, in a St. Patrick's address in that city, said: "Ireland's banner will trail in the dust till clean hands raise it aloft again. The land of purity of life demands a man of pure life to say to her millions, 'Follow me.'"

M. RENARD, the very distinguished French aeronaut, is building a new dirigible air ship of over three thousand cubic yards capacity. It is said that the motor is made of aluminum and operates perfectly. The balloon will soon be finished and will be tested shortly. It will leave Meudon and manœuvre between Versailles and Paris.

A COLLEGE to rival Vassar is to be built at St. Paul, Minn. The Sisters of St. Joseph will have charge of the institution. It will consist of a strictly collegiate department, where young women will be able to find instruction in the most advanced branches, so that it would better be described under the name of a university than an academy. The new college will be located at the corner of Randolph and Cleveland avenues, and the first building, the construction of which will be begun in the spring, will cost at the least one hundred thousand dollars. Thirty acres will be reserved for the college grounds. The rest of the more than one hundred acres offered to the Sisters for this purpose will be platted and sold for the benefit of the new institution.

Tune "Marching Through Georgia."

THE late General Sherman once told the story that while travelling in Ireland he was serenaded by a local band in Cork. To his surprise they played "Marching Through Georgia," and, on inquiring where they had learned the tune, he was further surprised to hear that it was a very old Irish air, the origin of which was lost in the oblivion of antiquity. It is said that "Marching Through Georgia" was not the General's favorite tune. On the occasion of his visit to Worcester some years ago, the children of the public schools were drawn up to welcome him. The old soldier's face beamed as he looked along their lines. At a given signal the children waved little flags, and began to sing "Marching through Georgia." The General's face darkened, and he said, "I didn't think they'd make those dear little children sing that blanked old tune."

IN Naples there is a race of cats who live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation, or sitting gravely before the altar during Mass.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Charitable Irish Society of Boston had its usual brilliant celebration at the Parker House. It had been preceded by the annual election of officers resulting as follows: President, Edward A. McLaughlin; vice-president, James E. Cotter; treasurer, John Conlon; secretary, Jeremiah W. Fogarty; assistant secretary, Edward A. Morrissey; keeper of the silver key, Thomas Ryan; directors—Charles V. Dasey, William B. Daley, Thomas F. Taff, Edward J. Flynn.

This was its 154th anniversary dinner. Among its guests were representatives of the British, Scotch, and French Charitable Societies, a number of Catholic priests, and Protestant clergymen. The guest of honor was the venerable Patrick Donahoe, proprietor of THE PILOT, who celebrated on this occasion his fiftieth anniversary as a member of the society. His entrance with the Hon. P. A. Collins was heartily applauded.

Governor Russell and Mayor Matthews were present for State and city, and triumphant Democracy; ex-Collector Beard for equally stanch citizenship and undaunted Republicanism.

Nearly 200 members and guests sat down. The hall was beautifully adorned with Irish and American flags. Among the floral decorations of the table was a magnificent harp in the president's place.

The new president, the Hon. Edward McLaughlin, Clerk of the House, did the honors with his wonted grace and geniality.

When he rose to open the after-dinner exercises, he got an ovation which spoke eloquently for his popularity.

FOUR incidents bearing on the Irish Home Rule cause occurred on St. Patrick's Day. Cardinal Manning endorsed the recently-formed National Federation, in a letter read at the banquet of the followers of Mr. Justin McCarthy in London. Mr. Parnell, in a speech at Cork, offered to resign his seat in Parliament if Maurice Healy would do the same, in order to test the feeling of the country.

Mr. Gladstone announced the programme of the English Liberals at Hastings, Eng., adhering to Irish Home Rule, but declaring that constitutional leadership is not for Parnell. On the same day Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, arrived in Rome. It is reported that his visit is made at the request of the Pope, who desires to confer with him in regard to the attitude of the Irish Catholic bishops in connection with political affairs in Ireland.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., presided at a banquet held on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, at the Cannon St. Hotel, London. Cardinal Manning wrote regretting his inability to be present. The Cardinal said:—

"Two motives prompted me to be with you, the first, my old and tried sympathy for Ireland; the second, my joy at the sudden and powerful rise of an organization which, more than any party or league hitherto existing, represents the religious, social and national life of Ireland. The convention held in the city of Dublin on the 10th inst. was truly representative of the Irish people, from the successor of St. Patrick down to the humblest person. I have thus publicly to express what I have hitherto had no opportunity of doing—my opinion of the National Federation."

The Cardinal then endorsed the action of the new party, adding:—

"It was not for me to speak until the bishops of Ireland, after a wise period of forbearance, uttered an authoritative decision, which I accepted as my own.

"I cannot end without saying that I see Ireland rising and reorganizing itself, after a passing obscuration, upon the old and only lines which have unfolded its noble life throughout the world. I believe in the promise of St. Patrick, that he should never lose the people who had been given to him."

Mr. McCarthy, in proposing the toast, "Ireland a Nation," said the people at no time in their history had enjoyed more thoroughly the sympathy and confidence of the great English Liberal Democratic party (cheers).

On the same evening Mr. Parnell was the chief guest and speaker at a banquet in Cork, at which the Lord Mayor presided.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, BRIGHTON, Mass., March 23.

EDITOR OF THE PILOT:—As I am leaving Boston for New York, I shall be much obliged if you will give me space in THE PILOT to thank the many persons who have been kind to me during my wanderings through the Archdiocese, and for the generous help given me for the Borneo Mission. I have received the greatest possible kindness and encouragement from the venerable Archbishop and his clergy, and from those of the laity I have met. Besides this, I have had a home and a place of rest in the diocesan seminary; a privilege I have valued very highly. For all these benefits I am deeply grateful and offer my most heartfelt thanks.

I think it will please the Catholics of the Archdiocese to know that, besides greatly helping in the general work of the mission and in the support of the missionaries, their generous offerings have enabled me to pay for the passage and outfit of seven Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, who are now preparing to go out to Borneo, and also to erect a suitable dwelling for them, where they can pursue their noble vocation of converting and civilizing the heathen women and girls of the district where they will be placed. They will not forget to pray, and teach their converts to pray, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their benefactors of the Archdiocese of Boston.

Thanking you for the many kind notices about the Borneo Mission which have appeared in THE PILOT, and wishing you and your fellow-laborers every blessing, I am, sir, yours very gratefully,

THOMAS JACKSON,
Prefect-Apostolic of Labuan and Northern Borneo.

BALLINA, Co. Mayo, Ire., March 6.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been on visitation through this diocese during this fortnight, and did not receive your kind letter of the 13th of last month, with your liberal donation of £20 towards the relief of the famine-stricken portion of this diocese, until my return here on yesterday. I am exceedingly thankful for your great generosity. Though most of my people belong to the famine-stricken class, yet there are many among them in extreme distress, such as old and infirm persons who are not fit to be employed on the public works; to those your generous contribution is a great God-send. Praying that God may repay you and our other kind and charitable friends ten thousand fold, I remain, my dear sir, your very grateful and sincere friend,

✠ HUGH CONWAY, Bishop of Killala.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

LIFE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. By James Jeffery Roche. Complete Poems and Speeches, edited by Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly. Introduction by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. Prices: Cloth, $3; Half Morocco, $4; Full Morocco, $5.

We are indebted to the widow of the late John Boyle O'Reilly for a copy of the life of her deceased husband. It will be noticed more at length in a future issue.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE INTERIOR OF JESUS AND MARY. Translated from the French of the Rev J. Grou, of the Society of Jesus. Edited with a biographical sketch and preface, by Rev. S. H. Frisbee, S.J. Two vols. Price, $2 net.

The announcement of the Reverend author is a guarantee for the excellence of this book.

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COUNSELS OF ST. ANGELA TO HER SISTERS IN RELIGION. Translated by an Ursuline Nun.

A beautiful little book. Buy it. Price 25 cents.

P. O'Shea, New York.

NOVENA IN HONOR OF ST. JOSEPH. With introduction, by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

"Go to Joseph, and do whatever he shall say." Gen. xii. 55. St. Joseph is the patron of the universal church, whose feast occurred on the 19th of March.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

STARS IN ST. DOMINIC'S CROWN. Being lives of some of the saints and blessed of the Order of Friar Preachers. By Thomas Austin Dyson, priest of the same Order, author of the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, etc. Price $1.00.

Catholic Companion Print, Chicago.

PERCY WYNN; OR, MAKING A BOY OF HIM. By Neena, author of "Tom Playfair," etc.

The book is sent to us from Woodstock College, Md.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Historical Sketch of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, 1832-1890, which has just reached us, the Catholic Standard well remarks, is one of the most creditable pieces of typographical, literary, and historical workmanship that we have seen for a long time. The narrative is simple, direct, authentic in every particular, based, in fact, on official records, and yet clothed in a fascinating style that charms by its very simplicity. A feature making the work invaluable to the historian is an appendix containing complete lists of the annual collections for the support of the Seminary, the rectors of the institution, all the priests ordained for the diocese and those affiliated from other dioceses. The illustrations, views of the building and parts of it, and portraits of the rectors and other distinguished men connected with it, are the finest that the engraver's art can produce. The paper and typography could not be better. The book is a work, indeed, fully worthy of the glorious institution whose history it records. Its author is at present one of the younger members of the faculty, Rev. Augustin J. Schulte, to whom we are indebted for a copy of this beautiful souvenir.

The semi-annual binding of the Ave Maria makes a very handsome volume in blue and gold, and the contents are as interesting and edifying as the volume is handsome. Father Hudson displays great tact in catering for the varied tastes of his readers, and we are not surprised at the universal popularity of this choicest of our Catholic weeklies. We are told that the Ave Maria office is prepared to furnish covers to subscribers which can be put on by local binders.

Parents should feel that they have not only the duty to tell their children what is right and wrong, but also the more imperative duty of doing the right and avoiding the wrong. Example is stronger than precept. Keep your children in an atmosphere so pure that anything less pure will be displeasing to them and oppressive.

OBITUARY

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. ROBERT W. BRADY, S. J., is dead. He was born at Hancock, Md., Oct. 6, 1825, made his course of studies at St. John's Institute, Frederick City, Md., and entered the Society of Jesus in 1843. After leaving the novitiate, he was prefect of discipline at Holy Cross College and afterwards at Georgetown College, at which institution he completed his theological studies. He also taught the juniors at Frederick. He was transferred to St. Aloysius Church, Washington, D. C., in 1862. Thence he came to St. Mary's Church, Boston, of which he was the rector for many years. During his administration the new church was built. He was president of Boston College in '68 and '69, just before Father Fulton became president. He was also president of Holy Cross College for six years. He was next chosen provincial of the New York and Maryland province, in which capacity he acted for three years. Since then he has been attached to several churches in the South, and about three months ago he was transferred to Trinity Church, Washington, D. C., where he died of pneumonia on the 26th of March. Father Brady had been suffering from heart disease for many years, but his death was a surprise to all his friends.

REV. PETER O. RACICOT, S. J., died at Boston College on Good Friday of peritonitis. Father Racicot was a Canadian by birth. He was born Dec. 20, 1839, and entered the Society of Jesus, July 18, 1855. He taught philosophy at Fordham College for many years, and was afterwards prefect of studies at St. Peter's College, Jersey city. He was also minister at the old Novitiate in Maurissa. When Father Keller went to Rome to attend the general congregation that elected Father Anderledy to succeed Father Beckx as general of the society, Father Racicot became vice-rector of Woodstock College, and afterwards succeeded to the rectorship of that important institution, over which he presided for seven years. Last November Father Boursand, formerly president of Boston College, was appointed rector of Woodstock in his stead, and Father Racicot came to the church of the Immaculate Conception, where he has since labored. His last illness was of short duration. While Father Fulton was acting as visitor to the Irish province, Father Racicot performed the duties of vice-provincial for about one year. The funeral took place on the 30th of March, from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and was largely attended.

THE late Rev. D. J. Crowley, who met a sudden and sad death by apoplexy near Vineland, N. J., was a graduate from Maynooth back in the sixties. After his graduation he entered the University of Louvain to pursue an advanced course. When ordained he embarked for America and became attached to the Archdiocese of Cincinnati; however, his studious life called him thence, and he entered the corps of professors at Old Mt. St. Mary's, teaching higher English there for years. While there he contributed largely to several magazines, and his articles on Church lore won the esteem of Cardinal Newman, Bishop Hedley, and others well capable to judge. He ever retained, with the greatest veneration, autograph letters of commendation from the first-named ecclesiastic, whose friendship he enjoyed until death. Of late years the Rev. gentleman's health was rapidly failing, and by the advice of his physician he sought the Pines of New Jersey, meanwhile acting as assistant professor at the Sacred Heart College since September. He leaves a cousin, the Rev. J. J. Crowley, of Philadelphia, and a sister of the Order of Mercy, to mourn his loss. *Requiescat in pace!*

REV. EUGENE GRIMM, C.S S.R., of the Redemptorist novitiate at Ilchester, and formerly president of the Redemptorist College at the same place, died at the parochial residence of St. Alphonsus' Church, Baltimore, on

Friday, March 20. Father Grimm had been an invalid for several months. The obsequies were held at Ilchester, and were attended by the faculty and students of the institution, all the members of the Redemptorists in the vicinity of Baltimore, and a large number of other clergymen and friends of the deceased. Eugene Grimm was born in Germany, July 13, 1835, and was brought to America by his parents when he was not more than a year old.

SISTERS.

AUSTRALIAN exchanges record the death of a holy nun, Rev. Mother Prioress, Mary of the Cross, foundress of the Carmelite convent, Marrickville, New South Wales, who established her order in Australia. This venerable Sister was known in the world as Miss Maria Julia Portet, and for over thirty years labored in religion. She was sixty-four years of age. His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, presided at the obsequies.

ON March 3, two of the Sisters of St. Catherine's convent, Racine, Wis., died within a few hours of each other, of consumption. Sister Callista died at 1.45, aged twenty-three years. She was a resident of Humboldt, Kansas, and had been in the convent about five years. For one year she taught in Illinois, but for the past year had been a teacher at the St. Rose school. Sister Leona died at about seven o'clock of the same day, aged twenty-one years. She was a novice and had been in the convent three years and was sent to an Illinois mission for her health, but was brought back sick, two months ago. It is customary to bring all Sisters of the convent, who are teaching in other states, back to this academy when sick. It is a strange coincidence that both the Sisters came back from Illinois, were nearly of the same age, and died within a few hours of each other.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE New York Bench loses one of its brightest ornaments in the death of Judge John R. Brady of the Supreme Court. He had served the public on the Bench for thirty-five years and like his brother, the celebrated James T. Brady, was considered one of the best authorities of the present day in matters of law. His father was an Irish schoolmaster, and he, himself, was born in New York seventy-one years ago. His name has been associated with nearly all the great trials of the past generation, and no man has ever sat upon our Supreme Bench that had fewer decisions overruled — either in popular opinion or by the Court of Appeals. Judge Brady was President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, one of the founders of the Manhattan Club, of keen wit, an exemplary Catholic, and a man respected by the public and his associates. He married Miss Lydig, younger daughter of Mr. Lydig, the head of an old Dutch family, about 1865. There are two daughters both of whom are married. One is Mrs. Harris, wife of Mr. Sydney Harris the lawyer, and the other Mrs. Stevens, wife of Albert Stevens, of the Stevens' Institute, Hoboken. Mrs. Brady's elder sister married ex-Judge Charles P. Daly.

GEN. JOHN LAWLER died Feb. 24 at his home in Prairie du Chien, Iowa. General Lawler was born in Ireland sixty years ago, March 4. When he was four years old his parents removed to New York state, settling on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany. In 1855 he went to Prairie du Chien as agent for the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Company, and for a line of steamers then running on the Mississippi. He invented the pontoon bridge there and subsequently became a director of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Company. He was a familiar figure at the national capital, a gentleman of inspiring presence, and a fine conversationalist. He was, however, chiefly admired for his benevolent character, and some years ago received the distinguished honor of a decoration from his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. General Lawler is survived by his wife, whom he married in New York state, and several children.

THE special article on "The Stations of the Cross," in the Good Friday editions of the Boston Herald, deserves warm appreciation. It was a piece of timely journalistic work, in keeping with that great metropolitan daily.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. BOSTON, JUNE, 1891. No. 6.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The House of Savoy and the Pope.

THE recent flurry with the Italian government anent the New Orleans difficulty, has given new interest to a subject which has not attracted the general attention that we think it ought: we mean the unenviable notoriety which that government has obtained by its attitude not only towards the Papacy, but also towards its own people and the surrounding nations of Europe. Fortunately, we are aided in an appreciation of the subject at the present time by the publication, in the April number of the Contemporary, of a remarkable article on "The Savoy Dynasty, the Pope, and the Republic," by a Continental Statesman. There are various speculations as to who the writer may be, the weight of opinion seeming to incline to the belief that he is an Italian. Whoever he may be, he is evidently an able man, and one thoroughly familiar with his subject. What will probably add weight to his testimony, at least with Protestants, is the fact, that he is, without doubt, a non-Catholic.

Speaking of the power of the Papacy, this writer very justly remarks: "An adversary wielding this moral power is not to be destroyed by taking possession of his states, or even by a plebiscite giving legal and national sanction to such an act. If he is to be conquered, it will be by continually showing that the new government is better able than the Pontifical Power ever was to endow the people with civil benefits. Peace abroad and prosperity at home are, therefore, the two requirements which the Italian monarchy bound itself to satisfy on the day on which it brought all Italy under its sceptre with Rome for Capital." This was their boast. This was what they proposed to do. Their justification in invading the states of the Church, depriving the Holy Father of his legitimate rights, and establishing the anomaly of a dual sovereignty in Rome, was that the progress of the age required a change; the Papal government was behind the times — effete. Then, too, clerics should not be mixed up with civil matters; government belonged to the laity; it was their special function and duty to bestow upon the people the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

They, of course, recognized the sovereignty of the Pope in spirituals; they could not ignore that. Indeed, they were all excellent Papists, then, — in profession. They recognized fully and acknowledged openly the majesty and glory of the Papacy. So far from wishing to destroy or weaken its power or prestige they proposed to place it in a position, as Minghetti said, "so lofty that the idea of his being subject to the king could never occur to any one." Indeed, even Crispi, three years before taking office as Prime Minister, speaking of his idea of the grandeur of the Papacy and its influence on the world, said: "All the great memories of the two civilizations should be connected with Rome, which is not only the capital of Italy, but of the Catholic world."

Why did this astute statesman, whose reckless, tyrannical course has lately come to an inglorious end, change his language and his policy? At first it was not merely, at least not exclusively, a matter of personal ambition. The so-called unification of Italy was accomplished by the party of action — the revolutionists. Garibaldi, the leader, — the liberator of his country as he was called by his friends and admirers, — was a Republican, and the party of action would have been glad to establish a Republic with Rome as the capital; but this they could not do — they dared not undertake it. The attempt would have aroused the whole of Europe to arms. Garibaldi was obliged to yield to the necessities of the case to secure the success of his scheme of national independence, and a monarchy was established. Still, if there is any one fact established by succeeding history it is that the monarchy was a mere form, and the king a perfunctory official — a mere figure-head. The government has been in the hands of the Radicals, who have ruled the country with a rod of iron, at least since the accession to power of Signor Crispi.

The great stumbling-block in the way of the accomplishment of their purposes is the Papacy. At first, Crispi sought to conciliate the Church by surrounding himself with Monsignori having the ear of the Pope. The Contemporary writer says truly: "The sense of the unconquerable power of the Papacy has ever been as a nightmare to the Unitarian Italians, from Victor Emanuel, who did not dare to enter Rome until forced there by the threat of a revolution, and General Cadorna, who took Rome, but did not venture to cross the bridge of San Angelo until invited in the Pope's name to do so, to the many public men who have had occasion to deal with this burning subject in the Italian Parliament."

Convinced, at last, of the impossibility of reconciliation with the Pope, that he would never yield his claim to temporal independence, Crispi threw himself completely into the hands of the European Freemasons, who are infidels and atheists, and determined thenceforth to wage a war of extermination, if possible, against the Church. In his blind rage he refused to learn wisdom from the past, refused to believe what so many striking instances served to prove that "they who eat Pope will die of Pope." He became intensely ambitious. Not content with a position of neutrality, which was manifestly the true

policy of a third-rate power, they must needs join the triple alliance with Germany and Austria, and thus saddle themselves with the tremendous burden and responsibility of keeping up an expensive armament which the country is entirely inadequate to sustain. At the same time they cut themselves off from their natural ally, France, whose trade was the most important source of income to the nation. This was a fatal mistake. The Contemporary writer, speaking of the alliances in which the House of Savoy is engaged, remarks: "This policy is based upon gigantic armaments, and has emptied the treasury, and been a general cause of financial disorder. Having disturbed deeply the commercial relations between France and Italy, it has crippled agriculture and commerce, and caused a state of general distress in town and country." And he gives statistics to show the sad condition into which this lay administration has brought them in contrast with the neutral policy which had previously prevailed. He shows that "the treasury is actually burdened with an outlay of over one hundred million dollars more than when Italy did not swerve from her neutral policy, and thus the policy of alliances has augmented the charge on the tax-payers by forty per cent." He also shows that the alienation from France resulted not only in a great falling off of business, to the immense detriment of Italy, but it operated to destroy the credit of Italy in the French money market upon which it had previously depended for loans in times of emergency. Where they shall raise the money necessary to carry on the government under the present scale of expenditure is the difficult problem with which they are now confronted.

Indeed, it would really seem that if Crispi and his gang had deliberately planned, beforehand, to ruin the nation which they professed to exalt, they could not possibly have adopted a more ingenious and effective plan. We need not dwell here upon the disastrous results of this wild and reckless policy. The writer whom we are quoting, speaking of this subject, remarks: "What can be more heart-rending than the sight, for instance, in the capital, of whole districts covered with half-finished houses, which were to have been splendid habitations, but are now beginning to look like ruins? Never, perhaps, was costly architecture so quickly or so strikingly reduced to a state of ruin as in the splendid neighborhoods of the Villa Ludovisi, the Porto Salaria, Porto Pia, and the Prati di Castello, each of which is a town of grandiose mansions, doorless, windowless, and roofless. While both the upper and the laboring classes are plunged into deep distress, the state, not less embarrassed, is obliged to tighten the financial screw, hit on new expedients, and levy disguised taxes, for it does not dare openly to propose fresh ones. Is this, I ask, a situation that warrants, in the slightest, the risk of the calamities of war without justly exposing the government responsible for it to a concert of maledictions?"

The concert of maledictions has already been raised, and the proud, imperious Premier, who is principally responsible for the burden under which the nation is groaning, has been hurled from power, with

no prospect of his ever being restored. He has run his inglorious career. His administration which was destined, so they said, to give peace, liberty, happiness, and content to the people, and to be an immense improvement in every way upon the clerical government under the Pope, is stained with scandals of the most damning nature. Millions of the hard-earned money wrung from the oppressed sons of toil as well as the millions ruthlessly confiscated from the church were diverted from their legitimate channels, and squandered upon political favorites, many of whom became enormously rich, while the majority of their countrymen were suffering for the necessaries of life, and many even at the starving point.

The Contemporary writer is convinced that the inevitable tendency in Italy now is to the overthrow of the Monarchy, and the establishment of a Republic on its ruins. "The present policy of Italy," he says, "whether with armed peace or war, must inevitably engender revolutions which can have no issue but in a Republic. This solution would be the only complete one, because it would settle both the religious and the political questions."

The London Tablet, commenting on the Contemporary article, says: "The article has already excited much curiosity and interest. It shows that the Roman question, far from being dead, is palpitating with life and possibilities. Many who know Italy well believe that the House of Savoy will disappear, and that Italy will eventually resolve itself into a Republic of federated states, perhaps, after the model of the American Republic. Even this change will be for the Church an improvement of her condition under the House of Savoy." To which sentiment we heartily say Amen! So mote it be! H. L. R.

The Late "William T. Sherman, General."

He had "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," to his death.

The obsequies of the illustrious soldier, whose name heads this paper, made a profound and indescribable impression upon the family of which he was the head, and the family into which he was taken, when an orphan, sixty-three years ago; no such manifestation of popular feeling has ever been witnessed in New York, as upon the day when his remains were borne away from the vicinity of Central Park to the busy wharf, on the North River, for translation to Jersey City. Every one liked Gen. Sherman. He was modest and an honest man, a loving husband, a beloved father, and a peerless patriot.

Willie Sherman at the age of eight years was left an orphan with nine others, brothers and sisters. He was adopted into the family of the late Hon. Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury in 1841, and the first Secretary of the Interior in 1849. Thomas Ewing was the son of George Ewing who was a native of Greenwich, Cumberland County, New Jersey. He was a lieutenant in the "Jersey Line," and was present at the battles of Germantown and Brandywine, and spent the winter of 1777 at the memorable camp of Valley Forge. While in

the army he sold on credit, the property which had descended to him, and, when his bonds became due, was paid in Continental money, then a legal tender, though rapidly depreciating, and which soon after became valueless. With about half a bushel of this stuff, which the Legislatures of New Jersey and New York, controlled by *Tory influence*, refused to acknowledge, whilst the young Federal government was as "poor as Job's turkey," and couldn't redeem a dollar, the young lieutenant removed to the west side of the Alleghanies, in 1786, and settled on a small farm near West Liberty, Ohio County, Virginia, where the future first Secretary of the Interior, was born on the 28th day of December, 1789.

The Ewings came from Antrim, Ireland, to America about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the selfishness of English ministers broke up the woollen trade of Ulster, which caused so many of her sturdy sons and industrious daughters to cross the Atlantic in search of bread and work, and who, from Lexington to Yorktown, in the persons of their brave descendants, struck many a telling blow for liberty and independence. There are many of the name in Ireland. There is a Samuel in Sandymount and another in Edendale, also a Thomas in the General Post-Office, Dublin. The first edition of the Letters of Junius issued in Ireland bore the following: "Printed by Thomas Ewing, Dublin, 1783."

Before the Ewings, however, had settled upon the banks of the Muskingum Neil Gillespie had ploughed Ohio acres and married Mary Doherty, from Donegal, a plain scion of the old family of the fortress of Aileach, in the Peninsula of Inishowen. Of one of her ancestors it was said, by Eva —

> "Right fiercely he swoops on their plundering hordes,
> Right proudly he dares them, the proud English lords;
> And darkly you'll trace him by many a trail
> From the hills of the North to the heart of the 'Pale.'"

Mary Doherty married Neil Gillespie, as a Catholic, and by a Catholic priest, and from this modest scion of the county, which has been felicitously called "the cradle of saints and learned men," the Ewings, Gillespies, and Shermans are indebted for the faith, the faith of the Catholic, and nothing more.

How dear her memory is one need only look upon the parlor wall of the Sherman residence in New York, and behold a simple and solitary ivy leaf from the green tapestry of nature, whose folds mantle the ruins of the feudal castle of the O'Doherty's near

> —"the screeching tempest's home;
> The gulph indented land baptized in ocean foam,
> Down lightning-riven rocks the cloud swept waterfall
> Leaping shouts, Hurrah! Hurrah! for Donegal!"

Neil Gillespie, junior, married a Miss Purcell, of Brownsville, Pa. Their daughter married Ephraim Blaine, and James Gillespie Blaine, Secretary of State, is their son.

Young Gillespie's aunt, Neil senior's sister, Maria Gillespie, married Hugh Boyle of Lancaster, Ohio, and Thomas Ewing married their daughter, Maria W. Boyle, on the 7th day of January, 1820, and

on the 1st day of June, 1850, Lieut. William T. Sherman was married to their daughter Ellen, in presence of President Taylor, the members of his cabinet, and the cream of Catholic society at Washington.

All these marriages were performed by Catholic priests: Neil Gillespie to Mary Doherty, his son to Miss Purcell, her daughter to Ephraim Blaine, Hugh Boyle to the former Neil (senior's) sister: the latter's daughter to Thomas Ewing.

It was into the bosom of this pious family that young Sherman was adopted in the year 1828, when eight years old. He was with the family only a short time when *he was baptized by the Rev. Dominie Young, a Catholic priest, in the parlor of the Ewing* mansion in presence of all the family. This took place in 1829 or 1830. It was, however, a considerable time before he went to West Point which took place in 1836. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing had only three children when they adopted Willie Sherman. The other children were born afterwards, six in all. The piety and strict discipline of Mrs. Ewing enabled her to bring her sons and daughters up to the best models in the land. Of course, young Sherman attended church, learned his catechism, went to Confession, Holy Communion, and *was confirmed by the late Bishop Fenwick.*

He went to West Point in 1836, and, seemingly, was negligent of his religious duties, his training, which was not so. Gen. Sherman hated "frauds;" ostentatious people, and, especially, a religious crank or a pious fool. Religion he looked upon with awe, respect, and often gave proof that he was a truly religious man, as evidenced when in command of the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and when in command of the Brigade at Bull Run to which the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. M., was attached. It is well known that Col. Sherman, at the time in his forty-first year, was often seen kneeling among the members of that regiment whilst the late Rev. Thomas Mooney, of New York City, said Mass, who was the first Catholic Chaplain to leave his parish for the war.

It was in the father of his wife he, — Gen. Sherman, — found a father when fatherless, and nobly and grandly, during a long and honorable life, manifested his sense of gratitude towards the man who was to him, as he was to his own children, "the best, tenderest, and truest of earthly fathers."

The priest who baptized Willie Sherman in the Ewing homestead was the same who celebrated the nuptials of Mr. Thomas Ewing and Maria W. Boyle. On the occasion of Mr. Ewing's death, in October, 1871, Archbishop Purcell said from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church, Lancaster, Ohio, and from which he, Mr. Ewing, was buried: "There was a beautiful manifestation of Providence in the presence of Father Young, the nephew of Bishop Fenwick, afterwards the first bishop of Cincinnati, manifestly sent by Almighty God to reach out his hand to his dying friend, and help him in his last step into the Church and to soothe his dying hours."

Gen. Sherman in the autumn and winter of 1861 suffered muc from the muddled brains of dunces, the distempered tongues of blockheads, and the pens of callow writers, who knew as much about the

South as they did of Siberia, and who believed that all the North had to do was to buy apples in Jersey and Michigan, roast them, and send them down to the northern troops in Virginia, who would throw them at "the Black Horse Cavalry," disperse them, and capture Richmond during a shower of the singed fruit. He was called crazy when he gave it as his opinion, that it would require three hundred thousand men to hold Kentucky and Tennessee in the Union. He was lampooned, distrusted, caricatured, and looked upon with suspicion. The cry of "madman" was echoed and re-echoed by all the military tyros and the "I told you so's." His wife became alarmed and rushed down to Louisville to find her "mad" husband as sane as ever, but certainly not highly pleased with the newspaper craze.

Ball's Bluff made people change their mind. As the bleeding body of the gallant Col. E. D. Baker was borne through Washington, on a fine October day, 1861, men of moderate views, entirely free from braggadocia, fuss, or fury, saw proof that cooked apples would not take Richmond, and that the so-called "madman," Col. Sherman, had, like Hamlet, "method in his madness;" indeed, he knew a "hawk from a handsaw;" but he suffered keenly, sorely.

April 6th, 1862, he commanded a division in the Union Army, at Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh, and was on the extreme right. He held his ground better than any other general officer of the day; while the left and centre were captured and smashed, he, when heavily pressed, slowly retired; but when the sun set on that memorable day, the unanimous exclamation was: "Sherman is the ablest General in the field," — and so he was; we were there. Wounded slightly, but painfully, in the hand, he gave a glorious example of coolness, judgment, and gallantry, and from the red acres of that bloody field, the fame of William T. Sherman climbed to the stars, — *ad astra*.

His subsequent movements are well known: scaling Lookout Mountain, capture of Mission Ridge, and fighting journey, through the Switzerland of North America, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the gate to the Empire state of the South.

We don't propose to refer to all his battles, sieges, etc., we leave them to the intelligent readers of this MAGAZINE with one exception: The March to the Sea, which we beg to write of because we are the author of the line, "The March to the Sea," and wrote the first article on that wonderful, hazardous, but sublimely glorious achievement. Notwithstanding Sherman's masterly handling of his division at Shiloh, the burning praise of his men, and the warm approbation of "The General Commanding," there was a hidden jealousy of the man by certain small minds, which he never could let belief take hold of him were envious of his hard-earned laurels; but it is a fact that he was envied, and the envious were very near destroying all his plans for his March to the Sea. Envy never dies, but the envious do, as Molière says, "Les envieux mourront, mais non jamais l'envie."

When he saw salt-water the small creatures set up the claim for another as the author of the campaign. Mr. Lincoln, however, when the gallant General had arrived at Savannah under date of Dec. 22, 1864, wrote to him: "When you were about leaving Atlanta for the

Atlantic coast I was anxious, if not fearful, but feeling that you were the better judge, and remembering 'nothing risked, nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now the undertaking *being* a success, *the honor is all yours*, for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce." (Sherman's Memoirs, page 166, Vol. II.) This genuine and generous acknowledgment from a modest and magnanimous man was treasured by its recipient for eleven years before it was published. Soon as it saw the light the small minds became dumb, confused, and — peculiar. On the other hand, had he failed, the whole pack of foul fellows would have been let loose at his throat, and the cry of "Madman," "Wild undertaking," "Rash expedition," etc., etc., would have rung upon the old anvil of envy until the very ears and eyes of the people would have been confounded, amazed indeed.

Sherman's march recalls many marches; his, however, is the grandest in history. Xenophon and his handful of soldiers exclaiming, "Thalatta! Thalatta!" when they saw the sea; Hannibal leading his dusky cohorts over the Alps; Cortes climbing the hills of Mexico; Suwarow dragging his cannon on sleds over the Balkans; the Swedish Madman, Charles XII., fighting and retreating from the north shores of the Baltic to the southern waves of the Black Sea; Napoleon descending into Italy; Wellington cutting away from the banks of the Duoro; and as he beheld his immense army move along the Duoro toward the frontier of Spain, became greatly elated and rising in his stirrups, and waving his hand, exclaimed, "Farewell, Portugal," were inferior to Sherman's great and triumphant march from Atlanta to Fort Macallister, Savannah.

When Wellington left his base of supplies at Oporto and started for the ports in North-eastern Spain, he had a line of war-ships extending all round the North Spanish coast, and he was operating in a friendly country with intelligent and dashing native *partidas* on his flanks and a spy system, the most perfect in the world, every inhabitant was a friend — Sherman, on the contrary, had to carefully protect his flanks. He was in a country where all the inhabitants were hostile to him; when he left Atlanta everything looked unfavorable. Wellington had only ninety miles to go to communicate with the British fleet; Sherman had two hundred and ninety to travel before he could smell salt-water or hear the cannon of a Union gunboat. The former had an army of one hundred thousand men, the latter's was sixty-two thousand two hundred and four. It took Wellington six weeks to march from the Duoro to the Pyrenees. Sherman was only twenty-eight days from Atlanta to Ossabaw Sound, Savannah.

The British army had no such artillery and heavy ammunition to carry as Sherman. When the British fleet entered Santander it opened communication with the army *via* Reynosa. When completed, the military establishments were transferred by sea to the coast of Biscay.

Sherman's base we will suppose to be at Chattanooga, properly it was north of the Ohio. From there to Atlanta is one hundred and seventy-eight miles making a sum total of four hundred and seventy miles.

The former's army was the flower of the British forces and veterans thrice the age of the latter's. Both armies had one thing in common, and each felt it as the light cavalry of the "Iron Duke" chased the rear-guard of the retreating enemy up the spurs of the Pyrenees; and as the advance guard of the great western Army beheld the last fort, between land and sea, of the Confederacy upon Ossabaw Sound, that one thing was "*the soul of armies, the mind of a great commander.*"

Gen. Sherman in the field and at the head of his table in Washington was, indeed, a contrast. He was a capital carver, a genial host, and a first-class *raconteur*. One Sunday I went to St. Aloysius Church with the late Mrs. Sherman and two of her children. On our return to the residence in I street we dined. After dinner we retired to the sitting-room to have a smoke. There was some six or eight in the party. The General kept up his story-telling and the whole party loudly laughing. Suddenly he pulled out his watch and addressed one of his daughters who had just entered the room — "Well, time is near for Vespers." — "Oh, yes, pa, we're going now."

Gen. Sherman, "Well, hurry and get in first." He never said a word until he heard the departure of the children for Vespers and then he resumed his merry mood.

The glory of a father and mother is in their children. This the late General well knew. No father ever loved his little ones more tenderly. He was never happy in the army or out of it without one of his children. Soon as Memphis fell in the early summer of 1862 he was joined by Mrs. Sherman and their eldest son, Willie, who contracted fever and died there. During his evening visits at Washington, whilst he resided there, he was invariably accompanied by one of his daughters, Miss Minnie, now Mrs. Fitch, Miss Lizzie, Miss Ella, now Mrs. Thackara, and, to the last, his dear and youngest daughter, Miss Rachel.

He, from his tender years, saw the soft, sweet discipline of the father and mother who adopted him, and as he grew from boy to man their good example was not forgotten, nor the purity and piety of that Catholic home; so in after years, when the little girl, whom he remembered from her birth, became his wife, and their sons and daughters increased in years, faith, strength, wisdom, and purity, and his fame had gone to the ends of the earth, the father, not the soldier, remembered the teachings of his youth, how he was trained and led forward and upward by Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, both of whom, as do all their kindred, and not the least the sons and daughters of the illustrious soldier, acknowledge, that after God, they are indebted for the faith, the Catholic faith, to the Irish maiden, Mary Doherty of Donegal.

New York, April 22, 1891. R. F. FARRELL.

IN heaven the soul gives itself wholly to God and God gives Himself wholly to the soul, in so far as it is capable of receiving Him, and according to the extent of its merits. — *St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

The Educational Problem.

Our subject is education. It is agreed that there can be no question of more vital importance to the American people than this: How are the children who, in a few years, are to be entrusted with the responsibilities of citizenship and the destinies of the nation to be educated? Every one, in a measure, realizes that the growth, development, and prosperity of the state depend on the intelligence of the people. Happily for the Republic of the United States, with its citizens principles on this subject have passed into proverbs. We are all alive to the necessity and force of popular education. Not one of us who does not believe that knowledge is power. There are many, however, who fail to understand that the power may be for good or evil. And hence arises much of the confusion of thought and of the conflict of opinion that prevails among us.

If we aimed only at the material greatness and happiness of the nation, the extension of trade and commerce, the adding to the country's wealth, the enlargement of its territory, the facility and comfort of travel, and various other benefits that might be mentioned, then we could consistently be satisfied with a purely secular system of education. But if our purpose is, as assuredly it must be, to preserve our form of government, to keep the moral bonds of society strong and secure, to maintain peace and good-will among all classes, to create and develop a sense of duty and justice in the individual so that honest and harmonious relations may exist between man and man, then surely we need something more than mere intelligence. We want virtue in the people. Without it there is no hope for the safety and perpetuity of our institutions. The history of the nations enforces this truth. The fall of the Roman Empire was due to its moral ruin. Yet all will admit that Rome and the other civilizations of antiquity were richer and more learned in the time of their decay than during the period of their infancy and growth; but the moral correlative being wanting, they tottered to their fall.

And is it not significant when our enterprising press invites thoughtful and patriotic men to discuss the dangers that threaten American civilization? when such questions as the following are proposed:

First, — Will our present Republican form of government last one hundred years longer?

Second, — And if not, why not?

Third, — What is its greatest peril?

The answers collected from men holding very different views on other subjects are substantially the same. All are agreed that there's danger ahead. One or two express the opinion that our present Republican form of government cannot last one hundred years longer. It is well to note that it is the true and best friends of our common country, not her enemies, who are asking and answering these questions. It is agreed that the greatest peril arises from a decadence of virtue among the people. The Protestant Bishop Potter does not differ from Cardi-

nal Gibbons in saying that the impending danger lies in the "departure from those Christian principles upon which our very laws and institutions are based. As long as these Christian principles are maintained, our institutions will, under God, survive and flourish. Our laws, which are only expressions of eternal law, will command our respect, and, therefore, our loyal obedience. On the other hand, every departure from these Christian principles upon which our social fabric rests tends to the loosening of the foundation-stones of the Republic."

Let us view the situation in a slightly different light. Is it not clearly evident to all that false standards of morality are set up for the guidance of the people; that dangerous principles at variance not alone with conscience, but reason, are enunciated and daily acted upon by men prominent in business and political life? It is not necessary to multiply instances. Take the case of a foremost public man who, quite recently, stated boldly and without rebuke from his hearers that, to his mind, "the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign," or the case of one of the great plutocrats of the land, who gave forcible expression to his belief that the public had no rights which he was bound to respect.

The idea is essentially pagan, that in any sphere of thought or action a man can escape from his conscience; that for any purpose or under any circumstances he can cease to know right from wrong, and to be bound by his knowledge. There is no moral teacher, heathen or Christian, of any age or school, who questions that the happiness of a Republic depends on the virtue — I use the word in its widest sense — of its citizens. No American can be at once a good man and a bad citizen.

Regarding only, for the present, the preservation of our liberties and the perpetuity of our institutions we see from what has been said that virtue as well as intelligence is an essential condition. How is this virtue to be attained? That is the problem which to-day confronts the American people. In comparison with it all other issues shrink into insignificance. If we clear our minds of misconceptions and prejudices, getting a firm grasp of first principles, and following the lines of reason and justice, there is every hope of a safe and practical solution.

In the first place, let us try and understand the situation. There are many popular errors on the subject of education. The idea is quite prevalent that intelligence is the foe of vice and crime; that when the future citizen is made intellectually smart, he is, at the same time, made morally good. All that is needed to insure a decrease of mental or moral delinquency is to remove illiteracy. How utterly false this notion is our daily experience and statistics prove. The Socialists, Anarchists, and Nihilists of to-day are by no means illiterate; the corrupt official, the absconding cashier, the "boodle" alderman, the scheming politician, and the merciless monopolist — all have had the benefits of a more or less extended secular education; the men and women who burst the bonds of domestic peace and happiness, and those who crowd our divorce courts seeking relief from a galling yoke, are they not reckoned among the intelligent classes chiefly?

If we turn to the records of our mentally and morally deranged, as exhibited in our statistics of insanity and crime and vice, it is the same disheartening truth is told. The number of our criminals and insane increases while illiteracy decreases. The Tenth Census shows that for the decade ending with 1880, population having increased thirty per cent. and illiteracy only ten per cent. (a relative decrease), the number of criminals during the same period presents the alarming increase of eighty-two per cent., while of insane persons the ratio of increase is out of all proportion to that of population. When confronted with such alarming facts, is it to be wondered at that thoughtful and patriotic men are beginning to fear for the welfare of the country and the stability of its institutions? What shall the ending be, if with greater educational facilities there is to be increased crime, and every enlargement in the seating capacity of our schools means a larger demand for insane accommodations, and additional felons' cells? If the instruction of our common schools subdues the tendency to crime, why is it that the ratio of prisoners, being one in 3,442 inhabitants in 1850, rose to one in every 1,647 in 1860, one in 1,021 in 1870, and one in 837 in 1880? Some persons regard the large and constant influx of foreign immigrants as a partial explanation of this startling growth of crime; but the facts deny the hope, for the great increase is to be found among the native-born. The Tenth Census Report says that, while in 1850 the ratio of foreign criminals to population was five times that of the native-born, in 1880 the ratio of foreign criminals is but little in excess of that for native whites. Father Young, of the Paulist Congregation, New York, in a late number of the Independent, refuting the alleged statistics of Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins, establishes beyond all doubt the same unwelcome facts. Taking Massachusetts, where up to the last few years the public-school system was "the supreme and only system," he proves that something more than education, purely secular, is needed to account for the large relative excess of native-born paupers and criminals over those of the foreign-born.

At a session of the National Prison Congress, held in Boston during 1888, Mr. Brooker, chairman of the Board of Directors of the South Carolina Penitentiary, declared that "it is a fearful fact that a large proportion of our prison population is of the educated class."

No thoughtful American can view these facts and statements without alarm. They prove conclusively that secular education, however perfect or extended it may be, does not diminish vice, pauperism, and crime; and since these are everywhere justly regarded as the worst and most deadly foes of the state, a system of education, that, judged by results, shows a tendency to increase rather than diminish such must be set down as not alone imperfect, but radically defective. It fails in its results. It does not furnish the Republic with the expected quota of self-supporting, law-abiding, virtuous citizens. Perhaps, there is no country in the world where the purely intellectual side of education has been so wonderfully developed within the present generation as in our own. The moral side has been sadly neglected. And yet this is more important, because it is of more vital interest to

the state and society. Here in our Republic, where each individual voter helps to shape the destinies of the nation, makes and unmakes parties and policies, character is everything. If, then, our state is to exist, our citizenship must be not only intelligent but as virtuous as it is possible to make it. The very life and welfare of our institutions depend on this.

It is because we have lost sight of this essential idea, or have not given it its proper place in our educational system, that results which all deplore, — the startling increase of vice, pauperism, and crime, — are brought about.

Let us illustrate the situation by an example. Suppose a verified report was made to the Board of Directors of any of our great railroad lines by the chief constructing engineer that bridges of accepted form were showing visible signs of weakness, the report would be listened to with the greatest consternation and dismay. The Board of Directors would, doubtless, institute the closest inquiry and most searching examinations; it would, undoubtedly, stop the construction of such bridges until the cause of failure had been determined and the remedy ascertained; and failing in this the construction of such bridges would be permanently abandoned and more perfect structures substituted. Now, our theory of State Education, as at present constructed, is evidently faulty and imperfect; facts, which no sensible person can impugn, prove it to be so. And of what utility are facts and experiences unless their lessons are heeded and their meaning properly interpreted? The facts disclosed by our social statistics make it appear that, in the education of our youth, we have gone too far in our aim for material advancement and development of wealth, and that we are rapidly losing in the direction of moral growth and culture; that we are face to face with a condition of society which reveals illiteracy decreasing and crime increasing, a marvellous addition to the nation's wealth with more wide-spread destitution.

The problem is: How are we to remedy this state of things? How are we to adjust the moral balance of education so that in civic virtue and strength of character we may keep pace with our material, social, and political progress?

In the first place, since education rightly understood means the training of the whole man and of all the faculties, of the conscience and of the affections, as well as of the intellect, we must make due and necessary provision for the moral instruction of the future citizen. And since it cannot be questioned that morals rest on a religious basis, provision should be made for the moral and religious training of children in our common schools. Over the door-way of every school in the land should be written, and on the tender hearts of our youth should be impressed the sublime words of the poet: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy God's, thy country's, and truth's."

All nations have confessedly founded their states upon their religions. This is true of Egypt, Greece, and Rome in the past; it is equally true of England, Germany, France, China, and Japan of the present. The examples of a few short-lived states of history are alike exceptional and appalling. Why should this Republic follow the

dangerous precedents of those isolated states that were established on an avowedly atheistic basis?

This is a Christian country, in the sense that Christianity is "an original and essential element of the law of the land." To maintain and practically act on the truth of this proposition does not tend, in the least, to weaken or invalidate the cherished American principle of the entire separation of church and state. The Christianity affirmed to be an essential element of the law of the land is not the Christianity of any one class of the population, but the Christianity which is inherited and held in common by all classes of our Christian people.

This principle is expressed in many decisions of our courts. In a decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the year 1824, it is declared that:

"Christianity, general Christianity, is and always has been, a part of the common law of Pennsylvania; not Christianity founded on particular tenets; not Christianity with an established church and tithes and spiritual courts; but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men." Chief-Justice Kent, in a decision of the Supreme Court of New York, in 1811, laid down the same doctrine.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his admirable book, Our Christian Heritage, traces the influence and predominance of the religious element in our American civilization. The discoverers of the continent, the first settlers, the founders of the Republic, the men who framed the Constitution, the illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence, all our presidents, from Washington to Harrison, were Christian believers. At the era of the Revolution all the colonies adopted Christian constitutions in assuming their new character as sovereign states. The daily proceedings of congress and of state legislatures are opened with prayer by a Christian minister. Our laws are largely founded on the principles of Christian ethics; and so "intimately interwoven are they with the Christian religion that they cannot be adequately expounded without the light of Revelation." The vast majority of the population are professing Christians.

Why, then, have we banished from the common schools of the land our Christian heritage? Why deprive the youth of the country of that Christian education to which, by every title that is just and sacred, it has the strongest claims? Why run counter to all history and experience in striving to preserve and perpetuate our institutions which are established on Christian principles whilst we ignore all positive moral and religious instruction in the schools? Is it possible, a student of our institutions might ask with astonishment, that the school-room is the only place into which our common Christianity cannot enter? Why, on the grounds of making the public schools unsectarian, introduce the worst and most objectionable form of sectarianism, — the sectarianism of infidelity?

The general reply to these questions is: "The state has no right to teach religion; therefore, religion should not be taught in our public schools." That is false reasoning. The state, of course, has no right to teach any particular form of religion to the exclusion of others. No one asks that. That would be essentially a union of Church and

state, and it would involve injustice to all who differed from the system of religion taught by the state. What is asked of the state is that its citizens shall have the right of teaching their own religion to their own children.

Others say: "It has been settled by the American people that religion is to be left entirely to the home, the Sunday-school, and the Church." The answer is, there is no settlement of this or of any question until it is settled *right*. Catholics and Protestants agree that these agencies are not adequate enough to teach religion; the latter as well as the former found and establish denominational schools. It is a fact not widely known that in Wisconsin, where an objectionable school-law was the prominent issue in the late state election, a single Protestant denomination, the Lutheran body, has two hundred and eighty-seven parochial schools to the Catholics' one hundred and ninety-three. Evangelicals of all denominations hold that their children should receive a religious education and training. To that end they are urged in conferences, synods, and general assemblies "to do their full duty to their children by gathering them into schools and colleges thoroughly Christian;" they are reminded by their leaders that "morality cannot be inculcated in the most effective manner without religious enforcements." It is true non-Catholics are not as logical and consistent as one would wish. They make provision for the children of the wealthier members only, whilst the education of the children of their poorer co-religionists is sadly neglected.

From what has been written it is quite evident that there is satisfactory unanimity of sentiment on the fundamental principle, namely, the necessity of the moral and religious element in popular education. All accept the practical wisdom of the statement of Guizot, a Protestant writer, who said: "In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise, to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law, which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life."

And in our own country thoughtful men are fast coming to the same conclusion. President Eliot, of Harvard, recently wrote: "I am persuaded that it is a grave error to 'secularize' the public schools; first, because education would be thereby degraded and sterilized; secondly, because the attempt is too unnatural to succeed; and thirdly, because this policy never can make the public school the school of the whole population."

But some one will say: "If the public schools are secularized, who is to blame? Are they not 'degraded and sterilized,' because no feasible and satisfactory alternative, just and acceptable to all concerned, has been brought forward? Let," it may be urged, "the different Christian bodies of the country come together and agree on some working plan that is fair and reasonable; then the solution of the school

problem will be soon reached." Prejudice and politics have too deeply impressed themselves on this subject for us to look for any immediate relief in any other way.

Happily, there are not wanting indications of a very marked change for the better in the tone and temper of public sentiment on the school question. The urgency for reform comes from many quarters. Non-Catholics are beginning to see, what American Catholics have always fully understood, the important truth that Washington laid down in his Farewell Address to his countrymen: "Reason and experience," he wrote, "both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." Hence, do we find a growing popular desire, on the part of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens to hear and read the views of representative Catholics on this subject. It augurs well for a satisfactory adjustment of the problem, when the most eminent Catholic Ecclesiastics are cordially invited to the National assemblies of public-school teachers to discuss the question. This was done two years ago at the Nashville Convention; and during the past year at the convention held in St. Paul, where Archbishop Ireland indicated a possible way out.

What "the way out" will eventually be it would be hazardous to conjecture. That there is such a way is clear to all minds that are free from prejudice, that have a thorough grasp of fundamental principles, that have given sufficient thought to the whole school question, and that are, above and beyond all other considerations, ready to do full justice to the entire population without infringing the rights of any class.

The Rev. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins, in the February number of The Catholic World, shows how it is possible to have "American Christian State Schools" by citing several instances where a local *modus vivendi* has been established. The writer would add to the cases stated in The World the following, which has just been brought to the notice of the public: A Presbyterian clergyman and a Catholic priest have published a catechism of the Christian religion. It was written expressly for use in one of the Reform Schools of Pennsylvania. It has been adopted by the Board of Management as the text-book for the school, and gives entire satisfaction. "Why," it has been asked, "teach this admirable catechism only at Morganza? Why not teach it still more out of Morganza, that there may be fewer in Morganza to need its teachings?"

That reflection sums up the whole wisdom, or, perhaps, I should say, lack of wisdom in our school system. God grant that the American people will see, before it is too late, the dangers that threaten our civilization and Republican form of government from our false system of education. As the scales fall from men's eyes they recognize what a noble and truly patriotic work the Catholic Church has done in keeping before the mind of the nation the true idea of education. Many will give thanks to God that He has preserved, to quote the words of the late Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, "the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation, and from which they have been so madly perverted."

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Revisiting Ireland.

VI. GALWAY, April, 1891.

GIVING STRENGTH TO THE ENEMY.

IT was an old doctrine of O'Connell's, "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." If one were to judge by the jubilations of the enemies of Home Rule in Ireland, there must be crime here, political crime at least, and abundance of it. The country is torn into sections, and bitter animosities prevail everywhere. Only four months ago, and Ireland presented such a solid front of unity to the world that her claims were recognized on every hand, and the realization of her dearest wishes seemed all but secured. Alas, what a change in that short time! It is the dreariest, blackest picture that ever rose up to cloud the promise of the fairest dawn. But, black as the prospect is to-day, the darkness must pass away, and quickly, too, for the Watchmen of Israel, the illustrious Hierarchy of Ireland, are vigilant on the ramparts, and if the people but prove faithful to their old traditions, the political regeneration of their country will not be delayed an hour. But will they so prove themselves? A few months will tell.

Many of the readers of this MAGAZINE will remember the name of Sir Henry James, a bitter and virulent enemy of Ireland. In a recent address before a Unionist association, he gloated over the events of the past four months, as indeed momentous; but they had been triumphant events to the Liberal Unionists. He asked his Gladstonian friends whether there was one amongst them who now wished that the Home Rule Bill of 1886 had been passed into law. Did they now regret that they had not handed over the supremacy of Irish legislation into the hands of the Irish Party, with Mr. Parnell as their first Prime Minister? Sir Henry James denounced the Hierarchy and priesthood of Ireland most bitterly for their guidance of the people. Lord Hartington and others of the same intolerant stamp follow the lead of Sir Henry James.

THE GREAT DISTRESS.

Go where you will throughout the greater part of the country, distress and the appearance of pinched hunger stare you in the face. With very few exceptions, since I landed in Ireland last November, the same state of things is visible. Secretary Balfour has about a quarter million of dollars raised by subscription for the relief of the hunger-stricken people, and the only particular evidence of how he has applied the fund, or how he intends to apply it, is by writing to the managers of schools to learn if they are willing to co-operate with him in the distribution of the funds by procuring a penny breakfast for the poorest of the children under fourteen years of age in attendance at the schools. A majority of the school managers are priests, and it would thus appear that the request of the charitably disposed Secretary was simply intended as an insult. Most Rev. Dr. Conway, bishop of

Killala, presided over a conference of his clergy recently, at Ballina, and this question of the new order of soup kitchens came up for discussion. The clergy were unanimous in repudiating the action of Balfour. They declined to give their approval to the proposed scheme in the schools under their control, being of opinion that relief so administered would have a demoralizing effect outweighing any temporary benefit.

It seems to be impossible for this man Balfour to do a straight thing for the suffering poor, if he can help it. He desires to pose as a friend of the poor people for the sole purpose of upholding the Salisbury government. He orders relief works in places where there are five thousand unemployed starving men while the contemplated works could give employment only to one hundred! This at Achonry. The clergy of the deanery of Erris attended a meeting at Bellmullet workhouse at the request of a resident magistrate who had been commissioned by Mr. Balfour to distribute a portion of the public's money placed at his disposal for relief of the poor. Finding that they were required only to supervise the magistrate's lists, they very properly retired from the meeting as they would have no power given them for the proper distribution of the funds. They were simply required to be onlookers and they refused. This is the way the Chief Secretary for Ireland acts in the face of the terrible distress now borne by a large section of the people. And while this sickening farce is being enacted

THE COUNTRY IS TORN BY STRIFE.

The first great rent in the Nationalist ranks, as exemplified by the people in public meeting assembled, has taken place, and it cannot be doubted that the scenes of bloodshed that have been witnessed at Carrick-on-Shannon will be repeated even on a larger scale in the near future. Ireland is now divided into two hostile camps. When this occurred heretofore one of the camps was usually that of the common enemy; now it is two factions of the common people, Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. Neutrality here in Ireland is almost an impossibility. The bishops and priests, and all who follow them, are on the one side; Parnell and those who follow him are on the other side. A few, a very few, heartsore at sight of the fratricidal strife, stand aside, and refuse to take part with either faction. But as I have already intimated there is very little of this neutrality. Whatever there was of it was during the continuance of the Boulogne conferences; and now that these have ended without result the hopeful waiters have taken their sides. "So will it continue," said an eminent ecclesiastic to me a few days ago, "until the general election, when a repetition of North Kilkenny, multiplied eighty-six times, will settle the business once for all; or, it may be that the number of contested seats will be only those held at present by the followers of Mr. Parnell." Here is an outlook for the next year! or, until whatever time the next general election takes place. Every day adds to Salisbury's strength and the Unionists and conservatives, men and women of them are making the most of their opportunity. They have it.

It will be Salisbury's plan now to defer the general election as long as possible, even until the expiration of the regular time, so as to permit of a continuance of the Irish strife.

"And now that it has come (the fight), we shall fight it out to the end," said Mr. Parnell at Maynooth railway station, *en route* to Roscommon.

"An attempt was now being made," says the Primate of all Ireland, "to set up the temporal authority over the spiritual. Even the bishops of Ireland were not to be allowed to teach the gospel of Christ to their flocks. Because they would preach that gospel they were threatened with an agitation against their authority. Even now the distant mutterings of the thunder could be heard. . . . "

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, says: "Mr. Parnell's infatuated supporters seem bent upon allowing no rest or breathing time to any one whose duty it is to raise a warning voice against their insidious appeals to our faithful Catholic people to make little, or to make nothing at all, of the shocking infamy that was laid bare to the world by the reported evidence in the O'Shea divorce case."

THE LAND, THE LAND, GREAT CHANGES NEAR.

Yes; this is, indeed, the Emerald Isle. Travel where you may "The Green, the Green, the Color of the True," is ever before you. It might be just as well for some people if there were a little less of this green visible in Ireland. In recent years Irish farmers have largely betaken themselves to the raising of beef and mutton, and butter and cheese, rather than putting the land into tillage. It pays them better, and, after all, whatever pays best is sure to commend itself to the selfishness of our nature. True, this system of turning the land into grazing purposes has resulted in the partial destruction of a class of valuable labor hands, once the great mainstay of Ireland. The agricultural laborer is now all but gone. America has been the gainer, for the agricultural laborer has largely betaken himself to a country where his prospects, if he has sense to know how to grasp his new position, will brighten rather than darken each year of his toilful life.

The Tory government have pledged themselves to introduce a Land Purchase Bill into the present session of parliament. Mr. Balfour is the father of the bill, and, consequently, the parental likeness between father and babe is likely to obtain in this as in the proverbial sense. Undoubtedly the landlords will be the benefited party by the Land Bill. They will be paid in cash borrowed from the government by the farmers who are expected to repay the money so borrowed, principal and interest, in forty-nine years in payments of two per cent. But what will be the value of the land in fifty years? Aye; there's the rub! He were a wise man who could answer this question.

The great influx of flour and Indian meal from America into Ireland had much to do with the conversion of agricultural land in Ireland into pasture, and now within the short space of ten years beef and mutton are coming into the Three Kingdoms from America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Argentine Republic at a

rate that might well make Irishmen pause before they permit the glamour of Balfour's Bill to obscure their vision. Until a few years ago the graziers of the European continent had these home markets all to themselves, and Irish farmers could compete with them fairly enough; but the opening up of markets from new worlds is a staggerer to Irish graziers. Here is a small lesson in figures. The value of live oxen and bulls from Canada a couple of years ago was $5,180,000; last year the figures reached $8,695,000. At the same time America sent oxen and bulls valued at $14,200,000, and last year these figures had increased to $36,755,000. Fresh beef from the same source increased from $9,070,000 to $18,145,000. In 1888 Australia sent fresh mutton valued at $5,520,000, and, in 1890, $9,115,000, while the Argentine Republic sent of the same article $3,145,000, and $4,110,000 respectively. To sum up these figures which are official, we find that these supplies amounted in two years to nearly $114,000,000! Only two years remember, while last year's figures were more than double those of 1888. At this rate of progression, seeing that the sources from which these supplies are obtained are almost inexhaustible, it is not a difficult problem to understand the value of land in Ireland fifty years hence. And so Mr. Balfour's Bill, if passed, and there is every probability that it will pass, for the landlords in whose benefit the Bill was got up will support it, will turn out, in the end, to be a costly present from the Greeks.

During the live-long night at sea, on board any of the great Trans-Atlantic steamers, passengers hear the unceasing clang of engines, not the powerful engines that propel the boat, but the engines of the refrigerators making ice to preserve the vast cargoes of slaughtered cattle that are brought over by every steamer. Now, we have steam vessels running to Australia and New Zealand, and every appliance that science can invent to preserve meat of all kinds in good condition. There is no room to doubt what a commercial revolution is in store for these countries in the near future.

MORE "DEATH SENTENCES" BY EVICTION.

The sad, sad story still continues to be told, the old dismal, dreary scenes of death, desolation, and madness continue to present themselves at every new page of Ireland's black and doleful history. Now it is the bloody Adair, again it is the notorious Bishop Plunkett, anon it is the Shylocks, Smith-Barry, Olphert, and Clanrickarde. Apropos of the latter evictor, between whom and his unfortunate tenants the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, has flung himself as mediator, Mr. Balfour, on a recent occasion, said in the House of Commons that, having listened to the criticisms passed on his noble friend he was unable to extract from those criticisms anything beyond the fact that Lord Clanrickarde was an absentee; that he had showed no interest or care for his property; that he had left the whole thing to take care of itself; that he had never spent sixpence on it, and that he absolutely ignored the representations made to him by his tenants and other persons (the Bishop, for instance) on their behalf. Balfour

evidently extracted quite enough from the criticisms passed upon Lord Clanrickarde, as a landlord. Another noble lord, Lord Londonderry, has been evicting his tenants at Silksworth, near Newcastle, with a vengeance. He has caused to be "cleared," thirty-two houses containing one hundred and seven persons. This makes sixty-five families or two hundred and sixty persons evicted since the "clearances" began on this estate. One of the worst eviction cases recently took place at Coltrim, near Moneymore, where a woman named Smyth was turned out of her home. One bailiff was present, and ten peelers under the command of Head Constable Reilly, of Magherafelt. A brother of the evicted woman stated that he had got permission from the Recorder of Derry to retain possession until the next quarter sessions, also that his eldest brother was lying sick in bed, and unfit to be removed. What matter? A crowbar was procured and the back door forced, when the spectacle that met the view was truly pitiable. A young girl, sister to the tenant, was lying in a fainting fit on the floor, while the brother was lying in a dying state upstairs. The furniture and effects were flung out on the highway, and, lastly, the dying man and the girl. The poor creatures sat crouched round a few hot coals on the street until after midnight when some kind neighbors took them in charge. The girl has since gone mad! PETER MCCORRY.

"The Queen o' the May."

THE spring has now clothed the meadows,
The hillsides are smiling and gay,
And Nature's hale pulse is quick throbbing
Expecting the dawn of the May.
So away, gentle youths and fair maidens,
Away to the soft velvet green,
Prepare ye the robes and the garlands —
To-morrow we crown our May Queen.

(Then who shall we name the fair damsel
That we will acknowledge as queen?
Oh! who but the brightest and purest,
The fairest that ever has been.)
And the children beneath the broad chestnut
Cast lots to discover their queen;
But one from a soul of devotion
Cried, "*Mary* shall be our May Queen!"

Her companions approved the selection,
And shouted in innocent glee,
So straightway they marched in procession
To the spot where the crowning should be.
They entered the shrine of Our Lady,
And decked her with flowers so gay;
They paid her their homage in transport,
And crowned *her* "the Queen of the May."

The Glory of June.

WHEN WAS IT FIRST CALLED THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART?

THE month of the Sacred Heart was the conception and the work of Angela de Sainte-C ——, a child who, naturally impulsive, ardent, and impetuous, was, as it were, transformed into a different being under the gentle influence of religious training, and in great measures as a reward for her love of the poor and her devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Angela had passed more than eight years in her convent-school without having obtained the only title for which she longed — that of a Child of Mary. What could she do to touch the heart of our Blessed Mother, and through this dear mediator induce her companions to admit her to their number?

"Suggest to me," she said to one of the religious, who possessed her confidence, "all that it is possible for me to do in Mary's honor during this month, and I shall do it, in order to gain admission into her sodality."

"It seems to me," replied the nun, "that one means of pleasing the heart of Mary is to honor that of her Son; do you pray to It every day?"

"Yes, my mother; for a long time past I have not allowed a day to go by without repeating the Act of Consecration which is in our hymn-book; and it is this little practice, I think, which has contributed to inspire me with a little love for the Sacred Heart and with a desire to make It known to others. I do not know why; but besides the grace of being a Child of Mary, I have only asked the Blessed Virgin thus far this month to obtain for me a great devotion to the Sacred Heart. This very morning, during my thanksgiving after Holy Communion, I asked myself why there is not a month of the Sacred Heart, as well as a month of Mary. There is nothing to prevent it, it seems to me; but a book would be necessary, and there is none in existence. We must introduce this new devotion into the boarding-schools, and devise means to propagate it."

But in order to introduce this new mode of honoring the Heart of Jesus, ecclesiastical sanction was necessary, and time was pressing; for Angela wished the new month to commence at the close of the month of Mary of that year — 1834. She obtained leave to make her proposition to Monseigneur de Quelen, who was expected at the convent on the 20th of May; "for," added the Mother Superior who granted her permission to do so, "the enterprise is all your own, and I leave you to carry it through unaided."

The 20th of May finally arrived. The Bishop celebrated Mass in the Children of Mary's chapel, and in the course of the morning visited the assembled members of the community, to offer them his felicitations. Angela, grasping a favorable moment, and encouraged by a sign from the Mother, advanced towards the Bishop and laid before him the object of her request. Not only did he offer no objection to her petition, but

he approved the new month, with those benevolent words which fell so naturally from his lips. "We will institute it," added he, "for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of France."

You may judge for yourself how much this last intention increased their fervor. Monseigneur de Quelen, not content with giving his approval of the month of the Sacred Heart, volunteered to regulate its practices. Angela was full of joy; her hopes had been realized beyond her expectations. The month of the Sacred Heart, as we may well imagine, was celebrated with great devotion in this favored convent. Such was the humble origin of this salutary practice of piety.

Useful Practices for Sanctifying the Month of June.

1. Before reading the exercise for each day, implore the assistance of the Holy Ghost, begging of Him the grace of rendering it profitable to you; then read each chapter attentively, pausing to let those sentiments which touch you most appealingly sink deeply into your heart, there to take root and blossom forth into life-giving virtues. Conclude each day's exercise with an Act of Consecration.

2. Endeavor to enkindle within yourself, from the commencement of this month of June, an ardent desire to obtain of the Sacred Heart of Jesus the grace of which you stand most in need, and the overcoming of your predominant fault.

3. Assist every day, if possible, or at least every Friday, at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, for this intention; also, in a spirit of gratitude for the ineffable love of Jesus, and in reparation for the ingratitude of men.

4. Perform all these pious exercises in order to become worthy of communicating oftener than usual. Do not permit the month to pass without at least once procuring the happiness of uniting yourself to the divine heart of Jesus in the sacrament of His love, with the best possible dispositions.

5. Place in your room, or carry on your person, a figure of the Sacred Heart; kiss it reverently, look upon it with affection.

6. Repeat frequently, during the day, the beautiful ejaculatory prayer — "May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved everywhere."

7. Apply the indulgences you may gain, during this month, to those souls in Purgatory who, while on earth, were most devoted to the Sacred Heart.

8. Contribute, as far as in you lies, to the propagation of this touching devotion.

9. Make often, during this month, especially on Fridays, a visit to the Sacred Heart.

10. Make a resolution, on the last day of these pious exercises, to continue to honor the Sacred Heart during the entire year, to recommend to that divine heart your dearest interests, to consecrate to It your family, your friends, all those to whom you are united by the bonds of charity.

Our works are of no value if they be not united to the merits of Jesus Christ. — *St. Teresa.*

Anniversary of the Discovery of America.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE HERO OF THE FORTHCOMING QUADRO-CENTENNIAL. WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD REJOICE.

Now, that the people of the United States, indeed, of the hemisphere, are preparing to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the great Columbus, a short sketch of the trials and triumphs of the great navigator will doubtless prove interesting, not alone to Americans and Catholics, but to men of every race and creed who appreciate virtuous and heroic deeds performed in the midst of almost superhuman trials and difficulties.

Washington Irving begins his Life of Columbus with the words, "of the early days of Christopher Columbus nothing certain is known. The time of his birth, his birthplace, his parentage, are all involved in obscurity, and such has been the perplexing ingenuity of commentators that it is difficult to extricate the truth from the web of conjectures with which it is interwoven." It often happens that a prudent historian shrinks from being too dogmatic; but even in Washington Irving's time there were authentic documents enough before the world to have justified him in pronouncing fearlessly that the time was 1435, and the place Genoa. Columbus's own simple assertion, twice repeated in an authentic paper, should be alone enough to remove all doubt.

He was the eldest son of Dominico Colombo, a wool comber, and Susan Fontanarossa. According to the custom of his time he Latinized his name of Crisforo Colombo into Columbus, and when he went to Spain adopted the Spanish form of it, Cristobal Colon. The Admiral's son and biographer, Fernando, after some speculation on the genealogy of his illustrious parent, says, that, "after all, a noble descent would confer less lustre on him than to have sprung from such a father." Fernando finds something extremely mysterious and typical in his father's name of *Columbus* signifying *a dove*, in token of his being ordained to "carry the olive branch and oil of baptism over the ocean, like Noah's dove, to denote the peace and union of the heathen people with the Church after they had been shut up in the ark of darkness and confusion."

Christopher was a precocious boy, and quickly learned reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing and painting, but geography was his passion. His father, proud of his son's attainments, pinched himself to procure him a good education, and somewhat ambitiously sent him at ten years of age to the University of Padua. There he acquired the seeds of knowledge which he so well afterwards knew how to develop; but it is clear that he did not make much actual progress, and at the age of twelve he was removed by his father, probably from his inability to meet the expense any longer, and he worked at his father's trade for the next two years. The sea, was, however, his destined field of action, and at the age of fourteen he engaged in a sea-faring life. There is no

need to wonder at the step taken by young Columbus, more especially when to sit upon a bench combing wool was the only alternative left open to him.

Lisbon was at this epoch the great centre of maritime activity, to which adventurous spirits from all parts of the world resorted. Bartholomew Colombo was already established there as a distinguished cosmographer, making maps and globes and nautical instruments with much applause, when, by accident or design, his elder brother, to whom he was warmly attached, arrived to take up his abode there. This was about 1470, and the hair of Columbus was white, even then, according to Las Casas. What Washington Irving says of him at this time of his life is well worthy of the perusal of Catholic readers: "He was moderate and simple in his diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable, but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the Church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured." It is evident that he had not, amid his rambling and fighting, forgotten God, and he would not have been so gentle amid such rude training if he had not habitually practised self-denial to an extraordinary degree, which only his deep and fervent piety could have enabled him to do. In Lisbon Columbus used to attend Mass every morning at the church of the Convent of All Saints. Before long he married Doña Felipa de Perestrello, the daughter of an Italian gentleman whom Prince Henry had created Governor of Porto Santo, bestowing upon him large but unproductive estates in that island. The widow of Don Bartholomew Perestrello gave interesting details to her son-in-law of her husband's discoveries, and made over to him many interesting log-books and charts of his various voyages. In 1474 he was in correspondence with Paolo Toscanelli, physician of Florence, who was grand referee to the explorers and cosmographers of his time, and was highly esteemed at the Papal Court. A letter of Toscanelli to Columbus, dated June 25, 1474, is extant, in which he shows lively interest in the proposal of Columbus to sail westward, and takes notice of his ardent desire to spread the light of the gospel. "A deep religious sentiment," says again Washington Irving, "mingled with his meditations and gave them at times a tinge of superstition, but it was of a sublime and lofty kind."

Thus stored with all that natural science in that day could supply, and fortified by long practical experience, the reflecting mind of Columbus was naturally led to speculate on the existence of some other land beyond the western waters, and he conceived the possibility of reaching the eastern shores of Asia by a more direct and commodious route than that which traversed the eastern continent. Columbus

determined upon sailing west, not to discover a new continent, but to reach India by a new route, and his confidence in the practicability of his project was greatly enhanced by the recent application of the astrolabe to navigation.

It is stated that Columbus was greatly influenced in his belief in the existence of a Western world by studying the views and opinions laid down by the distinguished Virgilius O'Farrell, bishop of Salzburg,* regarding the existence of antipodes, as also by reading the account of St. Brendan's voyages and discoveries. Bishop Virgilius was cited to Rome by Pope Zachary, in the eighth century, to answer the charge of heresy brought against him by St. Boniface, of Germany, because he asserted that the earth was spherical and the existence of antipodes. It is admitted that Virgilius' views were misrepresented by Boniface to the Pope, who, in his letter written in 748, was induced to think that Virgilius held that there was a different species of men inhabiting another world under the earth. But the explanation of Virgilius fully satisfied the Pope that he held no such opinions. It remained for modern science and research, and the discovery of Australia, to prove how many centuries Virgilius was ahead of his times, both in science and in learning, and to what a high degree the sciences were cultivated by the Irish monks.

In 1870, when probably little more than thirty years of age, Columbus landed in Portugal and laid his scheme before John the Second, who was considerably startled by the boldness of the project. It seemed like tempting God, and madness and self-destruction were terms that suited well the act of men who could, indeed, make the outward voyage if so they felt inclined, but who could neither control their subsequent fate nor reasonably entertain a hope of ever coming back.

However, John the Second thought the matter over, and had other interviews with Columbus, and came to look upon the scheme as not entirely chimerical. He first appointed three commissioners, and then convoked his council to pronounce upon the feasibility of the undertaking. The judgment of both tribunals was adverse. The king would in spite of this have given his consent if it had not been for the high price at which Columbus valued his services. After a long and fruitless negotiation, and a dishonorable attempt on the part of the Portuguese to avail themselves clandestinely of his information, he quitted Portugal in disgust at the petty larceny which that country practised on him, determined to submit his proposals to the Spanish sovereigns relying on their reputed character for wisdom and enterprise.

The period of his arrival in Spain, being the latter part of 1484, would seem to have been the most unpropitious possible to his design. The nation was then in the heat of the Moorish war, and the sovereigns were unintermittingly engaged in prosecuting their campaigns, or in active preparation for them.

* Virgilius O'Farrell was one of the most distinguished of the Irish missionaries who preached the gospel in Germany. By Bruschius he is styled the most learned among the learned of his time. He was from the south of Ireland, and there is still a holy well at Lismore, called "Virgilius' well."

Columbus was introduced to Ferdinand and Isabella by the great Cardinal Mendoza, Grand Chancellor of Castile. The keen eye of Mendoza recognized at once the extraordinary merit of Columbus, and he felt it a duty to obtain for him an audience. The Admiral spoke to the sovereigns of "serving our Lord, spreading the knowledge of His name and the light of faith among many nations." Isabella seems from that moment to have entertained a genuine esteem for Columbus, and was his friend for life. Ferdinand, with his usual caution, referred him to a council selected from the most eminent scholars of the kingdom, chiefly ecclesiastics, whose profession embodied most of the science of that day. The commission came, disposed to judge harshly of a man who in his pride preferred his own conclusions to the united learning of mankind. Many silly objections were made. Texts from Scripture and the Fathers were quoted to disprove the roundness of the earth, and the existence of men with their feet above their heads. After a long delay, the majority of the commission pronounced his scheme to be "vain, impracticable, and resting on ground too weak to merit the support of the government." The Dominican Fathers, in whose house the conferences were held, were almost alone in their favorable judgment of his cause. The Grand Cardinal Mendoza, a man whose enlarged capacity and acquaintance with affairs raised him above most of the men of his time, and Father Diego de Deza, a Dominican professor of theology, and a man of commanding talents, were completely convinced by his reasoning, and gained over the leading men of the University of Salamanca.

The authority of these individuals had, undoubtedly, great weight with the sovereigns, who softened the verdict of the commission by an assurance to Columbus, that, "although they were too much occupied at present to embark in his undertaking, yet at the conclusion of the Moorish war, they should find both time and inclination to treat with him." The bitterness of suspense to a sensitive mind like that of Columbus was made more bitter by scoffs and taunts and abundant ridicule. In deep dejection of mind, therefore, but without further delay, he quitted the court, and bent his way to the south, with the apparently almost desperate intent of seeking out some other patron to his undertaking. Columbus prepared with a heavy heart to bid adieu to Spain (1491), and carry his proposals to the king of France, from whom he had received a letter of encouragement while detained in Andalusia. His progress, however, was arrested at the convent of La Rabida, which he visited for the purpose of obtaining bread and water for his boy. The prior of the convent, Juan Perez de Marchena, became greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and prevailed on him to remain as his guest till another effort had been made to move the Spanish court in his favor. For this purpose the worthy monk undertook an expedition in person to the newly erected city of Santa Fé, where the sovereigns lay encamped before Granada. Father Juan Perez had formerly been confessor to Isabella, and was held in great consideration by her for his noble qualities. On arriving at the camp he was readily admitted to an audience, when he pressed the suit

of Columbus with all the earnestness and reasoning of which he was capable. He obtained the ear of the queen, and his pleading was irresistible. Columbus was summoned to court anew, and arrived at the camp in season to witness the surrender of Granada, when every heart swelling with exultation at the triumphant termination of a war, that had lasted eight hundred years, was naturally disposed to enter with greater confidence on a new career of adventure. Amidst all these propitious demonstrations towards Columbus, an obstacle unexpectedly arose in the nature of his demand which stipulated for himself and heirs the title and authority of admiral and viceroy over all lands discovered by him, with one-tenth of the profits. This was deemed wholly inadmissible. Ferdinand, who had looked with cold distrust on the project from the first, was supported by the remonstrances of Falavera, Archbishop of Granada, the evil genius of Columbus, who declared that "such demands savored of the highest degree of arrogance, and would be unbecoming in their Highnesses to grant to a needy foreign adventurer." The price, to Archbishop Falavera's narrow mind, was too high to pay. Isabella, against her better judgment, was persuaded to say so to Columbus, and he took his departure. Spain would not pay the price, and the price could not be abated. The misunderstanding, however, was not suffered to be of long duration. Columbus's friends remonstrated with the queen in the most earnest manner. Far from being displeased Isabella thanked them for their honest advice; she contemplated the proposals of Columbus in their true light; and, refusing to hearken any longer to the suggestions of cold and selfish counsellors, she gave way to the natural impulses of her own noble and generous heart. "I will assume the undertaking," said she, "for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury should be found inadequate." However, money was a very small consideration at that stage of the proceedings. Ferdinand of Aragon agreed to lend to Isabella of Castile the sum required, and in due time was careful to exact payment.

Columbus had already left the royal presence, and was two leagues from Granada on his way to Cordova when an officer from the queen summoned him to return to Santa Fé. The brief space of time that had intervened gave to Spain the empire of the new world. Accordingly, Columbus on his return had but to join their majesties in signing the agreement on his own terms.

Isabella was singly the life and soul of the whole enterprise, and no sooner were the arrangements completed than she prepared, with her characteristic promptness, to forward the expedition by the most efficient measures. Orders were sent to Seville and the other ports of Andalusia to furnish stores and other articles requisite for the voyage. The fleet, consisting of three vessels. was to sail from the port of Palos, which had been for some misconduct condemned to furnish to the crown one year's service of two caravels, armed and manned. The third vessel was furnished by the admiral, aided, as it would seem, in defraying the charges, by his friend the worthy prior of La Rabida, and

the Pinzons, a family in Palos long distinguished for its enterprise among the mariners of that community. With their assistance Columbus was enabled to surmount the open opposition manifested by the Andalusian mariners to his perilous voyage, so that in less than three months his little squadron was equipped for sea.

Columbus might have seen his cherished project fall through finally, not for want of royal proclamations, but for want of men, if it had not been for the active help of his first and best friend, the Franciscan Father-Guardian of the Convent of La Rabida. Good Father Perez, sometimes with and sometimes without his friend, made his rounds among the people of Palos. It is not necessary to determine the exact value of the Franciscan's intervention, but there can be no doubt that he once again made himself very useful at a critical moment. Three ships, the Santa Maria, a decked vessel, and two caravels, or undecked boats, the Pinta and Nina, were fitted out. The total number of persons who embarked amounted to one hundred and twenty. There were provisions for one year. At length all things being in readiness, Columbus, after the devout manner of the ancient Spanish mariners, offered his men the aids of religion. Columbus, Robertson says, "would not set out on an expedition so arduous, and of which one great object was to extend the knowledge of the Catholic faith, without imploring publicly the guidance and protection of Heaven. With this view he, together with all the persons under his command, marched in solemn procession to the monastery of Rabida. After confessing their sins and obtaining absolution, they received the Holy Sacrament from the hands of the Guardian, who joined his prayers to theirs for the success of an enterprise which he had so zealously patronized.*

The 3d of August fell upon a Friday, and to Columbus Friday was ever a day of blessing. On Friday he started from Palos, on Friday he returned to Palos, on Friday he landed in the New World. The greatest voyage ever made began on Friday. A superstitious dread of the day of man's redemption is, then, more becoming the enemies than the friends of the Cross.

On Friday morning, half an hour before sunrise, on the 3d of August, 1492, the intrepid navigator, bidding adieu to his friends, gave the order to spread the sails in the name of Jesus, and the three vessels launched forth on that unfathomed waste of waters where no sail had ever been unfurled before.

They reached the Canaries without incident, except an accident to the Pinta's rudder, but hastened their departure.

The historian Prescott, in his Ferdinand and Isabella, pays the following eloquent tribute to the memory of the great navigator: "Whatever were the defects of his mental constitution, the finger of the historian will find it difficult to point to a single blemish in his moral character. His conduct habitually display the utmost solicitude for the interests of his followers. He expended almost his last *maravedi* in restoring his unfortunate crew to their native land. His

* History of America, bk. ii.

dealings were regulated by the nicest principles of honor and justice. The grand object to which he devoted himself seemed to expand his whole soul, and raised it above the petty shifts and artifices by which great ends are sometimes sought to be compassed. There are some men, in whom rare virtues have been closely allied, if not to positive vice, to degrading weakness. Columbus's character presented no such humiliating incongruity. Whether we contemplate it in its public or private relations, in all its features, it wears the same noble aspect. It was in perfect harmony with the grandeur of his plans, and their results, more stupendous than those which Heaven has permitted any other mortal to achieve." REV. FATHER CROWLEY.

The Celt.

"The Celt is gone — gone with a vengeance. The Lord be praised!" — London Times.

MANY years ago, when famine drove the Irish people in thousands from their homes, the London Times cried out in brutal exultation, "The Celt is gone, gone with a vengeance. The Lord be praised!" A few years more of such wholesale expatriation and the Celt, it added, would be as rare in Ireland as the Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan. But in this day the Celt may be seen to be coming back "with a vengeance." Writing in the Fortnightly Review on "The Celt in English Art," Mr. Grant Allen, who is a Canadian, says: —

"For many months past Mr. Burne-Jones's beautiful dream of the Briar Rose and the Sleeping Princess has floated like a vision at a London picture dealer's. Everybody has seen it, therefore everybody is now in a position to judge of the new element imported into English Art within a single generation by the Celtic temperament. The return-wave of Celtic influence over Teutonic or Teutonized England, has brought with it many strange things, good, bad, and indifferent. It has brought with it Home Rule, Land Nationalization, Socialism, Radicalism, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the Tithes War, the Crofter Question, the Plan of Campaign. It has brought fresh forces into political life, — The eloquent young Irishman, the perfervid Highland Scot, the enthusiastic Welshman, the hard-headed Cornish miner; Methodism, Catholicism, the Eisteddfod, the parish priest; New Tipperary, the Hebrides, the Scotland Division of Liverpool; Conybeare, Cunninghame Graham, Michael Davitt, Holyoake; Co-operation, the Dockers, the Star, the Fabians. Powers hitherto undreamt of surge up in our Parliamentary world in the Sextons, the Healys, the Atherly Joneses, the M'Donalds, the O'Briens, the Dillons, the Morgans, the Abrahams, the Annie Besants, the Father Humphreys, the Archbishop Crokes, the General Booths, the Alfred Russel Wallaces, the John Stuart Blackies, the Joseph Arches, the Bernard Shaws, the John Burnes; the People's Palace, the Celtic Society of Scotland, the Democratic Federation, the Socialist League. Anybody who looks over any great list of names in any of the leading modern movements of England — from the London County Council to the lectures at South Place — will see in a moment that the new Radicalism is essentially a Celtic product. The Celt in Britain, like Mr. Burne-Jones's enchanted princess, has lain silent for ages in an enforced sleep; but the spirit of the century, pushing aside the weeds and briars of privilege and caste, has set free the sleeper at last, as with a blast from its horn, and to-day the Celt awakes again to fresh and vigorous life, bringing all the Celtic ideals, the Celtic questions, and the Celtic characteristics into the very thick and forefront of the actual fray in England. The Times may shake its sapient head, like Weithenin over the rotten dyke of the Lowland Hundred; the flood is upon us."

Gaming, and What Came of It.

READING lately in a daily paper an account of some historic games of cards, it occurred to me that it might be well to put in print another game, that although the actors in it may never be known here, their names must surely have a place in the book of the recording angel. But let me tell you how I came to hear of it.

Standing one evening in the door of the Western Union Telegraph Office on Camp street, New Orleans, talking for a diversion with a newspaper man, two Sisters of Charity walking rapidly past the office of the Picayune on the opposite side of the street attracted our attention, and I remarked to my friend, I wonder if they are going to walk all the way to St. Elizabeth's; but just as I said so they turned into the office of The New Orleans Times and were lost to view. "They never rest," I continued, "never tire. I was over at Poydras market to get my coffee early one morning during the yellow fever last summer, and while taking it a Sister of Charity in her broad, white bonnet, and gray cloth dress following two little girls in the pink and check dress of the orphans, and carrying a basket, emerged from the gloomy stalls on the north wing, into the broad light in the front part of the market, and the children set down the basket. The Sister stood with her hands run up the ample sleeves of her dress, making a sight never to be forgotten. A tall, graceful figure, with features regular and clearly cut, white, and perfect as Carrara marble from a master's hand — presenting a picture at once of God's best work of purity, charity, and love. If any of us ever see anything more impressive or expressive, it surely will be in another world than this. I have read a good deal, and have seen some good paintings and sculptures; but that Sister's face and figure, the whole group surpassed everything, and will remain in my memory forever. She moved along from stall to stall without saying a word, following the children; every butcher contributing something to the basket and some very generously. The Sisters were very hard pressed that year."

"Yes," said my companion, "they were very hard up that year and went everywhere. I was over at Geo. C. K's. one day, and there was a big game on hand. The table was crowded all around, and there was a large pile of money in the middle, with three or four gold watches, several diamond pins, rings, etc., all that could be raised on either side, and, just at the critical moment when I wouldn't have opened my mouth for all that was on the table and more too, the knob turned, the door opened, the front door; and, all eyes being turned towards it, in came two Sisters. They walked quietly up to the table, the man at the head leaned back in his chair, pulled the drawer towards him, took out a pretty good sized greenback and handed it to the foremost Sister. They bowed, turned, and walked out and the door was locked. Not a syllable was uttered, not a displeased look on any face in the room. The game went on."

"That was very surprising."

"Surprising — the surprise was how they got the door open. My-

self and every man in the room would have sworn on a stack of Bibles that the door was locked. It was always locked, I never saw it open before nor since, but the Sisters got in all the same.

Long before I had finished speaking, the Sisters who were the occasion of the conversation, came out of the Times office, accompanied by the venerable Henry Green, who ought to be in perpetual remembrance in St. Alphonsus parish, and were handed into a Magazine street car which took them to St. Elizabeth's Asylum.

Memphis, Tenn., March 24, 1891. D. FLANERY.

Spring-Time.

From the French.

JOYANCE and light o'er all the scene,
To silken tulips laces cling,
Woven by fairy hands unseen,
With pearls and diamonds glittering.

The dragon-fly admires his charms,
Poised lightly o'er the glassy stream;
Tingles the air with myriad swarms
That in the sunlight flash and gleam.

The rose in newly-opened buds
Renews her youth, the feathered throng
Are quivering in the fragrant woods,
And all the thickets ring with song.

Their voices bless God's holy name,
His goodness and his loving might,
Who gives the dawn its lids of flame,
And night its thousand eyes of light.

The fawn in silent forest glade
Doth gambol fearlessly; behold,
In casket of green mosses laid,
The beetle cased in living gold.

The moon hangs in the morning skies
Like convalescent, wan and pale,
And looks from opal-tinted eyes
With heavenly love o'er hill and dale.

The bee hums round the crumbling wall,
Then swings within the nodding flower;
In furrowed fields the seeds feel all
The genial influence of the hour.

O'er vale and stream the splendor flows
And pulses thro' the forest aisles;—
Then fear not, Man, see Nature knows
The secret of God's love and smiles.

J. C.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE SEA-MEWS' CLIFF.

As I approached the fatal spot I felt my heart beat heavily, and a cold dew burst upon my forehead. The agony of that terrible night and of the weeks which followed again overwhelmed me in all its bitterness. For the first time I fully realized this occurrence, brought it home to my clear senses, grasped it, and stared it in the face.

So here was the scene of that sinister event. Here was the very spot — unless my ears had strangely deceived me — whence my lost sister's cry had come!

I was standing close to the summit of the sea-mews' cliff — a sharp, rugged spur of rock rising detached from the line of cliffs flanking the beach. A narrow, tortuous foot-way leads down the face of the cliff just here, and brings you to the broken shingle below; and by this path I presently descended.

Arrived on the shingle I again paused, my hands clasped together, my heart beating heavily. A flock of sea-birds — curlew, sea pyots, *kirkean-tras*, and other water-fowl,— scared by my intrusion upon their sequestered haunt, rose up from the rocks, and with many strange cries circled high above me and so sailed away to some other haven of refuge.

I was alone; and still I felt that it was a haunted solitude. Had my sister suddenly appeared to me — as Richard had appeared in the Glen Chapel on Christmas Eve — I should scarce have been surprised just now. In the fretful writhing of the ocean-wind amid the crevices and caverns of the cliffs, I almost fancied I distinguished Marion's wailing voice. The glow of sea and sky had faded out by this time, and the early wintry gloaming was rapidly shrouding ocean and land in a pall of misty purple.

Why had I come hither? What mysterious influence had driven me to this spot? That some such influence was at work I felt certain; and, had I doubted it for a moment, an incident that now occurred would have reassured me.

My eyes fell upon a fluttering something caught in a crevice of the rocks close to the foot of the cliff near which I stood. This something — whatever it was — was not sea-weed, although a long trailing piece of "ore" had got fastened to it.

I crossed the shingle hurriedly and laid hands on the fluttering object. Then I screamed and recoiled. It was a silk handkerchief,

drenched and stained with sea-water; but it was Marion's handkerchief, with her initials "*M. C.*" — worked in the corner, worked by my own fingers; for this was a little keepsake of mine, given to my sister some months before.

The first shock of the discovery over, I pressed the handkerchief again and again to my lips, while I trembled from head to foot in a paroxysm of grief and terror. Oh! what was the meaning of this? Whence had this memento come hither? Alas, where was the owner now? Had her drowned body floated far into the deep? Or, was she, in truth, living still?

I was aroused from this agony of grief and conjecture in a startling manner enough. A lean, yellow, hairy hand, like the claw of a wild beast, was placed upon my arm, and Randal Darragh's ill-omened face was before me.

His small evil eyes were fixed side-long upon mine, his coarse mouth was distended wide with his customary cunning leer. The leaf of his hat was pulled down so far as altogether to hide one side of his countenance, and his tattered velveteen coat was pinned up closely about his throat, as though to protect him from the bitter bite of the frosty evening.

"Don't be afeared, Miss Alice," he said, in his oiliest way. "I seen you from the cliff above, and I come down to have a word with you. What's wrong with you, Miss? What's that you has in your fingers?"

The last words burst from his lips with a sudden eagerness. He pounced on the handkerchief and literally tore it from me; for the fabric gave way at once and half of it remained with me.

"How dare you!" I cried, the blood leaping to my temples. "Wait until I return to Kildoona. Wait until I see the master!"

For as "the master," my father was known throughout the country-side immediately surrounding Kildoona.

"Oh, wisha, I begs a thousand pardons, Miss Alice!" Randal Darragh hastened to say. "I didn't think it was as rotten as that. Tell me, Miss, is it your own? *Or whose is it?*"

His voice fell, and in the deepening shadows I fancied I detected a look of shrinking terror in his repulsive face. Passionate words rushed to my lips; words which I was powerless to repress.

"This handkerchief belonged to my sister Marion," I said, looking him straight between the eyes. "It was here she came by her death that night — as you very well know, Randal Darragh!"

For a moment he was silent, and we gazed into each other's eyes, as though fascinated. Then his hand again fell upon my arm, and his dark face was thrust close to mine.

"Don't you say *that* agin, Miss Alice — that's all!"

"And why not?" I cried, springing back from him, as I flung his hateful hand from my arm. "Can you deny that, on the night of my dear sister's disappearance, you came to Kildoona, with a letter for her, *which I saw you place in her own hands?* Can you deny that the message contained in that letter was the cause of her coming to this wild, lonely spot, on that night? Can you deny that it was here the

dark deed was done, whatever it was? It was here she screamed aloud — I heard her! — here within three minutes' walk of your mother's cabin. Can you deny that you are, at heart, my brother's deadly enemy, and ours as well? No; you cannot! Although you dared to lie to Father William, and to deny that you came to Kildoona that night, to *me* you dare not lie! I am looking you in the face, Randal Darragh, and I charge you, before God, with knowing the secret of my sister's fate!"

For the moment I had no fear of the wretch before me. I saw his evil eyes blaze with the baleful red fire of fury or terror, I know not which. I saw his lean, misshapen frame quiver, and I observed how the claw which grasped the blackthorn tightened its clutch of that murderous-looking weapon.

But I cared not. I was beside myself now. The words had rushed to me with the resistless force of an inspiration.

And how did Randal Darragh reply to the charge? Strangely enough, in truth. The fierce light died out of his eyes; his features assumed their wonted character, and that evil leer which I so hated, again distorted the coarse lips.

"Wisha faix, Miss Alice, it's only waste o' time to be argufyin' with you! sure, if your mind is given up to *that* iday, it's no use for me to say yes, aye, or no. I'll deny nothin'; nothin' at all. But time'll tell; and *then* you'll see how you wronged me. *Me* to be Master Richard's enemy, indeed! Not likely. And when he comes home to Kildoona — an' that he *may* come soon! — you'll find he won't rimimber old squabbles, like you do, miss. The Lord forbid he should! Well, good-evening, Miss. I had a word to say to you; but I won't mind it now. I'm only sorry for comin' here at all, I am!"

And with a chuck to the leaf of his hat which pulled it still farther over his face, Randal Darragh moved away from me, and was presently lost in the shadows of twilight. Until he had gone out of sight it did not occur to me that he had taken half of the handkerchief with him, and when I examined my shred of silk I found that Black Randal was in the possession of the portion upon which Marion's initials were worked.

I thrust the remaining scrap into my pocket and hurried homeward. I knew not what to think; and I told Aunt Anne nothing of what had occurred during this agitating walk.

The days and weeks glided by, and nothing of much importance broke upon the monotony of life at Kildoona.

Toward the middle of January Launce Ronayne and Nora returned to Rathronayne, and I was distressed to find that the change of scene and society had, in truth, done very little for Launce. His former spirits, those bright buoyant spirits which rendered Launce's society always so cheering, had seemingly gone forever. He held aloof from Kildoona. The very sight of the house was intolerable to him now; and even Nora seldom came near us, during that time of darkness.

"Oh, what is keeping Richard so long away!" I often cried passionately to my own heart. "If he were to come, everything

would begin to look brighter again; and Launce would, I am sure, break through his stern seclusion at Rathronayne and come to cheer our loneliness, as of old."

Yes; it all hung on Richard's coming; but still the exiled one was absent.

Father William looked in frequently at Kildoona, and day by day I observed — or fancied I observed — a change in his looks and manner, a less hopeful ring in his voice when speaking of my poor father's health and of Richard's return.

By and by all was explained, and my own forebodings were realized. My father was sinking fast. The suddenly-enkindled hopes of seeing his outcast son had roused him for a time, lent a false vitality to his nerves and heart. But hope deferred had brought on a reaction. Day by day the feeble health tottered. Even Father William himself was forced to acknowledge the truth at last, long as he had striven to conceal it.

"It is pitiable, Alice," the old clergyman said, and his voice quivered, and his earnest eyes sank from mine. "Your poor father was building so eagerly — oh, with such painful eagerness! — upon this reunion; but now he no longer brightens when I enter his room; he no longer starts round and asks in trembling, wistful tones — 'Well, Father William, any news yet?' — I cannot understand the boy's silence; that is to say, if he saw the advertisements at all, or heard of my inquiries."

"He may never see the advertisements, sir — never hear of your inquiries," I faltered in broken tones; "poor Richard may be dead!"

"Dead? And he so young, so bright, so full of life and promise! No, no; mark my words, my dear child, we'll find him yet!"

This conversation took place on a Saturday evening, and on the following day as Aunt Anne and I stepped down from the hillside path and entered the little gate-way of the Glen Chapel, lo! here was Father William pacing up and down in the chilly February blast, his face beaming, his steps as light and elastic as a school-boy's out for an unexpected holiday.

When he saw us he literally ran toward us, tore a packet from the pocket of his soutane, and, as if unable to utter a word, thrust it, in silence, before our eyes.

We stared mutely for a moment or two. Where had we seen that handwriting before? It was a peculiar style of writing, small, angular, exquisitely neat, with long, flowing capitals, and occasional old-world flourishes, now seldom seen.

So we three were silent; and Father William was the first to speak, after all.

"You don't know the writing — eh?" he said almost fiercely, if his dear, kindly lips could suffer a fierce syllable to escape. "What? Shame on you both! Where are your memories gone? Was it not I myself who first held the pen in his childish fingers? Was it not I" —

"Richard's writing!" I screamed, breaking in wildly upon our dear old friend's reminiscences, and pressing the packet again and again

to my lips. "Oh, he has written at last, then! He is found! He is found!"

CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

In my excitement it never so much as occurred to me that I was standing in the chapel-yard, and that the rural congregation was filing in all around me.

My cry of delight attracted the attention of the people, and ere long I was almost surrounded by open-eyed friends and well-wishers, and the news spread like wild-fire that "Master Richard" had written and was coming home.

"Come! come!" Father William cried, to his sympathetic flock. "This letter doesn't concern any of you. Into the chapel with you all! Be off! Isn't it enough for you to know that 'Master Richard' will probably attend here at Mass on Sunday next, after his ten years' absence from among you? Now, Mary Sullivan, don't worry me! And you, Thady Lynch, you'd *better* take yourself away!" And so on.

In the meantime Aunt Anne and I had drawn forth the letter which was brief, and ran thus:

"London, February 4, 184—

"My Dear Father William:

"Having seen your advertisements in some of the American papers, I started for Ireland and home as soon as possible to reply to them in person; and I expect to see you once again almost as soon as this note reaches your hand.

"I cannot trust myself to say much now. I cannot explain here the cause of my mysterious silence for so many years. But, believe me I never changed *at heart*, never. The memory of Kildoona, of my dear father, aunt, and sisters, and of *you*, has sustained me in many hours of loneliness and sorrow. I can hardly believe yet that I am to see you all so soon again. The thought overpowers me.

"Remember me warmly to the Ronaynes. Is Launce married? Or what has become of him?

"I hope I shall find all my dear ones at Kildoona as well as I should wish them. I daresay I shall not recognize Marion and Alice; they must have changed so much during these past ten years.

"You will receive this letter on Sunday. On Tuesday evening, at latest, I hope to arrive at Kildoona by the coach from Cork.

"Ever, my dear Father William,

"Affectionately yours,

Richard Carroll."

Ere I had finished this letter, brief though it was, the tears blurred my sight and hid the writing, and I whispered to Aunt Anne to read the remainder for me, which she did, in a low, trembling voice.

"Thank God!" she said, when she had finished it, and I saw that her eyes, too, were suspiciously dim just now. "My poor, dear boy! How overjoyed my brother will be. Come over after Mass, Father William, and breakfast with us, and break the happy news to Maurice."

Father William gladly consented; and half an hour later we three were crossing the mountain-side to Kildoona. We were stormed with

inquiries and congratulations during the homeward walk; for the all-important tidings had spread from end to end of the congregation. Just as we were about to turn away from the hill-side, where a stile leads you into the grounds of Kildoona, the ungainly figure of Randal Darragh emerged from a recess of the crags, and stood before us.

"Fine day, your Riverence. Good morra, ladies," he leered, pulling the leaf of his hat down to his nose, by way of salute. "Can it be true, at all, at all, what I hears — that poor, dear Master Richard is comin' home one o' these days?"

"Yes; he is coming home," I answered sharply, pulling Aunt Anne along ere she had time to say a word. "Come, Father William."

And we all passed onward, as Black Randal burst into an oily eulogy of the exile.

"I detest that fellow!" I said, as we approached the house. "He is a scoundrel at heart. I know he is Richard's enemy, and I distrust that show of concern and affection even more than his former sullen looks and words."

"I must say I'm inclined to agree with you, child," the old clergyman made answer; "but, my dear, the fellow is not worth wasting a word on! What is he to you, or to the poor boy? This 'show of concern and affection' — to use your own words — is, perhaps, put on with the hope of getting into Richard's good graces again, and hanging about the place here, and the kitchen, and so forth."

"He shall never step inside our door again!" was my warm rejoinder; "wait until I see Richard! Believe me, he will not feel anxious to encourage Randal Darragh's visits."

During breakfast the all-absorbing topic occupied our attention. One sentence in my brother's letter filled my heart with unspeakable sadness:

"I daresay I shall not recognize Marion and Alice, they must have changed so much during these past ten years."

Alas! alas! How would Richard receive the tidings of his sister's fate? He had, I remembered well, always loved Marion. He had been proud of her beauty, her talents, her sparkling, fascinating, changeful ways. Oh, who was to break the news to him? — the mysterious story of Marion's disappearance. Better — far better — would it have been, I thought, had she died in our midst. All harrowing doubts, all flickering hopes and black despair, all agitating surmises as to her true fate, would then, at least, have been set at rest forever.

Father William broke the news to my father as delicately as might be; and again that shattered frame seemed to brace itself anew, the faded eyes sparkled, the hopeless voice rang once more with eager expectancy.

"And I am to see my boy on Tuesday evening," he murmured, his small face flushed with excitement; "my dear, dear boy — my only son!" His voice quivered, and he suddenly seized Father William's thin, white hand in his. "And *you* have done this for me," he added, pressing his lips to the old clergyman's hand. "How can I ever hope to thank you — to repay this kindness!"

"If you take nourishment and get strong and live ten or fifteen years longer, Maurice, you'll pay me over and over again," was Father William's prompt reply. "Remember my words now, and do what I say."

A wan smile passed across the invalid's face; to me, the saddest smile I had ever seen.

"I'll do my best, Father William — I'll do my best," he said, shaking his head slowly to and fro; "if I don't succeed, it shan't be my fault; and — and I must only ask you to forgive the debt, that's all."

For the ensuing two days all was confusion at Kildoona. Nell Connor forgot her rheumatism, and tripped up and down stairs with the agility of twenty years before.

"We'll give Master Richard his own old room, the Garden Room," she said, her black eyes dancing beneath the shaggy brows. "It's often I heard him sayin' he'd sooner the Garden Room than any other in the house."

"And you must have one of his favorite cakes every night for his tea," put in Aunt Anne.

"Ah, *that* I will so! It's often the craythur used to come in and say — 'Nell, what about a brown cake to-night?' — He'll have 'em on Tuesday night, and the Lord spare me to make 'em for him, for many a night to come!"

So by the time Tuesday evening arrived, all was in readiness for our exiled one's welcome home. Curly Rue had driven across the mountains to meet the coach from Cork, twenty miles away. We did not expect him at Kildoona before ten o'clock that night.

Great fires roared in our old rooms. Aunt Anne had put on her smartest gown and cap, and my poor father insisted on casting aside the big overcoat and wearing a much more becoming one instead. He got his silver elf-locks neatly brushed and arranged, and now his thin throat was encircled with a snowy-white collar which almost hid his ears and around which was folded a beautiful black satin scarf fastened in front with a diamond pin.

For years I had not seen my father look so well. His eyes sparkled; there was a bright color in his cheeks. Ah, how happy, I thought, would this night be, but for one ghastly reflection! — the memory of my lost sister's fate. Alas, like a creeping shadow in the sunshine, that thought darkened all my joy. Still, I longed to tell Richard everything — to rest my head on his honest breast and pour forth the story of Marion's disappearance; to mingle my tears with his, and to find, perchance, some consolation in that powerful sympathy.

About seven o'clock Launce Ronayne and Nora drove over from Rathronayne, and I was pleased to observe that Launce's dark face had brightened somewhat at the prospect of this reunion with his old friend and playmate. And just as we were sitting down to tea, in came Father William, overflowing with happiness and joyful expectancy.

"You should see the hills around!" said he, when he had drawn his chair to the board — "all hissing and blazing and crackling with bonfires. The boys have climbed to the highest summits, miles and

miles away, and set fire to the heath and furze. Oh, it is a sight to stir one's blood!"

"The night is dark, too; so that the effect is not spoiled in any way," Launce Ronayne returned. "Richard will have a good view over the hills, on his way home to-night. He is to come by the mountain road."

After tea we all went upstairs to my father's room, and sat about the fire at each side of his big arm-chair. Never before had I seen Father William in such irresistibly good spirits. His hearty laughter and screaming anecdotes of old times carried us away, one and all. We never felt the time passing. And so it happened that during a brief lull in the chatter and laughter, I heard the rolling of wheels on the drive, and I started wildly to my feet.

"Richard is coming!" I screamed, and darted headlong out of the room and down stairs to the hall.

At the same instant Rollo bounded out from the kitchen and sprang around me, barking with shrill delight. I stooped and lifted his shaggy old head, and kissed his noble, wistful, welcoming face, and patted him and whispered to him that his loved master was at the very door.

He did not answer me in words, I need hardly say; but his reply was more eloquent than any spoken language I have ever heard.

"Come, Rollo — come, old doggie;" I cried; "you and I shall be the first to see him!"

As the words passed my lips I heard a footstep on the granite steps without, and not waiting for the dear familiar knock which I knew and loved so well, I bounded across the hall, Rollo leaping before me, and flung the door wide open.

The chilly night wind rushed in with a skirl, and a tall, muffled-up man's figure followed.

"Richard!" I screamed, not even looking at him, for my sight seemed to leave me, and I could only cling to him and sob aloud on his heart — "Richard, my darling, a thousand welcomes home!"

Already I heard voices and footsteps on the stairs behind — Aunt Anne's, Father William's, Launce's, and Nora's — and old Nell Connor's shrill welcome rang close to me; but I had seen my loved one first, and that thought was joy to me.

"Alice, Alice, and is this you?" I heard him say, his voice sinking to a whisper. "Is this my dear little sister once again?"

"Yes; it is I — it is Alice,'" I cried, lifting my head from his breast at last. "And don't you know 'Rollo?' Rollo, Rollo! Where is the dog gone to? Ah," —

The exclamation burst from my lips in surprise, anger, alarm; all combined. For Rollo — the faithful friend and companion of the past — had acted a caitiff's part. No bark of welcome was heard now; no joyous springing and bounding were to be seen.

With a low growl, dying away into a long, dismal, sinister whine, Rollo had slunk away from his old master, and cowered behind me, as though overcome with a sudden, shrinking terror.

To be continued.

Newfoundland Has Dealt Fairly.

WILL THE UNITED STATES RECIPROCATE?

St. John's, Newfoundland, March 30.

EDITOR OF THE PILOT:—As your readers are probably aware, during the past year a Fishery and Commercial Treaty was arranged by your able Secretary of State, J. G. Blaine, between the United States and Newfoundland, upon terms which, it is known, were mutually advantageous both to the United States and Newfoundland. Newfoundland, being a British colony, is subject in such matters to the final control of the British Government; and in this case the British Government has put a veto on the treaty, because the treaty did not include Canada, and did not bestow upon Canada those privileges which the American Government is willing to concede to Newfoundland. It happens, however, that a few years ago Newfoundland extorted British assent to a colonial law regulating the taking and sale of bait fishes upon the coast of Newfoundland; and under this law the Newfoundland Government has the power, despite England and Canada, to give or deny supplies of bait to whomsoever it thinks fit.

The present Newfoundland Government, which is animated by the most friendly sentiments towards the great American Republic has accordingly used those powers in favor of American fishermen. It has kept its part of the bond. It has given free bait to American fishermen, while Canadian and French fishermen can obtain bait upon the Newfoundland coasts only on payment of a pretty high license. The Newfoundland Government has therefore acted with the most perfect good faith towards America, and has declined to make itself the tool of British Tory spite against the great Republic.

Now, sir, will the great American nation deal with us in the same spirit of honor in which we have dealt with them? Will their Government keep its bond with us, as our Government has kept its bond with them? Will the great Republic, which we revere as the ideal of social and political justice, of lofty spirit, and of far-reaching enterprise, and to which all our aspirations go forth,—will it keep its engagements with us, and by a tariff arrangement open its great markets to our trade? The treaty which your astute Secretary negotiated, you may be sure, was advantageous to you as well as to Newfoundland, and it will be to your interest as well as your honor to keep it. We are no envious or insolent rivals. We are a poor and struggling colony, animated by sentiments of the highest admiration and the warmest friendship for the American people.

We appeal especially to the Irish nationality in the United States, to them who know by such bitter experience the curse of British Tory rule, and whose sympathies go forth so generously to the oppressed in every land, but especially to those oppressed by British coercion. We are, two-fifths of us, of Irish birth or blood; and even those Newfoundlanders who are of English or of Scotch extraction have always cherished friendly dispositions towards Ireland, and have now been turned, by experience of British coercion, into Home Rulers for Ireland and Annexationists for Newfoundland. We appeal, therefore, to your warm and generous sympathies for a people who are largely your own flesh and blood, and almost unanimously of your own heart and soul.

Besides all this, the strongest motives of self-interest and of national aggrandizement urge you to keep your bond with us and to open your markets to us, while shutting out Canada. For reciprocity between the United States and Newfoundland will, beyond all doubt, secure the annexation of Canada and of Newfoundland. The prosperity which will be created in Newfoundland will excite the envy of all Canada, and will make the demand in Canada for unrestricted reciprocity absolutely irresistible. Canada, when her people see the advantages of reciprocity to Newfoundland, will be ready to pay any price for reciprocity, and will fling "loyalty" away as the veriest trash.

Nova Scotia, in particular, will be so excited by the sight of Newfoundland prospering under reciprocity with the United States, that the people of that province will become strongly Annexationist. When Nova Scotia sees that Newfoundland obtains reciprocal trade with America because Newfoundland is not in the Dominion, and that Nova Scotia cannot obtain reciprocal trade because Nova Scotia is in the Dominion, the people of Nova Scotia will become even more anti-Canadian than they now are; their agitation to secede from the Dominion will become violent; and until they are allowed to secede, they will upset every Canadian government in turn.

And when once Nova Scotia has succeeded in breaking the bond, the disintegration of the Dominion, province by province is only a question of time. And when once the Dominion is broken up, the various provinces will go for annexation to the United States. Great Britain may coerce Newfoundland at the request of Canada, but Great Britain cannot coerce all her North-American Colonies, nor even any considerable number of them.

On the other hand, it is an open secret that the object of the British Government, in vetoing a separate treaty for Newfoundland, and urging Newfoundland to join with Canada, is to constrain Newfoundland to enter into confederation with Canada. If the American Government is wise, just, and far-sighted enough to give reciprocity to Newfoundland, by itself, through a tariff arrangement, the confederation of that island with the Dominion will be rendered impossible, and the annexation of the various British Provinces will be brought by that one act within measurable distance. If, on the other hand, the American Government should fail to rise to the occasion, the Confederate and British faction in Canada and Newfoundland will have reason to rejoice, for it is highly probable that within a few years Newfoundland will be constrained to enter into the Dominion. In that case, annexation would fade into a dream, and the Canadian Government would gain the power to shut American fishermen out of all supplies of bait upon the coast of Newfoundland, as well as of the maritime provinces of Canada, and to extort a measure of restricted reciprocity.

This, then, is what the United States may gain or lose by keeping or not keeping their engagements (not ratified indeed) with Newfoundland; and never did such a splendid prospect of revenge upon the old oppressor of their race present itself to the exiles of Erin. Yours truly,

A CELTIC NEWFOUNDLANDER.

THE largest sailing ship in the world is said to be in the possession of France. Her name is the France. She is a vessel with five masts, on four of which square sail is carried. The length is 344 feet, with a beam of forty-nine feet. The cargo which the France could carry is no less than 61,000 tons. The ship is built of steel, her masts and yards being of the same material. She is at present trading between France and the Pacific.

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

In reply to a vote of thanks moved by the Earl of Gainsborough, and supported by Mr. Charles Langdale and Canon Macmullen,

His Eminence said he was sure they would not take the few words he might use as the measure of his feelings on such an occasion. Their words had given him great consolation, and he thanked them all from his heart. He did not stand to weigh how far all that had been said in his favor, and all the kind thoughts and feelings that had been expressed, were such as he could in his own conscience take entirely or not. They must all endeavor to do their duty, and try to do good to those around them, and God would reward them.

ON THE NEED OF DISCIPLINE.

Preaching at St. Bernard's Seminary, Olton, June 21st, 1880, the Cardinal said:

My Dear Children, — I wish I were quite the person to speak upon that subject to which I am drawn to say a few words. I say I wish I were the person, because I have not that experience of seminaries which alone could enable one to do so properly and perfectly. And yet I do wish to say a few words, and if they are in any respect not appropriate, I must be pardoned if I do my best; and they will not be many words. I should like, if I could, to bring out what I conceive to be some of the moral advantages of a seminary such as this. But, of course, the obvious, and what seems the first object of such seminaries is, that those who go forth to fight the battles of God, and to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, may be prepared to teach. The idea of teaching comes first in the idea of a minister of God, and without a knowledge of theology we cannot teach. And, therefore, theological teaching may be said to be the obviously first and *primâ facie* idea of a seminary. But still I conceive that the moral advantages are not less to be estimated, and that, too, for the sake of the objects which we all have in teaching and knowing theology, for the sake of impressing the faith and discipline of the Holy Church upon our people. Of course, nothing can be said strong enough about the advantage of having it set forth by those who are properly prepared to do so. Now there are a great many advantages such as this, and though I daresay I shall not name those which are the most important, I would name some of those which strike me. And first, to take a large sense of the word, a seminary is a place of discipline. We all need discipline. We want discipline for this world even; and we know that this idea is felt so strongly in the world, even by those who are not Catholics, that the experience and discipline of schools are necessary for getting on in this world. We know what great advantage accrues to our own country by its particular scholastic system, and how foreign nations are looking to try, if they can, to transplant our own rules and principles and practices which so succeed in England. Now, of course, the bringing of a number of boys together is only in itself a misery and a deceit if

it is nothing more than to prepare them for this world. We are all sons of Adam, and we know that evil bursts forth of itself when any number of persons come together, and we call such a number of persons "the world." For that is the real idea of the world. There is a natural impulse and principle of our heart exemplified in the fact that persons are drawn together, and enabled to hold converse, so to say, with each other; and, therefore, to form a rule, a moral rule; not the right rule, but still an ethical rule holding a sort of principle for admiration. Those great schools that are merely secular have such great evils attending them that it is difficult to pronounce an opinion upon them, and all that I can say about them is, that, perhaps, things would not be better if the boys who went there remained at home. It has been so, I do not know what it is now. There is a great advantage, I say, in the mere fact of a number of young people coming together, putting aside the other aspect of the evil of it. Now, in a seminary there are great advantages which overcome that evil, and, therefore, we may look upon it only on its good side. It is truly good because it has great safeguards — the safeguards not only of the Catholic religion — but the safeguards of the personal piety of those young people who come and devote themselves to God, in the flower and springtide of their youth. They give up themselves and all they are to the glory of God and His service, and that will, of course, be seen and blessed by God from whom it comes. I need not go through the other safeguards. Now I think the first advantage that strikes one is the collision of mind with mind. Let us be ever so well inclined, ever so good and holy, and acting ever so well, and with a view to please God, and with a rule of life such as we ought to have; still there is a great deal to do in the way of disciplining our hearts, which we only gain by being brought together. Every one likes his own way; and, of course, it becomes an impossibility for every one to have his own way when there are a great many to be consulted, and, therefore, the very collision of mind with mind is a great advantage; and though it brings a soul into a certain degree of temptation, yet it is a temptation which turns to good from its being wrestled with and overcome. And another advantage is that we all have our own tastes, our likes and dislikes; and no number of minds can come together without having their likings and dislikings overcome. We have to look at things in a higher light. And then, again, I have not said anything yet about the necessity of obedience to superiors. There, again, is a great field of Christian virtue. And we know — to take an instance, of which I could say much — of my own dear Father, St. Philip Neri — how it was that he tried exceedingly his people merely from principle, to prove if they were obedient, without reference to whether the things were great or little. And so there is one large field, which I think is a most obvious one to put before us as to the advantages of a seminary; and I do not think it can be exaggerated. And then, again, I think there is a great gain which can be gained only by belonging to a body. I do not mean theology strictly, but that settled, fundamental basis of viewing things morally and religiously, which we get by habitual contact with others

who are of the same profession with ourselves. Men of the world who know very little about religion — I mean Protestants — do not know what they do believe or what they do not; or, if they do, they do not understand whether it is important or not. But with a Catholic not only everything is mapped out, but everything is a part of his mind almost. And that is a great gain which those have who by God's mercy are brought into the Church from the beginning. Their minds are framed in a particular way. The whole plan, both of faith and knowledge, becomes part of themselves, and on that I think a great deal might be said.

Well, then, I come to a fourth point. There was a poor wanderer, one not in the Church, who when God was good to her said, "Thou art He that seest me." This is the case of Agar. She ran away from her mistress, without a friend in the world; she was in despair; and when the angel of God appeared to her and said, "Whence comest thou? and whither goest thou?" she was so overcome with the thought that in her misery there was One who had His eye on her, that she called the name of the Lord that had spoken, "Thou the God Who hast seen me." Then she called the well there (a well being a most important mercy in that country, which we cannot estimate now), "The well of Him that liveth and seeth me." Now it is exceedingly important for all of us to live in the presence of God; and that, I think, is distinct from the moral advantages and safeguards of which I have been speaking. In the minds of people without religion the idea of God seeing them is quite a thing out of comprehension. They are haunted, possessed with the things that are — things that come before them, with their worldly aims, their worldly duties day by day, with no notion of living in the presence of an Unseen Being; and one would say that everything would go right with God's mercy if a man got that simple gift, that great grace. In the lessons for to-day, you recollect how, when the medical men told St. Aloysius to think less of God, he said that the thought of God pursued him. There you find what it was in the case of a Saint. Well, it is what all holy people feel in a degree. This is pretty much what St. Paul urges upon us when he says, "Pray without ceasing"; and that, according to my idea, is one especial mercy and gift of a seminary — that you are living in the presence of God, and, therefore, must believe in the interest of our Lord and Saviour for you. Without great fault, and miserable neglect of oneself, in spite of the great field of temptation into which any priest goes, there is around him an armor; and St. Paul speaks so much of the armor we are to put on. Well, that is what I say is one work of the seminary, to put on "the armor of God that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect" (Ephes. vi. 13); and if I were to turn the whole object of the seminary into that channel it would be quite sufficient, for it includes in it faith, hope, and charity, according to our measure. I must not be long, but there are one or two things I would just mention. As to theology itself — I think it is a great indirect advantage in this way: I do not mean theology merely as such; but principally because it is our duty, our profession in a certain sense, our occupation in the service of God. When a

priest goes into the world, he is usually taken up with so much work that he has no time for anything else. And that is a reason why he should now be taking advantage of those years which he has in the seminary, where the time may be spent profitably, theology thoroughly soaking the mind, so that it is a resource to turn to. Well, I say, he must have a certain degree of theology. He may have no time afterwards; but still from not being strong, or so on, priests may be thrown upon circumstances when they have time upon their hands. Now there is nothing more dangerous than leisure. We have very crafty and subtle enemies; we have enemies within us and enemies without us; St. Paul says that a spirit of evil surrounds us; we have the world, the flesh, and the devil; and it is a great thing if we have acquired the love of theology, so that we may take it up and be interested in it, when we do not know exactly what to do. It requires, of course, more experience than I can have, to speak worthily of such a subject, for it is a great one. That leads me to notice a kind of objection (and it is the last remark I shall make), that it all leads only to a very narrow sort of education; that it is much better with the churches around us, that are not Catholic churches, to have a knowledge of the world; that it is a good thing for those who are going into a religious life — into a ministerial life — to have mixed with the world; that it is good for religion; that it has a certain influence on the laity, and so on. The present day seems to think that those who have a professional education are narrow; they are not fit to cope with others in religious controversy; they do not know anything of the people they have to address. And that is all true. I am not denying that; but still I would say one thing on that point. Of course, I do not see why theology should not so far open the mind as to lead afterwards, at fitting opportunities, to a priest's getting that knowledge of controversy, and so on, which he had not at the seminary. We cannot do everything at once. We begin with the most important, and go on with others; and, therefore, in the proper time, and in the proper place, the study of controversy and kindred subjects, and of secular knowledge, becomes very opportune. But still one must remember that there is an innate power, blessed by Almighty God, in a straightforward, well-educated priest, though he knows nothing of the world, or is likely to make mistakes in it. And I think really that many persons are converted by the simplicity of a Catholic, and especially of a Catholic priest, and his straightforwardly going about his duty, and honestly speaking out what the Church teaches, better than if he were ever so good a controversialist. I am not denying, of course, the great advantage of a knowledge about people, and of a knowledge of their arguments, and the harm that is done by imprudently ventilating a subject when one is not perfectly informed upon it. And bad arguments do a great harm; but a holy life is only a source of good to all who come near it: "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." May we all enter more into the great responsibility which is put upon us all. How much we can do for God, and how much He will enable us to do, if we put our simple trust in Him.

ON MR. OULESS'S PORTRAIT OF HIM.

On Sunday, June 19th, 1881, the portrait of Cardinal Newman by Mr. W. W. Ouless, R. A., which has attracted much interest at the previous yearly Exhibition of the Royal Academy, was presented to his Eminence at Edgbaston. The picture had been subscribed for by members of the congregation, and the presentation was made by Mr. Wilson, who read an address on behalf of the committee appointed for the purpose.

THE CARDINAL replied: My dear Children,—I wish I could return an answer worthy of your acceptable present, and of the affectionate words with which you have accompanied it. It is, indeed, most acceptable to me, and a very thoughtful kindness, that you should have proposed to provide a memorial of me for time to come, and a memorial so specially personal, which years hence will bring back vividly the remembrance of the past to those who have known me, and will carry on into the future a tradition of what I was like, to the many who never saw me. It is a second kindness that you wish to leave it as an heirloom to this house, for by doing so you associate my brothers, the Fathers of this Oratory, in your loving thoughts of me, and thereby recognize what is so true, so ever-present to my mind, that you never would have had cause to show affection towards me but for the zealous co-operation of dear friends, living and dead, for the acts and works of whom I get the credit. It is a third kindness that in carrying out your purpose you have had recourse to a man of widely-acknowledged genius, whose work, now finished, is generally pronounced to be worthy of his reputation, and is found by competent judges to claim more and more admiration as a work of art the more carefully it is studied. Nor must I omit a fourth gratification which your address suggests to me. When friends and well-wishers in years past have paid me the like compliment, I have asked myself what I had done to merit it; but now the Sovereign Pontiff has singled me out for his highest mark of favor; and thus while you, in 1878, may be considered to have only been anticipating by the honor you proposed to me the coming to me of his act of grace, so now, in 1881, I can, for the same reason, receive it of you without the appearance or the fear of arrogance or presumption. You ask for my blessing, and I bless you with all my heart, as I desire to be blessed myself. Each one of us has his own individuality, his separate history, his antecedents and his future, his duties, his responsibilities, his solemn trial, and his eternity. May God's grace, His love, His peace, rest on all of you, united as you are in the Oratory of St. Philip, on old and young, on confessors and penitents, on teachers and taught, on living and dead. Apart from that grace, that love, that peace, nothing is stable. All things have an end, but the earth will last its time, and while the earth lasts Holy Church will last; and while Holy Church lasts may the Oratory of Birmingham last also, amid the fortunes of many generations, one and the same, faithful to St. Philip, strong in the protection of Our Lady and all Saints, not losing as time goes on its sympathy with its first fathers, whatever may be the burden and interests of its own day, as we, in turn, now stretch forth our hands with love and with awe towards those, our unborn successors, whom on earth we shall never know.

THE END.

The May Queen.

It was May Eve. The inhabitants of a picturesque hamlet in one of the Alpine cantons of Switzerland had donned their holiday attire, and were gathered to celebrate, with song and dance, the recurrence of their favorite *fête*. The *maire* has invited them to his pretty *chalet*, and before the open windows, on the gentle ascent commanding a view of the snow-clad hills, beyond the silvery lake, the musicians play the introductory music, and dancing is commenced.

"It is too soon, too soon yet," cried one of the assembly, "you should wait till our Queen is chosen."

The dissent caused the music to cease and the dancers to stand idly for a moment, when, suddenly, all are startled by the thrilling sweetness of a voice, which, with a strange unearthly cadence in its depths, entoned the following words: —

She who in weakness had nursed Him,
Who with Him in exile hath been,
Who 'neath the cross did not falter,
Alone is our festive Queen.

A silence as of death fell on the merry-makers. The fervent solemnity of the unexpected utterance pierced their hearts. They all, at once, felt that a higher and nobler purpose than their own amusement must have drawn them together, and their souls were lifted up by the opportune reminder. The gaze of all was riveted on a figure in the open balcony, which filled them with a holy awe and reverence, such as might be inspired by a vision from heaven itself. It was that of a young girl of fifteen, clad in a long, clinging robe of spotless white, with a bodice of pale blue, and a sash of the same tint, hanging down almost to her feet. Her head was uncovered, and her luxuriant hair floated over her shoulders. Her short sleeves displayed arms pure and white as those of an infant; and her beautiful features, irradiated with the inspiration of her song, had a look in them of the celestial home to which she was evidently hastening. Her large eyes shone with a strange light, her red lips were apart, and the hectic flush on her cheeks deepened, as she gazed with encouraging love on the upturned faces of the villagers. Some of the older wept, but the younger ones shouted aloud: "It is Marie, it is Marie, and she must be our Queen!"

"Yes, yes," was the general exclamation, "Marie shall be the Queen of the May!"

Marie, the only and beloved daughter of the village *maire*, was her father's pride, and the idol of all who knew her. Consumption had laid its fatal hold upon her, and it was in compliance with her express desire that her companions had been bidden hither this evening that she might witness the festival.

"Yes, yes," was the re-echoed cry, "Marie shall be our May Queen. Her crown, her crown!"

It was brought — a wreath of fair, white lilies displayed on a blue cushion. Two young girls were chosen to ascend the outer stairs and

place it on her young head. This done, they knelt before her, according to the festive wont, to offer the regal salutation; but they could only clasp her hands in theirs and burst into tears. She smiled brightly, and, stooping forward, kissed their foreheads, and sent, as their queen, a command to those below to resume their merry-making.

Scarcely had they regained their companions when again the voice of Marie sang out in unearthly sweetness the conclusion of her hymn:

Fain would I remind you of Mary,
Her only who spotless hath been;
At her feet I'll lay all your homage,
She alone is our May-day Queen.

In obedience to Marie's behest, the amusement went on more heartily than ever; but they celebrated the May eve no longer as a mere custom, but in honor of her who is the Queen of Heaven and of the sweet May month.

The festivities had come to a close. The night-stars glimmered in the moonless sky, when a sudden brilliancy illumined the balcony, from which their May Queen had been smiling down upon her dutiful subjects. They looked up, and beheld Marie reclining in an attitude of calm repose. A crucifix was clasped to her heart, and on her head the crown of lilies glistened in their whiteness. The smile of love still lingered on her lips, but her pure spirit had soared to heaven. Their May Queen was dead.

With Grief I Laid My Lyre Aside.

WITH grief I laid my lyre aside,
For oft it cheered my lonely hours,
And made my spirit swiftly ride
To realms of bliss, on wings of flowers.

Whene'er I struck its golden strings
I felt my soul much stronger grow,
And beauty fell on common things,
And earth and sky seemed all aglow.

I saw but loveliness around,
I heard but music in the air,
I walked upon enchanted ground,
And lifted up my voice in prayer.

I saw not then Destruction's hand
On all that live, on all that die,
For I had flown to Eden Land,
Where drops no tear, where heaves no sigh.

My lyre to me was joy and pride,
The solace of my heavy hours,
But I was bid cast it aside,
And ride no more on wings of flowers.

Was it a sin to touch the lyre
That Royal David loved so well?
What say you of the Heavenly Choir?
Of angels in St. Dunstan's cell?

From hermits' caves in solitude,
From abbeys thronged with men of prayer,
From convents of the pure and good,
Rose lyric sounds that filled the air.

Some saints upon their dying bed,
Some martyrs on their glowing pyres,
The sweetest "soul of music shed,"
By touching swift their sacred lyres.

Then come, sweet lyre, I'll touch thy strings,
And thou wilt cheer my lonely hours;
Come, come, and change all common things,
And give me wings of fairest flowers.

Swedesboro, New Jersey. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

Rev. Michael Mullin, — Priest, Patriot, Poet.

ERIN, the prolific land of genius, has given birth to the poet-priest and *littérateur*, whose life and labors we briefly here indite. Like many another gifted Gael, he died far away from the land which birth and boyhood endeared to him by a thousand sacrifices and hallowed associations.

Loughrea, on the banks of the "lordly Shannon," claims the honor of giving birth to the Rev. Father Mullin in the year 1833, when Ireland was fast recovering from the baneful effects of the odious Penal Laws. O'Connell was then the uncrowned king of his native land. Three years before the birth of our poet, Catholic Emancipation,

REV. MICHAEL MULLIN.

through the matchless statesmanship of the Liberator, became a startling reality, and the middle class of Catholics, who had lost neither the virtues nor the traditions of their race, could now reasonably indulge in the hope of educating their sons for the learned professions. The parents of Michael Mullin dedicated him to the service of the Church at the baptismal font, and carefully shaped his career and studies to the destined goal. His primary education was received at St. Jarlath's College, the great seminary of the west, and the *Alma Mater* of many a learned Irishman. Here young Mullin gave unmistakable evidences of the talents he possessed, and proved to his professors that his mind was cast in no ordinary mould. With an enthusiasm which overcomes all obstacles he read whatever national literature had escaped the vandalism of English officials in Ireland, and stored away this well-digested knowledge in his capacious mind for future use.

During the agitation of 1847 he entered the National Ecclesiastical

Seminary at Maynooth, near Dublin, where he was destined to win high honors in scholarship, and where the higher honors and dignity of the priesthood crowned the labors of his youth and noble manhood.

It has been said with truth, that, among the six hundred students who thronged the recreation grounds and lecture halls of that noble institution, young Mr. Mullin never made an enemy. His nature was such as to attract and edify all who came in close relationship with him. He was gentle and retiring as a convent girl, simple and unassuming as a child. While yet a mere youth the patriotic genius of the student began to assert itself, and the editors of the Nation soon discovered in him one of their most valued contributors of prose and verse. From his initial contribution, "Clonfert" was able to take front rank among a staff of writers that had attracted the attention and commanded the admiration of Lord Macaulay and some others of his coterie.

During his connection with the Nation he wrote many exquisite lyrics and some ballads of superior style and sentiment. As a specimen of the latter we reproduce here the stirring and widely-popular ballad, which first appeared under one of his assumed names in the columns of the Nation:

ARTHUR McCOY.

While the snow-flakes of winter are falling
On mountain and house-top and tree,
Come olden, weird voices recalling
The homes of Hy-Faly to me;
The ramble by river and wild-wood,
The legends of mountain and glen,
When the bright magic mirror of childhood
Made heroes and giants of men.

Then I had my dreamings ideal,
My prophets and heroes sublime,
Yet I found one, true, living and real,
Surpass all the fictions of time:
Whose voice thrilled my heart to its centre,
Whose form tranced my soul and my eye;
A temple no treason could enter:
My hero was Arthur McCoy.

. . . . . .

As the strong mountain tower spreads its arms,
Dark, shadowy, silent, and tall,
In our tithe-raids and midnight alarms,
His bosom gave refuge to all.
If a mind, clear and calm and expanded,
A soul ever soaring and high,
'Mid a host — gave a right to command it —
A hero was Arthur McCoy.

While he knelt, with a Christian demeanor,
To his priest or his Maker, alone,
He scorned the vile slave or retainer,
That crouched round the castle or throne.
The Tudor, the Guelph, the Pretender,
Were tyrants, alike, branch and stem;
But who'd free our fair land, and defend her,
A nation were monarchs to him.

And this faith in good works he attested,
When Tone linked the true hearts and brave,
Every billow of danger he breasted —
His sword-flash the crest of its wave.
A standard he captured in Gorey,
A sword-cut and ball through the thigh
Were among the mementos of glory
Recorded of Arthur McCoy.

Long the *quest* of the law and its beagles,
His covert the cave and the tree;
Though his home was the home of the eagles,
His soul was the soul of the free.
No toil, no defeat could enslave it,
Nor franchise nor "Amnesty Bill" —
No lord, but the Maker who gave it,
Could curb the high pride of his will.

With the gloom of defeat ever laden —
Seldom seen at the hurling or dance,
Where through blushes the eye of the maiden
Looks out for her lover's advance;
And whenever he stood to behold it,
A curl of the lip, or a sigh,
Was the silent reproach that unfolded
The feelings of Arthur McCoy.

For it told him of freedom o'ershaded —
That the iron had entered their veins —
When beauty bears manhood degraded,
And manhood's contented in chains.
But he loved that fair race, as a martyr,
And if his own death could recall
The blessings of liberty's charter,
His bosom had bled for them all.

And he died for his love. I remember,
On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
On a dark, snowy eve in December,
I knelt at the patriot's grave.
The aged were all heavy-hearted —
No cheek in the graveyard was dry,
The Sun of our hills had departed —
God rest you, old Arthur McCoy.

This ballad became extremely popular in Ireland. It is to be found in almost every collection of Irish ballad-poetry that has appeared during the last forty years, either in or out of Ireland.

Besides the ordinary course of studies in Maynooth, which occupies eight years, and embraces Humanities, Natural Philosophy, Logic and Metaphysics, Ecclesiastical History, Scripture and Theology, young Mr. Mullin spent a term of three years in the "Dunboyne Establishment." A certificate for this department is the highest literary honor that can be conferred on a young man in Maynooth, and it is obtained only by men of marked ability. Here, also, he won distinction among the master-minds of his country, and endeared himself to his fellow-students. Having completed his extra course in Dunboyne, he was appointed to a Professor's chair. For some time he lectured on English Rhetoric, with honor to himself and the great delight of the

students. His health, which was never rugged, gave way about this time, and the brilliant Rev. Professor was obliged to seek the bracing air of his native fields and floods in the hope of wooing back his vanished strength and intellectual vigor.

Appointed to a curacy in his native diocese of Clonfert, he labored with an earnestness and humility that won the admiration of his people. So well, indeed, did he succeed as assistant pastor, that the Bishop made him administrator of his own parish in Loughrea. But the man who could lecture most eloquently on learned subjects, write like an inspired prophet, and labor zealously for the salvation of souls, was, by no means, a success in the administration of an important parish. His tastes and mode of thought were not in that direction, and Father Mullin soon resigned his charge into the hands of his Bishop, with the understanding that he would be permitted to join a religious order in Dublin.

A few months in the close confinement of a monastery convinced him that his health was very much impaired, and that he must seek other pursuits than those of a sedentary life.

In 1864 he reached the shores of the New World, whither the fame of his genius and varied attainments had preceded him, and where Archbishop McCloskey received him kindly and cordially. The Archbishop of New York made Father Mullin Professor of Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy in the Provincial Ecclesiastical Seminary at Troy. The duties of this position were too arduous for his delicate constitution, so he was transferred to parochial work in New York City where, his labor being light, he devoted considerable of his time to writing for the Metropolitan press. After some time spent here, endeavoring to

"Woo back the withered flowers of health,"

his physicians urged him to go West, with the hope that the change of climate would serve to prolong his precious life. In the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, he taught a class, and wrote sketches for the Ave Maria.

In Chicago he became editor of the Young Catholic Guide, which in his hands gathered new life and vigor.

Here it was that he learned the sad news of the death of his parents in Ireland. The bereavement broke his tender and affectionate heart, and ere its shadows had cleared away he followed them to his reward.

He died far away from his own "sunny Erin" on the 23d of April, 1869, and all that is mortal of him now lies in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago, Ill.

His writings, which are scattered through the pages of different magazines and periodicals in two hemispheres, have never been collected.

His best known prose work is The Two lovers of Flavia Domitilla, which first appeared in the Catholic World, and helped, very materially, that magazine in the days of its youth. This beautiful Catholic story suffers nothing by comparison with the late Cardinal Newman's

Calista. The plot is full of absorbing interest, and the style in which it is written attests the oft-repeated truth that "Father Michael Mullin was a perfect master of English."

A poem which he wrote, entitled "The Immaculate Conception," attracted the attention of the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, who, in his day, had no superior as a judge of the literary merit of original composition appearing in any of the ancient or modern languages. Among his writings in verse the "Celtic Tongue" is undoubtedly the most widely known and best appreciated. It has the characteristics of true Celtic genius. With the glory and fervor of the Celtic soul, it is pathetic and pithy, and, once read, it haunts the memory like some bewitching spell.

We cannot better end this brief and insufficient memorial of a man of brilliant parts, of solid acquirements, and unsullied patriotism, than by giving in full his

LAMENT FOR THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading ! like leaves upon the trees !
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze !
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore
Where the Barrow and the Erne, and Loch Swilley's waters roar —
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the West,
And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast !
The language of old Erin, of her history and name —
Of her monarchs and her heroes — her glory and her fame —
The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb,
The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd, mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song —
Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the past.

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest,
Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest ;
Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of slain ;
Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest-tree and rock —
And savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zernebock ;
And for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael,
Since our Celtic sires sung war-songs round the sacred fires of Baal :

The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
And from their graves have risen those now spoken in their stead.
The glories of old Erin with her liberty have gone,
Yet their halo linger'd round her, while the Gaelic speech lived on ;
For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers, it stood — that old tongue of the past !
'Tis leaving, and forever, the soil that gave it birth,
Soon — very soon, its moving tones shall ne'er be heard on earth.

O'er the island dimly fading, as a circle o'er the wave —
Receding, as its people lisp the language of the slave,
And with it, too, seem fading, as sunset into night,
The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light,
For ah ! tho' long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart, and hand ;
T' install its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name ;

The Saxon chain our rights and tongues alike doth hold in thrall,
Save where amid the Connaught wilds and hills of Donegal —
And by the shores of Munster, like the broad Atlantic blast,
The olden language lingers yet and binds us to the past.
Thro' cold neglect 'tis dying now; a stranger on our shore!
No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore —
No Lawrence fires our Celtic clans round leaguered Athaclee —
No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war-songs to the sea.
Ah, magic tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear!
Ah, pleasant tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear!
Ah, glorious tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthrall!
Ah, rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!
The tongue, that in the Senate was lightning flashing bright —
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!
That tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,
As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there to-day!
That tongue whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong and Mullaghmast,
Like those who nobly perished there is numbered with the Past!

The Celtic tongue is passing and we stand coldly by —
Without a pang within the heart, a tear within the eye —
Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort made to save
The language of our fathers from dark oblivion's grave!
Oh, Erin! vain your efforts — your prayers for Freedom's crown,
Whilst offered in the language of the foe that clove it down;
Be sure that tyrants ever with an art from darkness sprung,
Would make the conquered nation slaves alike in limb and tongue;
Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered frame,
Until he trampled from her heart the tongue that bore her name.
Oh, Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear old tongue
Which, as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!
Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck, the only and the last
And cherish in your heart of hearts, the language of the past!

Who, that has a drop of Irish blood in his veins, can read this pathetic appeal unmoved? It touches the very soul like the cadence of a *caoine*. Nobody will deny that it has done much towards the revival of the ancient language of the Gael which, thanks to patriotic Irishmen at home and abroad, is attracting to its standard the educated men and women of our race.

While the love of that dear old tongue lives in the breasts of the scattered children of Erin, this beautiful poem is destined to survive, and associated with it shall remain the name and the fame of Rev. Michael Mullin.

D. O. CROWLEY, in St Joseph's Union, San Francisco, Cal

Laughter.

WHO can estimate the value of a hearty, happy laugh? It is water in the desert — manna in life's wilderness. Some persons are far more richly endowed than others with this happy gift, and the method of its manifestation in themselves and its effect upon others are among the most wonderful mysteries of our being. Go where they may, they are ever welcome; for provided always that their matchless talent is refined by good taste and temperated by good feeling, they bring the summer with them, and make everybody the brighter for their presence. It is marvellous to think what an atmosphere of fun seems to surround some people.

A Plea for the Ugly Girls. — By One of Them.

It does not matter much to a boy, whether he is good-looking or the reverse. He is not obliged to wait for somebody to ask him to dance, and his matrimonial prospects don't appear to suffer any serious discount from personal shortages that would send a girl's stock away down below par, or even put her out of the market altogether. One never sees a man so hideous or repulsive but that some woman is ready to marry him if he will only ask her; but men are less philanthropic, and so the ugly girls are left to run to waste as unappropriated blessings. The "handsome is as handsome does" theory won't hold at all after we get out of the nursery, and a little experience soon convinces us that it is a fraud and a delusion, like that other domestic fiction about the drumstick being the choicest part of the fowl, with which our elders used to impose upon our unsuspecting simplicity.

We ugly girls never get any drives in the park, nor free seats at the theatre; and as for ice-cream and French candy, no matter how handsomely we deport ourselves, we shouldn't know the taste of either if we waited to have it bestowed upon us. Indeed, the expensiveness of being an ugly girl is one of the worst things about it. There are no perquisites. We get none of the plums out of life's pudding, for under present conditions men do all the carving, and, as one of them says, "All the fine things we think and say about women apply to those only who are tolerably good-looking or graceful."

Now, suppose the same rule applied to men, and that only the good-looking ones could hope to attain to wealth and distinction; suppose, for instance, that that famous wart on Oliver Cromwell's nose had been sufficient to condemn him to obscurity, as it inevitably would have done had he been a woman; suppose Grover Cleveland's too ample girth of waist had kept him out of the White House, as it certainly would have kept Mrs. Cleveland out, had she been the unlucky possessor of that inconvenient superfluity; or, suppose David B. Hill's bald pate had rendered him ineligible to the office of Governor of New York, as I have not the shadow of a doubt that a bald head would render any woman in America ineligible to the office of Governor's wife; suppose, in fact, that a bald head was sufficient to blast any man's prospects in life, as effectually as it would any woman's; I think most of the middle-aged men, at least, into whose hands this paper may fall, will admit that that would be a little hard. Yet this is the law under which women have lived, since the beginning of time, and it doesn't give the ugly girls a fair chance.

If it were possible for a man to be so hideous that a woman would not marry him (which, of course, it isn't), there are still dozens of careers open to him, in which a red nose or an apoplectic chin needn't stand in his way; but the ugly girl has no such resources. No matter how clever or amiable we may be (and some of us are really very adorable creatures, although you might not think so, to look at us), we cannot do anything but stand aside and see all the big matrimonial plums fall into the laps of our fairer sisters, while only the sour and

wormy ones are left for us, and few even of them. Not only are we debarred forever from the glorious privilege of becoming known to fame as the spouse of some one of the army of statesmen, whose genius is making American legislation the wonder of the world, but we cannot even hope to deserve an eight-dollar pension from our country by becoming somebody's widow, which seems to be about the only service which can entitle woman to the gratitude of her country. In short, the ugly girl seems to have no rights which society is bound to respect.

Now, we ugly girls think all this very unfair. We don't ask the men to marry us, nor hope to earn our country's gratitude by becoming widows, but let some modest standard, which one can hope to attain, be recognized. At all events, give us a respectable career of some sort. We have been allowed a few gleanings from the Tree of Knowledge; but the Tree of Life still stands in the midst of the garden with its fruit forbidden to us.

E. T. ANDREWS, in Lippincott's Magazine.

An Irish Explorer.

A SUITABLE public reception was given to Mr. John Petrie O'Byrne, the recently returned Irish Arctic traveller and Scandinavian explorer, on the occasion of his visit to lecture on behalf of the Kells (county Meath) Union laborers, on Easter Monday. Enthralled by the story and dramatic incidents of the Danish invasions of Ireland, this adventurous Irishman set out upon his travels, several years ago to the far North. Probably he is the first student of Irish history who in the character of an independent explorer went forth, without national or official help to those distant, inhospitable regions, with a view of extending the honor and fame of his country, enlarging the boundaries of our limited knowledge of the Dane, the Viking, and the Goth.

The genius of the Irish race — bold, heroic, and enterprising — rather than contemplative and scientific — moved by the old heroic instinct of the great Irishmen who have left their footprints on the sands of time, inspired an O'Byrne of the nineteenth century to travel in the circumpolar world, in quest of Irish relics, literary treasures, and the priceless manuscripts carried by the invaders of old to the North. Mr. O'Byrne, as a cultivated and enlightened traveller, well known from his speeches and lectures on the genius, wrongs, and aspirations of the Irish Nation, has a flood of boundless knowledge to impart. Few in Ireland — few in the most favored country in the south or west of Europe — imagine the extent and stirring history of the ancient nationalities — Denmark, Norway, and Sweden — once known as Scandinavia — the Paradise of the North — the weird region of the "Aurora" — the mystic land of the Arctic — the snow wilderness — with six months of day and six months of night, and the eternal silence of the icy North Pole. Together with Mr. O'Byrne's expeditions to the new lands within the Arctic Circle — his disastrous shipwreck and escape to Lapland forms as novel, as highly interesting and unique a narrative as was ever presented to any audience. The Kells laborers have in this heroic pioneer of science and history a great advocate.

Build up the Navy.

In 1866 the House Naval Committee were of the opinion and recommended that the government should, at least, create a navy that would be of respectable size, and that it should demonstrate its capacity to increase rapidly to any required extent.

In what manner can such proposed rapid increase be provided if substantial encouragement be not given to our manufacturers to enable them to maintain the most improved modern plant for such work? What incentive will these manufacturers have to keep in hand the mechanism for this magic expansion unless appropriations are continuous and liberal? It would be impossible to exercise too great impartiality in the recognition of those who risk their wealth and reputation in the vast undertakings thus far so inadequately provided for.

The silver men are so eager for the success of legislation that will guarantee a market for their mines, and the farmers are so clamorous for the political control which they believe will secure for them an outlet for their produce, that they cannot pause long enough to realize that a liberal naval policy will by the aid of its insurance and mechanical education, assure an increase of the output of the mines of the one and the more rapid and secure transit of their grain for the other. These and other important advantages would be attained by a policy of generous appropriations for increasing the strength of our navy.

Since 1861, when a wooden ship could be built and armed with iron smooth-bore guns in *three* months, thirty years have passed, during which time the most prominent European powers have adopted and developed the models, suggestions, and conceptions that were the direct fruit of our civil war, and which have produced radical alterations and transformations in vessels of war.

As many years are now required as months formerly to build and arm a modern battle ship. What folly, therefore, to talk of creating a navy in an emergency!

If we are to have a navy at all, let us have one that can whip the enemy if we must fight, and one that will be a school of the highest form of mechanical education if we shall be blessed with peace.

The country's naval strength cannot be reached and maintained by impetuous and spasmodic effort; it can only result from a well-determined programme of such magnitude and duration as will induce our manufacturers to make the requisite provision for such a supply as will secure and reward their best efforts.

What is needed is a legislative encouragement that will secure for the nation the ripest fruit of our ablest mechanical minds, ready and willing to acquire and impart the education that such a policy must entail. Congress encourages medical development, agricultural development, makes special legislation for mining, and opens the treasury for thousands of measures of greater or less importance; why not give equal stimulus to the new industries that have become so necessary and prominent a factor in the development of our new navy?

Whether these expenditures are needed from the stand-point of insurance, for "no man objects to paying money to have his house insured against fire, though he never expects it to be burned, nor should he object to the slight tax necessary to insure his house, his business, his country, against the transgressions or the possible transgressions of an enemy," or whether from the stand-point of avoiding temptation, for "there is no greater temptation to malevolents than an undefended people, a country with unprotected shores is an invitation to all the thieves and robbers of the world," or whether from the stand-point of education in the mechanical arts, to which we wish to give particular prominence, the work of protecting our nation, its people, and its wealth, should go on vigorously, and the requisite lines of naval and shore defence provided without delay. This done, and we shall be a nation anxious for peace, ready for war. Scientific American.

Regarded Himself as a Financier.

THE late General Sherman was no exception to the general run of humanity in his opinion that he had distinct qualifications of a high order for success in another walk of life than that in which he had achieved eminence. It may not be generally known to the public at large, but there is no doubt that he regarded himself as a man of extraordinary sagacity in the realm of finance. He very often referred to himself as a banker, and he discussed money questions with the air of conviction that bordered almost upon intolerance. No one ever knew exactly how far the General's banking operations extended, but toward the latter part of his life he almost invariably prefaced his talk on money subjects with the sentence, "My opinion, based on thirty years' experience as a banker, is —" He made a shrewd investment in his Seventy-first street property, and never ceased to congratulate himself upon it. He had but one fault to find with the location of the house, and that was the service of the elevated road. He detested the steps, and would go to any amount of trouble in changing street cars rather than climb up to the elevated platforms. He was extremely democratic in his habits at all times, and preferred street cars to carriages. A favorite method of his of going to a down-town theatre was to take an Eighth avenue car to Fifty-ninth street, then a cross-town car to the end of Broadway, where he would make another transfer to a Broadway car.

Just Like a Girl.

AGNES, aged four, called at an up-town grocery store the other day. "I want a tick of gum," she announced. After getting the desired article she remarked that she hadn't "any penny." "How do you expect to pay for your gum?" queried the vender of delicacies. "Well," announced the youthful philosopher, "I will give you a kiss." The kiss was taken, but Agnes stayed, and finally, flushed with success, she made another offer. "My cousin Ethel would like a tick, and I'll give you another kiss for it." Both girls chewed that afternoon.

The Impolicy of Strikes.

At a moment when the air is thick with the strife of opposing industrial interests, when there are wars and rumors of wars, and not only no signs of suspension of hostilities, but every probability of the situation becoming daily more menacing and strained, it may be worth while to induce working men to ask themselves individually and collectively, "What real benefit have we secured through the action of strikes; and is not our progress rather retarded than advanced thereby?"

Much mischief is done, and good entirely nullified by the insane practices of would-be-social reformers refusing to admit that improvement can be effected by any means but their favorite formula, which, if theoretically sound, may, nevertheless, be practically inapplicable. The true reformer will be content to use any means (short of absolutely immoral ones) to secure improvements, even if they differ widely from such as he would have adopted.

Now trades-unions (by which bodies strikes are instituted and organized) which demand association only with what they are pleased to specify as "skilled labor," the criterion of which is membership of their various unions, neither created that nor the demand for it. These bodies are not, nor do they attempt to constitute themselves, critics or experts in the trades to which they apply. If trades-unionism was directed towards attaining perfection in handicrafts, it would be deserving of every possible encouragement and support; but experience proves that the only objects are to raise the standard of wages and shorten the hours of labor. I do not mean to say that these objects are in any way objectionable, provided they can be honorably and successfully maintained; but I do say that in the majority of instances they can be neither. With regard to the first-mentioned object, viz., raising the wage standard, I submit that agitators have not been substantially successful in securing it, because the rise of wages in particular trades which is attributed to the action of strikes, is, in reality, brought about by natural and independent causes; and when such has not been the case, when they have been "rushed up" by artificial means, the price paid for indulgence in a merely nominal success will, upon impartial calculation, be found to exceed the addition to the wages.

When the object of a strike is for shorter hours, it is, in the main, a distinctive rather than a different claim to that for higher wages; yet, under certain circumstances, it may present considerable differences, and such as may seem to render it justifiable. Few will deny that railway servants, tram car men, and 'bus men are overworked and underpaid; but if public opinion were once directed in full force against the men who employ them, their hardships would certainly be materially lessened. I believe that the importance of public opinion in bringing individuals and bodies to a lively sense of their duty is considerably underestimated, and I am of opinion that in many, if not

in all instances of underpayment, whether by means of too scanty wages or too long hours of labor, the application of this moral force would bring employers, directors, and shareholders to perceive the necessity of administering justice and humanity to their servants. If it be objected that the publication of their grievances by the employed would disturb their friendly relations with their employers, it may be answered that there can be no friendship between parties one of which is an aggressor, and the other the victim of aggression.

When, however, it is sought by any means to limit the operations of male adult labor by Act of Parliament, I submit that it is a gross interference with the liberty of the subject, and any such sumptuary law would surely be evaded. Where such a limitation can at present be conveniently practised it may be justifiable to impose it; but it cannot be regarded as a just or politic demand, when made in the face of conditions which are unfavorable to its maintenance.

In dealing with the question of imposing conditions by force, I should like to point out to working men how dangerous a precedent they are establishing, when they sanction or lend themselves to such a method of enforcing their claims; for not only must force be met with a similar argument, which involves their exposure to a power whose capacity it is impossible for them to estimate; but in yielding themselves, bound hand and foot, to bodies whose notions of policy are so elementary and so unscientific as to lead them to suppose that the employment of force is the best means of gaining their ends, they are submitting themselves to tyrants whom they have themselves invested with power.

I would not for one moment have it inferred that because I have endeavored to prove that strikes aggrevate, rather than mitigate, the evils which they profess to cure, I would, in any degree, excuse capital in taking the smallest advantage of labor. On the contrary, I hold it the duty of the capitalist to sufficiently and proportionately award to labor its share of profits in the mutual employment of forces which are expended for their mutual benefit.

In spite of the fact that the profit-sharing system is condemned by many, I am persuaded that some form of that system will ultimately be adopted in settling the disputed questions between capital and labor, as the best means of securing to labor its natural demand of sighting some prospect beyond that which is afforded by a fixed and arbitrary scale of wages. Of course, when the profit-sharing system is grasped in its entirety by all concerned, the workmen will understand that the major portion of their profits are to be applied to re-investment. The workman would be much more benefited by this system than by excessive wages.

The effects of labor disturbances upon the commercial prosperity of our country are disastrous. Under the rule of an irresponsible body of industrial conspirators and dictators, important industries are being carried on all over the continent and in the United States with English money, while Englishmen are starving for it.

I deprecate the interference of the Legislature in labor questions;

but I hold that the law should be brought to bear against industrial treason and conspiracy; and in the event of a strike its representatives should afford the utmost protection to those who refuse to join in acts of defiance. True liberty consists in the privilege of protecting our own rights, and not in attempting to destroy the rights of others.

E. M. STEVENS, in Westminster Review, London.

The Priests of Ireland.

YOU have waited, priests of Ireland, until the hour was late:
You have stood with folded arms until 'twas asked — why do they wait?
By the fever and the famine you have seen your flocks grow thin,
Till the whisper hissed through Ireland that your silence was a sin.
You have looked with tearless eyes on fleets of exile laden ships,
And the hands that stretched toward Ireland brought no tremor to your lips;
In the sacred cause of freedom you have seen your people band,
And they looked to you for sympathy; you never stirred a hand;
But you stood upon the altar, with their blood within your veins,
And you bade the pale-faced people to be patient in their chains!
Ah, you told them — it was cruel — but you said they were not true
To the holy faith of Patrick, if they were not ruled by you;
Yes, you told them from the altar — they, the vanguard of the Faith —
With your eyes like flint against them — that their banding was a death —
Was a death to something holy; till the heart-wrung people cried
That their priests had turned against them — that they had no more a guide —
That the English gold had bought you — yes, they said it — but they lied!
Yes, they lied; they sinned, not knowing you — they had not gauged your love:
Heaven bless you, priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from above,
For the strength that made you, loving them, crush back the tears that rose
When your country's heart was quiv'ring 'neath the statesman's muffled blows:
You saw clearer far than they did, and you grieved for Ireland's pain;
But you did not rouse the people — and your silence was their gain;
For too often has the peasant dared to dash his naked arm
'Gainst the sabre of the soldier; but you shielded him from harm,
And your face was set against him — though your heart was with his hand
When it flung aside the plough — to snatch a pike for fatherland!

Oh! God bless you, priests of Ireland! You were waiting with a will,
You were waiting with a purpose when you bade your flocks be still;
And you preached from off your altars not alone the words sublime,
But your silence preached to Irishmen — "Be patient: bide your time!"
And they heard you, and obeyed, as well as outraged men could do —
Only some who loved poor Ireland, but who erred in doubting you,
Doubting you, who could not tell them why you spake the strange behest —
You, who saw the day was coming when the moral strength was best —
You, whose hearts were sore with looking on your country's quick decay —
You, whose chapel seats were empty and your people fled away —
You, who marked amid the fields where once the peasant's cabin stood —
You, who saw your kith and kindred swell the emigration flood —
You, the Soggarth in the famine, and the helper in the frost —
You, whose shadow was a sunshine when all other hope was lost —
You, they doubted — and you knew it — but you never said a word;
Only preached, "Be still: be patient!" and, thank God, your voice was heard!

Now, the day foreseen is breaking — it has dawned upon the land,
And the priests still preach in Ireland; do they bid their flocks disband?
Do they tell them still to suffer and be silent? No! — their words
Flash from Dublin Bay to Connaught, brighter than the gleam of swords!

Flash from Donegal to Kerry, and from Waterford to Clare,
And the nationhood awaking thrills the sorrow-laden air.
Well they judged their time — they waited till the bar was glowing white,
Then they swung it on the anvil, striking down with earnest might,
And the burning sparks that scatter lose no lustre on their way;
Till five million hearts in Ireland and ten millions far away
Feel the first good blow, and answer; and they will not rest with one.
Now the first is struck, the anvil shows the labor well begun;
Swing them in their lusty sinew, and the work will soon be done!
Let them sound from hoary Cashel; Kerry, Meath, and Ross stand forth;
Let them ring from Cloyne and Tuam and the Primate of the North;
Ask not class or creed: let "Ireland!" be the talismanic word;
Let the blessed sound of unity from North to South be heard;
Carve the words: "No creed distinctions!" on O'Connell's granite tomb,
And his dust will feel their meaning and rekindle in the gloom.
Priest to priest, to sound the summons — and the answer, man to man;
With the people round the standard, and the Prelates in the van;
Let the heart of Ireland's hoping keep this golden rule of Cloyne
Till the Orange fades from Derry and the shadow from the Boyne,
Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they reach:
"After Christ, their country's freedom do the Irish Prelates preach!"

The Late JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Sherman's Hungry Soldiers.

MR. J. C. JAMISON tells an interesting story of Sherman's march to the sea to a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter. For eighteen days the men had been on quarter rations, and on this particular day they took up their weary march without any breakfast. Along about noon they came to a pretty plantation presided over by a cultured and wealthy adherent of the lost cause. His mansion was palatial, and everything the eye beheld betokened plenty.

Visions of a square meal arose before the tired boys in blue, and those in the van quickened their pace and soon were on a dead run for the house. Mr. Jamison was something of a sprinter in those days, and was the first to reach the house. He dashed through the kitchen and headlong into the dining-room, but no sooner had he passed the door than he stopped, transfixed with horror. Before him sat General Sherman and some of his staff officers, the guests of the house. Before them was a steaming dinner.

Anticipating instant arrest, Mr. Jamison tried to retreat, but the hungry hosts blocked the way. They shoved him forward, and a brawny hand reached over his shoulder and seized a savory spring chicken. That was as a signal, and in an instant the groaning table was stripped of everything edible.

"General!" shouted the outraged exponent of southern chivalry, "do you stand silently by and see me thus plundered?"

"Yes," quietly responded General Sherman. "The boys are hungry. They have been on quarter rations for eighteen days, and we are living off the country. I guess they need the dinner worse than we do."

THE devil knows that one who perseveres in prayer is lost to him.
St. Teresa.

The Irish at Bunker Hill.

Hon. George C. Gilman, of Manchester, N. H., has compiled from Revolutionary records the names of New Hampshire soldiers who fought at Bunker Hill. One of the professional falsifiers of history in Boston has recently said that there were no Irishmen engaged in the patriot ranks in that battle. Here are a few of the names found in that list which even a British-American historian to Her Majesty will scarcely have the hardihood to deny as being distinctively Irish: —

Gen. Starks' Regiment.

Timothy Ahern,
Henry Blake,
Samuel Kelley,
John Kerr,
James Lyons,
David Lawler,
Timothy Blake,
Jonathan Blake,
Elijah Blake,
Samuel Barron,
Nathaniel Boyd,
James Burns,
John Burns,
Paul Blake,
Joseph Broderick,
William Boyd,
Robert Burke,
Moses Barrett,
James Carr,
Moses Conner,
Robert Cunningham,
Andrew McClary,
John McNelle,
John Mannahan,
Charles McCarty,
Thomas McClure,
Thomas McClary,
John Moore,
Goffe Moore,
David Moore,
David McKnight,
Thomas McLaughlin,
John C. McNeil,
David McQuig,
Patrick Murphy,
Moses Martin,
James McCoy,
Moses McFarland,
Charles McCoy,
Daniel McNeil,
George Moore,
Michael McClary,
William McCrillis,
Andrew McGaffey,
Neal McGaffey,
Daniel Moore,
John Moore,
James Moore,
Isaac Moore,
Moses McConnel,
John McCullam,
Bryan Roque,
John Ryan,
Archibald Stark,
Frederick Roach,
Job Brittain,
George Shannon,
Thomas Welsh,
Andrew Butler,
Nathaniel Barret,
Richard Coughlan,
James Campbell,
Jesse Carleton,
George Carleton,
John McGinnis,
John McNichol,
Timothy McIntire,
Samuel McMasters,
Joseph Powers,
John Rowe,
James Gilmore,
Samuel Campbell,
Jesse Carr,
James Carr,
Thomas Carr,
Samuel Carr,
Benjamin Carr,
Samuel Caldwell,
John Callahan,
Hugh Campbell,
Jonathan Carr,
Joseph Connor,
Elijah Cochran,
John Casey,
Jeremiah Connor,
Samuel Cass,
Daniel Cass,
Eliphalet Connor,
Paul Caldwell,
James Caldwell,
Samuel Caldwell,
William Cochran,
Hugh Crombie,
Joseph Mack,
William Shannon.
Robert Mack,
Archibald Mack,
John Mackey,
David McClary,
James McClure,
Ebenezer McElvain,
George McMurphy,
Robert McMurphy,
William McMurphy,
Daniel Miltimore,
William Moore,
Hugh Montgomery,
Martin Montgomery,
Robert McClurg,
George McClurg,
James McKean,
Archibald McMillen,
James Moore,
Benjamin Nealey,
John Nealey,
Andrew Nealy,
John O'Niel,
James Orr,
John Orr,
Robert Darrah,
Richard Flood,
James Gilmore,
John Rowan,
Thomas Roach,
Caleb Stark,
John Stark,
Robert Cochran,
John Weir,
Jonathan Barrett,
Isaac Barrett,
John Barret,
William Campbell,
David Carleton,
Nathaniel Carleton,
James Cochran,
Ebenezer Carleton,
Nathaniel Greeley,
Jonathan Greeley,
John Greeley,
John Griffin,
Theophilus Griffin,
Joshua Harrington,

Prescott's Regiment.

Samuel Conroy, James McConnor, James Mack,
Arthur Darrah, Archibald Mack, Robert McCormack,
William Darrah, David McClure, John McDonald,
Joseph McFarling.

Col. Frye's Regiment.

Robert Campbell, John Rowe, Matthias Welch,
Benjamin Welch.

Col. Jonathan Brewer's Regiment.

Daniel McGrath.

Scores and hundreds of names on the list, such as Crosby, Maxwell, Sloan, Winn, and others, might be added to the above, and no doubt a large proportion of the names common to both England and Ireland, the Davises, Smiths, Browns, Martins, etc., were of Irish blood, but we have given only those of whose Celtic origin there can be no question. The tablets erected to commemorate the dead of Bunker Hill contain several of these Irish names — McGrath, Dillon, and others.

Last Year's Drink Bill.

Dr. Dawson Burns, of the United Kingdom Alliance, sends to the London Times his annual analysis regarding the drink traffic, and states that in 1890 £139,495,470 was expended in the United Kingdom in intoxicating liquors, or an average expenditure per head of the population of £3 13s against £3 9s 11d in 1889. There was an increase of expenditure in 1890 over 1889; on spirits of £2,660,636; on beer of £3,887,568; and on wine of £773,990. Comparing the 10 years 1871-80, and 1881-90, the expenditure on strong drink in the latter decade was £90,726,087 less than in the prior decade; but the expenditure last year was larger than the annual average in 1871-80, and higher than in any year since 1878, when it stood at 142 1-5 millions. Comparing the expenditure upon alcohol in 1890 with other great national accounts, it was one-twelfth of the estimated income of all persons in the United Kingdom, one-fifth of the National Debt; between one-fifth and one-fourth of the annual value of all the property and profits on which income-tax was levied, and thirty-two millions more than the capital of the post-office and other savings banks in 1889, and 4½ times the amounts deposited in both kinds of savings banks.

Just Like a Boy.

Jethro, the seven-year-old son of James Pease, gave a specimen of grand and lofty tumbling recently that was a surprise to his parents. He went up the ladder in the barn and had stepped one foot on the plank on the great beams when, the other foot slipping, he fell to the floor, a distance of seventeen feet, striking squarely on his feet. His sister, who was with him, began to cry, and he said, "What's the matter with you? I'm all right, but don't tell pa."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Battle of the Kitchen Furniture.

THIS battle was fought not long ago,
All in the kitchen here below :
To tell you the truth how came the fray,
The broom stood in the dish-cloth's way.
The dish-cloth said it was not fair,
And told the broom it should not stand there.
The broom made answer very smart,
Saying, "I'll fight you, or any that takes your part."
The spit stood up like a tall, thin man,
And swore he'd fight the dripping-pan.
The dripping-pan, without fail,
Swore that the broom should go to jail.
The tongs being by the fire-side,
Stood upon his legs and cried —
"I'll fight the spit, that long-backed thief,
Although his work is roasting beef ;
Or the dripping-pan, that interloper" —
"I'm here at your back," said the kitchen-poker,
"Ready to revenge our wrongs ;
I'll fight or lose my life for the tongs."
The fire-shovel, when he heard the noise,
Bounced up, saying, "What's the matter, boys ?
I'll take the tongs' and poker's part,
For they work with me about the hearth."
The flesh-fork then came in, so bright,
And jumped into the middle of the fight :
Then at the fire-shovel made a stab,
And knocked his body against the hob.
When he received this mortal wound,
He lay down flat upon the ground,
Crying out, "I fear my back is broke —
I never will fight another stroke."
The coal-box next came in, so stout,
And gave the flesh-fork an awful clout,
Saying, "You dabbling thief, I'll be your end ;
I fear you've killed my only friend."
The kettle said, "I have no call —
I don't belong to the kitchen at all ;
I'm in the parlor both night and day; —
You dirty set, you may fight away."
The frying-pan next came tumbling down,
And, like an officer, marched all round,
He met with the broom, and gave him a thrust,
Saying, "'Twas you began the battle first."
To their surprise, in walked the cook,
The chief commander of the troop ;
And she then commanded a general peace,
And marched them back to their own place.
Next morning, by the dawn of day,
The broom and dish-cloth worked away,
Cleaned up the kitchen, as they had done before,
And never disputed any more.

Fairy Tales.

III.—The Little White Cat.

A LONG, long time ago, in a valley far away, the giant Trencoss lived in a great castle, surrounded by trees that were always green. The castle had a hundred doors, and every door was guarded by a huge, shaggy hound, with tongue of fire and claws of iron, who tore to pieces any one who went to the castle without the giant's leave. Trencoss had made war on the king of the torrents, and, having killed the king, and slain his people, and burned his palace, he carried off his only daughter, the Princess Eileen, to the castle in the valley. Here he provided her with beautiful rooms, and appointed a hundred dwarfs, dressed in blue and yellow satin, to wait upon her, and harpers to play sweet music for her, and he gave her diamonds without number, brighter than the sun; but he would not allow her to go outside the castle, and told her if she went one step beyond its doors, the hounds, with tongues of fire and claws of iron, would tear her to pieces. A week after her arrival, war broke out between the giant and the king of the islands, and before he set out for battle, the giant sent for the princess, and informed her that on his return he would make her his wife. When the princess heard this she began to cry, for she would rather die than marry the giant who had slain her father.

"Crying will only spoil your bright eyes, my little princess," said Trencoss, "and you will have to marry me whether you like it or no."

He then bade her go back to her room, and he ordered the dwarfs to give her everything she asked for while he was away, and the harpers to play the sweetest music for her. When the princess gained her room she cried as if her heart would break. The long day passed slowly, and the night came, but brought no sleep to Eileen, and in the gray light of the morning she rose and opened the window, and looked about in every direction to see if there were any chance of escape. But the window was ever so high above the ground, and below were the hungry and ever-watchful hounds. With a heavy heart she was about to close the window when she thought she saw the branches of the tree that was nearest to it moving. She looked again, and she saw a little white cat creeping along one of the branches.

"Mew!" cried the cat.

"Poor little pussy," said the princess. "Come to me, pussy."

"Stand back from the window," said the cat, "and I will."

The princess stepped back, and the little white cat jumped into the room. The princess took the little cat on her lap and stroked him with her hand, and the cat raised up its back and began to purr.

"Where do you come from, and what is your name?" asked the princess.

"No matter where I come from or what's my name," said the cat. "I am a friend of yours, and I come to help you."

"I never wanted help worse," said the princess.

"I know that," said the cat; "and now listen to me. When the

giant comes back from battle and asks you to marry him, say to him you will marry him."

"But I will never marry him," said the princess.

"Do what I tell you," said the cat. "When he asks you to marry him, say to him you will if his dwarfs will wind for you three balls from the fairy dew that lies on the bushes on a misty morning as big as these," said the cat, putting his right forefoot into his ear and taking out three balls — one yellow, one red, and one blue.

"They are very small," said the princess. "They are not much bigger than peas, and the dwarfs will not be long at their work."

"Won't they," said the cat. "It will take them a month and a day to make one, so that it will take three months and three days before the balls are wound; but the giant, like you, will think they can be made in a few days, and so he will readily promise to do what you ask. He will soon find out his mistake, but he will keep his word, and will not press you to marry him until the balls are wound."

"When will the giant come back?" asked Eileen.

"He will return to-morrow afternoon," said the cat.

"Will you stay with me until then?" said the princess. "I am very lonely."

"I cannot stay," said the cat. "I have to go away to my palace on the island on which no man ever placed his foot, and where no man but one shall ever come."

"And where is that island?" asked the princess, "and who is the man?"

"The island is in the far-off seas where vessel never sailed; the man you will see before many days are over; and if all goes well, he will one day slay the giant Trencoss, and free you from his power."

"Ah!" sighed the princess, "that can never be, for no weapon can wound the hundred hounds that guard the castle, and no sword can kill the giant Trencoss."

"There is a sword that will kill him," said the cat; "but I must go now. Remember what you are to say to the giant when he comes home, and every morning watch the tree on which you saw me, and if you see in the branches any one you like better than yourself," said the cat, winking at the princess, "throw him these three balls and leave the rest to me; but take care not to speak a single word to him, for if you do all will be lost."

"Shall I ever see you again?" asked the princess.

"Time will tell," answered the cat, and, without saying so much as good-by, he jumped through the window on to the tree and in a second was out of sight.

The morrow afternoon came, and the giant Trencoss returned from battle. Eileen knew of his coming by the furious barking of the hounds, and her heart sank, for she knew that in a few moments she would be summoned to his presence. Indeed, he had hardly entered the castle when he sent for her, and told her to get ready for the wedding. The princess tried to look cheerful as she answered:

"I will be ready as soon as you wish; but you must first promise me something."

"Ask anything you like, little princess," said Trencoss.

"Well, then," said Eileen, "before I marry you, you must make your dwarfs wind three balls as big as these from the fairy dew that lies on the bushes on a misty morning in summer."

"Is that all?" said Trencoss, laughing. "I shall give the dwarfs orders at once, and by this time to-morrow the balls will be wound, and our wedding can take place in the evening."

"And will you leave me to myself until then?"

"I will," said Trencoss.

"On your honor as a giant?" said Eileen.

"On my honor as a giant," replied Trencoss.

The princess returned to her rooms, and the giant summoned all his dwarfs, and he ordered them to go forth in the dawning of the morn and to gather all the fairy dew lying on the bushes, and to wind three balls — one yellow, one red, and one blue. The next morning, and the next, and the next, the dwarfs went out into the fields and searched all the hedge-rows, but they could gather only as much fairy dew as would make a thread as long as a wee girl's eyelash; and so they had to go out morning after morning, and the giant fumed and threatened, but all to no purpose. He was very angry with the princess, and he was vexed with himself that she was so much cleverer than he was, and, moreover, he saw now that the wedding could not take place as soon as he expected.

When the little white cat ran away from the castle he ran as fast as he could up hill and down dale, and never stopped until he came to the Prince of the Silver River. The prince was alone, and very sad and sorrowful he was, for he was thinking of the princess Eileen, and wondering where she could be.

"Mew," said the cat, as he sprang softly into the room; but the prince did not heed him. "Mew," again said the cat; but again the prince did not heed him. "Mew," said the cat the third time, and he jumped up on the prince's knee.

"Where do you come from, and what do you want?" asked the prince.

"I come from where you would like to be," said the cat.

"And where is that?" said the prince.

"Oh, where is that, indeed! as if I didn't know what you are thinking of, and of whom you are thinking," said the cat; "and it would be far better for you to try and save her."

"I would give my life a thousand times over for her," said the prince.

"For whom?" said the cat, with a wink. "I named no name, your highness," said he.

"You know very well who she is," said the prince, "if you knew what I was thinking of; but do you know where she is?"

"She is in danger," said the cat. "She is in the castle of the giant Trencoss, in the valley beyond the mountains."

"I will set out there at once," said the prince, "and I will challenge the giant to battle, and will slay him."

"Easier said than done," said the cat. "There is no sword made by the hands of man can kill him, and even if you could kill him, his hundred hounds, with tongues of fire and claws of iron, would tear you to pieces."

"Then, what am I to do?" asked the prince.

"Be said by me," said the cat. "Go to the wood that surrounds the giant's castle, and climb the high tree that's nearest to the window that looks towards the sunset, and shake the branches, and you will see what you will see. Then hold out your hat with the silver plumes, and three balls — one yellow, one red, and one blue — will be thrown into it. And then come back here as fast as you can; but speak no word; for if you utter a single word the hounds will hear you, and you shall be torn to pieces."

Well, the prince set off at once, and after two days' journey he came to the wood around the castle, and he climbed the tree that was

"Pull now," said the cat.

nearest to the window that looked towards the sunset, and he shook the branches. As soon as he did so, the window opened and he saw the Princess Eileen, looking lovelier than ever. He was going to call out her name, but she placed her fingers on her lips, and he remembered what the cat had told him, that he was to speak no word. In silence he held out the hat with the silver plumes, and the princess threw into it the three balls, one after another, and, blowing him a kiss, she shut the window. And well it was she did so, for at that very moment she heard the voice of the giant, who was coming back from hunting.

The prince waited until the giant had entered the castle before he descended the tree. He set off as fast as he could. He went up hill and down dale, and never stopped until he arrived at his own palace, and there waiting for him was the little white cat.

"Have you brought the three balls?" said he.

"I have," said the prince.

"Then follow me," said the cat.

On they went until they left the palace far behind and came to the edge of the sea.

"Now," said the cat, "unravel a thread of the red ball, hold the thread in your right hand, drop the ball into the water, and you shall see what you shall see."

The prince did as he was told, and the ball floated out to sea, unravelling as it went, and it went on until it was out of sight.

"Pull now," said the cat.

The prince pulled, and, as he did, he saw far away something on the sea shining like silver. It came nearer and nearer, and he saw it was a little silver boat. At last it touched the strand.

"Now," said the cat, "step into this boat and it will bear you to the palace on the island on which no man has ever placed his foot — the island in the unknown seas that were never sailed by vessels made of human hands. In that palace there is a sword with a diamond hilt, and by that sword alone the giant Trencoss can be killed. There, also, are a hundred cakes, and it is only on eating these the hundred hounds can die. But mind what I say to you: if you eat or drink until you reach the palace of the little cat in the island in the unknown seas, you will forget the Princess Eileen."

"I will forget myself first," said the prince, as he stepped into the silver boat, which floated away so quickly that it was soon out of sight of land.

The day passed and the night fell, and the stars shone down upon the waters, but the boat never stopped. On she went for two whole days and nights, and on the third morning the prince saw an island in the distance, and very glad he was; for he thought it was his journey's end, and he was almost fainting with thirst and hunger. But the day passed and the island was still before him.

At last, on the following day, he saw by the first light of the morning that he was quite close to it, and that trees laden with fruit of every kind were bending down over the water. The boat sailed round and round the island, going closer and closer every round, until, at last, the drooping branches almost touched it. The sight of the fruit within his reach made the prince hungrier and thirstier than he was before, and forgetting his promise to the little cat — not to eat anything until he entered the palace in the unknown seas — he caught one of the branches, and in a moment was in the tree eating the delicious fruit. While he was doing so the boat floated out to sea and soon was lost to sight; but the prince, having eaten, forgot all about it, and, worse still, forgot all about the princess in the giant's castle. When he had eaten enough he descended the tree, and, turning his back on the sea, set out straight before him. He had not gone far when he heard the sound of music, and soon after he saw a number of maidens playing on silver harps coming towards him. When they saw him they ceased playing, and cried out:

"Welcome! welcome! Prince of the Silver River, welcome to

the island of fruits and flowers. Our king and queen saw you coming over the sea, and they sent us to bring you to the palace."

The prince went with them, and at the palace gates the king and queen and their daughter Kathleen received him, and gave him welcome. He hardly saw the king and queen, for his eyes were fixed on the Princess Kathleen, who looked more beautiful than a flower. He thought he had never seen any one so lovely, for, of course, he had forgotten all about poor Eileen pining away in her castle prison in the lonely valley. When the king and queen had given welcome to the prince a great feast was spread, and all the lords and ladies of the court sat down to it, and the prince sat between the queen and the Princess Kathleen, and long before the feast was finished he was over head and ears in love with her. When the feast was ended the queen ordered the ballroom to be made ready, and when night fell the dancing began, and was kept up until the morning star, and the prince danced all night with the princess, falling deeper and deeper in love with her every minute. Between dancing by night and feasting by day, weeks went by. All the time poor Eileen in the giant's castle was counting the hours, and all this time the dwarfs were winding the balls, and a ball and a half were already wound. At last the prince asked the king and queen for their daughter in marriage, and they were delighted to be able to say yes, and the day was fixed for the wedding. But on the evening before the day on which it was to take place, the prince was in his room, getting ready for a dance, when he felt something rubbing against his leg, and, looking down who should he see but the little white cat. At the sight of him the prince remembered everything, and sad and sorry he was when he thought of Eileen watching and waiting and counting the days until he returned to save her. But he was very fond of the Princess Kathleen, and so he did not know what to do.

"You can't do anything to-night," said the cat, for he knew what the prince was thinking of, "but when morning comes go down to the sea, and look not to the right or the left, and let no living thing touch you, for if you do you shall never leave the island. Drop the second ball into the water, as you did the first, and when the boat comes step in at once. Then you may look behind you, and you shall see what you shall see, and you'll know which you love best, the Princess Eileen or the Princess Kathleen, and you can either go or stay.

The prince didn't sleep a wink that night, and at the first glimpse of the morning he stole from the palace. When he reached the sea he threw out the ball, and when it had floated out of sight, he saw the little boat sparkling on the horizon like a newly risen star. The prince had scarcely passed through the palace doors when he was missed, and the king and queen and the princess, and all the lords and ladies of the court, went in search of him, taking the quickest way to the sea. While the maidens with the silver harps played sweetest music, the princess, whose voice was sweeter than any music, called on the prince by his name, and so moved his heart that he was about to look behind, when he remembered how the cat had told him he should

not do so until he was in the boat. Just as it touched the shore the princess put out her hand and almost caught the prince's arm, but he stepped into the boat in time to save himself, and it sped away like a receding wave. A loud scream caused the prince to look round suddenly, and when he did he saw no sign of king or queen, or princess, or lords or ladies, but only big green serpents, with red eyes and tongues, that hissed out fire and poison as they writhed in a hundred horrible coils.

The prince having escaped from the enchanted island, sailed away for three days and three nights, and every night he hoped the coming morning would show him the island he was in search of. He was faint with hunger and beginning to despair, when on the fourth morning he saw in the distance an island that, in the first rays of the sun, gleamed like fire. On coming closer to it he saw that it was clad with trees, so covered with bright red berries that hardly a leaf was to be seen. Soon the boat was almost within a stone's cast of the island, and it began to sail round and round until it was well under the bending branches. The scent of the berries was so sweet that it sharpened the prince's hunger, and he longed to pluck them; but, remembering what had happened to him on the enchanted island, he was afraid to touch them. But the boat kept on sailing round and round, and, at last, a great wind rose from the sea and shook the branches, and the bright, sweet berries fell into the boat until it was filled with them, and they fell upon the prince's hands, and he took up some to look at them, and as he looked the desire to eat them grew stronger, and he said to himself it would be no harm to taste one; but when he tasted it the flavor was so delicious he swallowed it, and, of course, at once he forgot about Eileen, and the boat drifted away from him and left him standing in the water.

He climbed on to the island, and having eaten enough of the berries, he set out to see what might be before him, and it was not long until he heard a great noise, and a huge iron ball knocked down one of the trees in front of him, and before he knew where he was a hundred giants came running after it. When they saw the prince they turned towards him, and one of them caught him up in his hand and held him up that all might see him. The prince was nearly squeezed to death, and seeing this the giant put him on the ground again.

"Who are you, my little man?" asked the giant.

"I am a prince," replied the prince.

"Oh, you are a prince, are you?" said the giant. "And what are you good for?" said he.

The prince did not know, for nobody had asked him that question before.

"I know what he's good for," said an old giantess, with one eye in her forehead and one in her chin. "I know what he's good for. He's good to eat."

When the giants heard this they laughed so loud that the prince was frightened almost to death.

"Why," said one, "he wouldn't make a mouthful."

"Oh, leave him to me," said the giantess, "and I'll fatten him up; and when he is cooked and dressed he will be a nice dainty dish for the king."

The giants, on this, gave the prince into the hands of the old giantess. She took him home with her to the kitchen, and fed him on sugar and spice and all things nice, so that he should be a sweet morsel for the king of the giants when he returned to the island. The poor prince would not eat anything at first, but the giantess held him over the fire until his feet were scorched, and then he said to himself it was better to eat than to be burnt alive.

Well, day after day passed, and the prince grew sadder and sadder, thinking that he would soon be cooked and dressed for the king; but sad as the prince was, he was not half as sad as the Princess Eileen in the giant's castle, watching and waiting for the prince to return and save her.

The giantess held him over the fire until his feet were scorched.

And the dwarfs had wound two balls, and were winding a third.

At last the prince heard from the old giantess that the king of the giants was to return on the following day, and she said to him:

"As this is the last night you have to live, tell me if you wish for anything, for if you do your wish will be granted."

"I don't wish for anything," said the prince, whose heart was dead within him.

"Well, I'll come back again," said the giantess, and she went away.

The prince sat down in a corner, thinking and thinking, until he heard close to his ear a sound like "purr! purr!" He looked around, and there before him was the little white cat.

"I ought not to come to you," said the cat; "but, indeed, it is not for your sake I come. I come for the sake of the Princess Eileen. Of course, you forgot all about her, and, of course, she is always thinking of you. It's always the way —

"Favored lovers may forget,
Slighted lovers never yet."

The prince blushed with shame when he heard the name of the princess.

"'Tis you that ought to blush," said the cat; "but listen to me now, and remember, if you don't obey my directions this time you'll never see me again, and you'll never set your eyes on the Princess Eileen. When the old giantess comes back tell her you wish, when the morning comes, to go down to the sea to look at it for the last time. When you reach the sea you will know what to do. But I must go

On every pillar save one, which stood in the centre of the room, was a little white cat with black eyes.

now, as I hear the giantess coming." And the cat jumped out of the window and disappeared.

"Well," said the giantess, when she came in, "is there anything you wish?"

"Is it true I must die to-morrow?" asked the prince.

"It is."

"Then," said he, "I should like to go down to the sea to look at it for the last time."

"You may do that," said the giantess, "if you get up early."

"I'll be up with the lark in the light of the morning," said the prince.

"Very well," said the giantess, and, saying "good-night," she went away.

The prince thought the night would never pass, but at last it faded away before the gray light of the dawn, and he sped down to the sea. He threw out the third ball, and before long he saw the little boat coming towards him swifter than the wind. He threw himself into it the moment it touched the shore. Swifter than the wind it bore him out to sea, and before he had time to look behind him the island of the giantess was like a faint red speck in the distance. The day passed and the night fell, and the stars looked down, and the boat sailed on, and just as the sun rose above the sea it pushed its silver prow on the golden strand of an island greener than the leaves in summer. The prince jumped out, and went on and on until he entered a pleasant valley, at the head of which he saw a palace white as snow.

As he approached the central door it opened for him. On entering the hall he passed into several rooms without meeting with any one; but, when he reached the principal apartment, he found himself in a circular room, in which were a thousand pillars, and every pillar was of marble, and on every pillar save one, which stood in the centre of the room, was a little white cat with black eyes. Ranged round the wall, from one door-jamb to the other, were three rows of precious jewels. The first was a row of brooches of gold and silver, with their pins fixed in the wall and their heads outwards; the second a row of torques of gold and silver; and the third a row of great swords, with hilts of gold and silver. And on many tables was food of all kinds, and drinking horns filled with foaming ale.

While the prince was looking about him the cats kept on jumping from pillar to pillar; but seeing that none of them jumped on to the pillar in the centre of the room, he began to wonder why this was so, when, all of a sudden, and before he could guess how it came about, there right before him on the centre pillar was the little white cat.

"Don't you know me?" said he.

"I do," said the prince.

"Ah, but you don't know who I am. This is the palace of the Little White Cat, and I am the King of the Cats. But you must be hungry, and the feast is spread."

Well, when the feast was ended, the king of the cats called for the sword that would kill the giant Trencoss, and the hundred cakes for the hundred watch-dogs.

The cats brought the sword and the cakes and laid them before the king.

"Now," said the king, "take these; you have no time to lose. To-morrow the dwarfs will wind the last ball, and to-morrow the giant will claim the princess for his bride. So you should go at once; but before you go take this from me to your little girl."

And the king gave him a brooch lovelier than any on the palace walls.

The king and the prince, followed by the cats, went down to the strand, and when the prince stepped into the boat all the cats "mewed" three times for good luck, and the prince waved his hat three times, and the little boat sped over the waters all through the night as brightly and as swiftly as a shooting star. In the first flush of the morning it touched the strand. The prince jumped out and went on and on, up hill and down dale, until he came to the giant's castle. When the hounds saw him they barked furiously, and bounded towards him to tear him to pieces. The prince flung the cakes to them, and as each hound swallowed his cake he fell dead. The prince then struck his shield three times with the sword which he had brought from the palace of the little white cat.

When the giant heard the sound he cried out:

"Who comes to challenge me on my wedding day?"

The dwarfs went out to see, and returning, told him it was a prince who challenged him to battle.

The giant, foaming with rage, seized his heaviest iron club, and rushed out to the fight. The fight lasted the whole day, and when the sun went down the giant said:

"We have had enough of fighting for the day. We can begin at sunrise to-morrow."

"Not so," said the prince. "Now or never; win or die."

"Then take this," cried the giant, as he aimed a blow with all his force at the prince's head; but the prince, darting forward like a flash of lightning, drove his sword into the giant's heart, and with a groan, he fell over the bodies of the poisoned hounds.

When the dwarfs saw the giant dead they began to cry and tear their hair. But the prince told them they had nothing to fear, and he bade them go and tell the Princess Eileen he wished to speak with her. But the princess had watched the battle from her window, and when she saw the giant fall she rushed out to greet the prince, and that very night he and she and all the dwarfs and harpers set out for the Palace of the Silver River, which they reached the next morning, and from that day to this there never has been a gayer wedding than the wedding of the Prince of the Silver River and the Princess Eileen; and though she had diamonds and pearls to spare, the only jewel she wore on her wedding-day was the brooch which the prince had brought her from the Palace of the Little White Cat in the far-off seas.

EDMUND LEAMY, M. P.

Boy Character.

IT is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good.

"Little Jail-Birds."

"ADA, I just hate to go!" said Leo, as they started slowly down the road toward the school-house. "So do I," said Ada. "I 'most know they'll plague us about it and call us little 'jail-birds'—they said yesterday they knew we are going to be," went on poor Leo.

"I 'most know they will," was Ada's answer.

"He'd never done it in the world if he hadn't been drunk."

"Never in the world," echoed Ada's sorrowful voice.

There was a moment's silence. "I ain't ever going to taste of whiskey and beer, nor cider either — I don't care whether it's sweet or hard!" Leo suddenly exclaimed with pathetic earnestness. "Nor I, either," returned his sister.

"There is Dick Lyon's father that keeps the saloon and let father have the whiskey and beer and cider, and he twits us worst of all — Dick Lyon does!"

"Course he does."

They went on slowly a few steps farther: then the little fellow spoke again: "Six years is an awful long time," he sighed.

"An awful, awful, long time," said Ada, her eyes filling with tears.

"I s'pose they'll call us jail-birds till he gets out — and maybe always."

"I s'pose so."

"We ain't to blame, either," went on the boy, smarting under a sense of the injustice of it.

"Course we ain't."

"Nor mother ain't, either."

"Course not!"

"The sorrowful pair, trudging so reluctantly toward the school-house, went on a little way in silence.

"Father's awful sorry he hurt the man, and 'twas just 'cause they was both drunk," said Leo, going back to their trouble once more.

"Course it was."

"I wish folks didn't ever get drunk!" continued the boy.

"So do I!—and oh! I do wish the scholars wouldn't plague us so, I can't bear to have 'em."

There was a sob in the child's voice as she spoke.

"I wish we didn't have to go to school," said her brother, gloomily. "I just know Dick Lyon will begin as soon as ever he sees us coming. I s'pose they won't any of 'em want to play with us any more — but I don't feel like playing, anyhow."

"I don't, either. We'll be awful lots poorer now, won't we?" asked Ada, with womanly anxiety.

"Mother said she'd have to take in washing every day in the week 'stead of two days, now," answered her brother. Then, after a moment he added, "It wouldn't be quite so dreadful bad, though, if they didn't twit us so!"

"No; but they will! They all know he was took off to prison this morning — oh, dear!"

Poor little Ada's tears fell so thick and fast that she was obliged to set down the bag of luncheon and wipe them away with her apron.

"There's Dick Lyon now!" exclaimed Leo. "And they're all watching for us!"

"Oh! don't let's go in till the bell rings!" cried poor Ada, sobbing aloud.

"We just won't," replied Leo. "I don't care if we be tardy; we'll just hide there in the bushes at the foot of the hill and wait till the bell rings and they all go in. 'Twont make us only a little mite late, anyhow."

So the two forlorn little souls crept away into the bushes by the roadside to hide from the cruel words of their thoughtless schoolmates.

As if it were not enough for the poor innocent little hearts to bear the disgrace of a drunken father — a father who had stabbed and almost killed another in a saloon quarrel over a game of cards, and who must now serve out his sentence in prison — as if that were not enough for their aching hearts to bear without suffering the cruel pain of being taunted and twitted by their playmates!

Ah! many a child's heart has had a double ache because it has been taunted and twitted of something it was not to blame for and could not help.

If there are any of your schoolmates who, like little Leo and Ada, are heavy hearted because of trouble and disgrace which has befallen them, do not, we beg of you, add a single touch of pain to the aching hearts by any word of yours. Such trouble is hard enough to put up with at the best. Instead of making it harder still to bear, let us, by love and sympathy, lighten it all we can.

Love for Children.

THE late Cardinal Newman had the rare faculty of making everyone with whom he came in contact feel the influence of his sweetness and geniality of disposition. The children of the Birmingham Catholic Schools, it often happened, obtained permission to spend a day at Rednal, where the Oratorians have a small country house, and where Cardinal Newman has been buried. On one occasion a school had this privilege while Dr. Newman was seeking repose at Rednal from the wearing cares of the Oratory. So delighted was he to have the opportunity of ministering to the happiness of these little children — the sons and daughters, most of them, of poor people — that he went out to meet them, conducted them through the little chapel and house, the pleasure-ground, over the mountain side, and on to its very top, his face beaming with joy, and his manner as complaisant as if he had been showing the attention to the children of nobles. Cardinal Newman always took a singular delight in young people. This has been, to some extent, the natural outcome of an exceedingly amiable disposition; for in no man of conspicuous mark in the world of thought has the combination of sweetness and light been more strikingly exhibited.

Cup of Cold Water Church.

One of the many churches of Spain bears the strange name of "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water." This is its history: A certain good-hearted, but very poor priest, living in a little village not far from the mountains, was startled one day by two or three soldiers entering his house, carrying with them a bleeding brigand, with a broken arm. The priest hastened to bind up the wounded arm, though the captors seemed to care little whether or no their prisoner lived. The injured man, who bore his sufferings without a groan, then begged for a drink of water, and as he raised to receive it, encouraged by the priest's kind manner, he whispered that his two children were left friendless on the edge of the wooded hills. When the prisoner had been dragged away, the Curé went in search of the poor children, found them crying and hungry, and brought them to his humble home. Then, poor as he was, he sent the boy to school, and the girl to a neighboring convent; and by much self-denial, and in spite of many remarks on his folly, provided for their support.

Years passed away, and the children were almost grown up, when one day a magnificent carriage stopped at the door of the humble parsonage; a fine-looking man in uniform, his breast covered with glittering decorations, stepped out. He explained that he was the wounded brigand, that he had escaped, and in one of the many Spanish revolutions had chanced to be of the winning party, now held a high office, and had returned to claim his children. And when he had affectionately greeted them he asked permission of the good old priest, that he might build him a new church in place of the shabby little mountain chapel, and that it might, in remembrance of his kindness to the suffering, be called "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water."

What a Woman Eats.

Of twenty women lunching at a popular restaurant a few days ago, says a writer in The Ladies Home Journal, five ordered ice-cream and cake, three a piece of pie and cup of coffee each, two had bread and butter, followed by dark fruit cake, and the eight remaining women were divided between eclairs, cream cakes, jelly tarts, and doughnuts, with an occasional cup of coffee or tea. The one sensible woman had soup, a sandwich and light salad, with a piece of sponge cake and a cup of chocolate. I lingered over my own luncheon, so that the twenty women all changed during my stay. But the proportion of cake eaters remained the same. The majority of these lunchers were working women. They had probably, at the least calculation, been at work since nine o'clock that morning, and had yet some four or five hours of labor before them; during that time they expected to sustain life and nourish their body and brain upon one piece of pie and a cup of coffee. Among the harder working class the same thing exists also and women deliberately refuse to avail themselves of cheap and nutri tious food, preferring, instead, worthless, harmful pastry.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE examination days are drawing very near, and with them the happy days of vacation, when the books will be put aside and body and mind will take one great holiday. Then, too, there are honors to come for work well done, and the praise of teachers, parents, and friends.

THE closing days of the school year is the time when the advice of teachers and parents will be fully understood and appreciated. The children who have followed it and made good use of their time in school will learn that the advice was true; and so, too, will they, but to their chagrin and shame, who have neglected to follow it, and at the end of the year are numbered among the blockheads and the boobies.

THERE is no excuse at all for failures in studies now, except children are incapacitated from study by a complete lack of brains. Advanced text-books and methods of teaching have made the studies of the school-room so simple and so easy that the old excuses for failures can be used no longer and have no foundation in fact. The blame must rest entirely on the pupils, who were too lazy to give their lessons the slightest attention.

IT does happen sometimes that the laggards manage to study hard in the very last days before the examinations and, as they say, pass. But a forced growth of knowledge is like the forced life and beauty of a plant — it is not natural, and will last only for a while. This is called the "cramming" process, and is rightfully condemned by all educators. It injures the mind, and at best is a weak deception to hide the sin of sloth. It is not the way an honest child should study, who knows its duties to teachers, parents, and God, and faithfully perform them.

IT is bad enough to deprive children of religious instruction in the public schools, but it is worse to make the principals of these schools and their assistants study infidel works on psychology so that the children under their charge may be slyly indoctrinated with infidel tendencies and beliefs. For this means that some time in the future, when it will be safe to do so, the children in public schools will be openly taught that there is no God because He is not knowable to the senses, and that the whole business of life is to make money and to enjoy all of life's guilty pleasures without any fear of the consequences.

"THE bigots, who for the past generation have been degrading the the fair fame of New York by their management of the Juvenile Delinquent Asylum, got a set back in the Senate at Albany, recently," says the Irish-American. "It was the first warning, but it was a loud one, that their reign of fanatical intolerance is fast coming to an end."

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Particular Notice.

THOMAS J. BUTLER, who has acted as canvasser and collector for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is no longer connected with the Magazine. Neither is he authorized to procure subscribers for The Pilot; should any one pay him money, they will not get credit for Pilot or Magazine.

THE PILOT FAMINE FUND.

WEBSTER, April 20, 1891.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE: *Dear Sir*— Enclosed please find four dollars ($4) for above fund, Mrs. Annie M. Dugan, two dollars ($2), Joanna Setright, one dollar ($1), and James Setright, one dollar ($1). Hoping it will reach those who need it most,

I remain, yours very respectfully,
JAMES SETRIGHT.

George Doherty, Galveston, Texas, (*Correction*) $20 00

Wanted, a Copy of Donahoe's Magazine

FOR May 1890, for which a fifty-cent book will be sent on receipt of the Magazine.

A New Catholic Party.

THE French Catholic papers of a recent date contain declarations and programmes addressed by the Catholics of the North to all their co-religionists in France with reference to the formation of a great and grand Catholic Party. The programme of the proposed new Party includes the liberty of the Church, the freedom of religious associations, the restoration and continuance of the Sisters in the hospitals, Sunday rest, revision of the laws relating to schools, abolition of the law imposing military service on priests, the reappointment of army chaplains, legislation favorable to the development of agriculture, the formation of economic institutions for ameliorating the condition of the working classes. It is earnestly to be hoped that the example thus shown will be followed elsewhere.

NEVER miss Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. A dark cloud hangs over the Catholic family that neglects Mass.

THE RESURRECTION.— Drelincourt, in his Essay on Death, has the following beautiful passage in his illustration of his views of the world and the resurrection of the body: "Shall I say what is impossible with man, is impossible with God? He has already created the world by His word, and He is able to restore it by the same. Art has found out methods to make beautiful vessels of melted ashes; and shall not God's hand, into which all the skill of art, and all the strength of nature are as nought, be able to gather up the ashes of earth, and to make of it a body full of light and glory?"

AT a meeting of the American Catholic Historical Society, of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan, referring to the dissemination of historical falsehoods, said about forty years ago a St. Louis paper published a statement that if ever the Catholics of America attained a majority, religious liberty would be at an end. That statement had long been falsely attributed to the Archbishop of St. Louis. "I became his coadjutor," said the Archbishop, "with, I suppose, the right of succession to that calumny, and it will be quoted when I shall have passed away."

New Theological Seminary.

THE corner-stone of the new Theological Seminary for the Archdiocese of New York, at Yonkers, will be laid by the Archbishop on Pentecost Sunday, May 17. The seminary is to cost five hundred thousand dollars. A few weeks ago the pastors of the archdiocese met and adopted a plan to raise the amount. Every city pastor is to contribute two hundred dollars a year for five years out of his own funds; every country pastor seventy-five dollars, and every assistant priest fifty dollars. Every parish in the archdiocese is to contribute two hundred dollars a year for each priest attached to it in addition to the regular seminary assessment. Archbishop Corrigan is to contribute fifty thousand dollars to the general fund. This plan will yield ninety-four thousand dollars annually. The Troy Seminary is to be sold, and the money thus realized will go into the seminary fund. Like the institution in Troy, the new seminary is to be named in honor of St. Joseph.

THE HORSE.— There is no better way of gaining the affection of a horse than by kindness,— giving it a piece of sugar each time it is taken out and into the stable.

The Church and Saloon.

PRIESTS, bishops, and ministers of the Catholic and Protestant churches of New York City, met under the direction of the National Temperance Society in the assembly-rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House at a reception tendered to Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota. Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler presided. Father Walter Elliott, of the Paulists, said the attitude of the Paulist Fathers in refusing the privileges of the Church to saloon keepers was well known. Now that the plenary council had spoken against the saloon it was a fight to a finish. Saloon keepers would have to quit either the saloon or the Church. The seal of Rome was on the decree of total abstinence, and in that realm of morals the Church must win in the end, however long the fight may be. Archbishop Ireland spoke for half an hour. King Alcohol had won many victories, he said, but when he found himself in the presence of soldiers like those before him he believed in the ultimate triumph of total abstinence.

Ocean Wonders.

As oceans cover three-fourths of the earth's surface, it is interesting to know certain facts regarding them. The water at the bottom of the ocean is much colder than at the surface, and in many places the water freezes below before it does above. At the depth of thirty-five hundred feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying very little from the poles to the Equator. Waves are deceptive — water does not travel: it stays in the same place, and the motion goes on. Sometimes, in storms, waves are forty feet high. The base of a wave — the distance from valley to valley on either side at the bottom — is reckoned fifteen times the height. A wave twenty feet high, for instance, has a base extending over three hundred feet. A mile down, the water has a pressure of a ton to every square inch. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt two hundred and thirty feet deep, if the water should evaporate. The force of waves breaking on the shores is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

Live Stock and Dead Meat.

THE statistics of the imports of live stock and dead meat to Liverpool during the months of January, February, and March, from American and Canadian ports, show a somewhat large increase in the imports in comparison with those of the corresponding period of last year. During the month of January the arrivals amounted to 15,671 cattle, 74,086 quarters of beef, and 486 hogs; February, 12,297 cattle, 57,372 quarters of beef, and 100 hogs; and March, 12,756 cattle, 82,038 quarters of beef, and 758 hogs; making a total of 40,724 cattle, 213,496 quarters of beef, and 1,344 hogs; whilst the arrivals during the corresponding three months of last year amounted to 31,619 cattle and 200,555 quarters of beef, showing an increase of 9,105 cattle and 12,941 quarters of beef.

The Catholic University.

THE Rev. James McMahon, pastor of the St. Andrew's Catholic Church, New York, has made over to the Catholic University at Washington, real estate in that city and Long Branch valued at four hundred and eight thousand dollars over all encumbrances. Father McMahon has given this property to establish a school of theology. He made over the deeds in the office of his lawyers, Tucker, Hardy & Wainwright, in Temple Court. He was accompanied by Bishop John J. Keane, rector of the University.

Father McMahon is in his seventy-fifth year, and is about to retire from active work. For years he has been known as the wealthiest Catholic priest in the country. It is believed that he has a large property left, some say nearly equal to that he has just given to the university. He was born in Ireland and educated at Maynooth College, of which his uncle was president. He studied divinity at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, and later in the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal. He came to New York in 1843, and was appointed by Bishop Hughes assistant to the Very Rev. William Starrs at the old St. Mary's Church. In 1848 he was made pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, which then owned the property where the present St. Patrick's Cathedral now stands.

When the church was moved to Fifty-fifth street and First avenue, and the Cathedral begun, Father McMahon was put in charge of the Cathedral. He superintended its building and officiated as pastor until 1880, when he was sent to St. Andrew's as pastor. He has remained there ever since.

Father McMahon was born a business man. He had a small inherited fortune when he came to New York, and amused himself by dealings in real estate. He was fortunate in all his speculations. He acquired the Long Branch property in 1868, having purchased it as one of a syndicate. Later he bought his associates out. He is also noted in the Church as an exceptional Hebraic and Biblical scholar. In 1848 he published a translation of the New Testament based upon C[illegible]loner's revision of the old Douay Bible. He has followed music as a hobby, and is familiar with the mechanism of church organs, and even skilful in their construction.

The fund for the University to which the gift was made was begun four years ago with the gift of three hundred thousand dollars from Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell. Eugene Kelly gave a donation of one hundred thousand dollars. Father McMahon's is the most considerable gift since. The University is for the higher education of priests.

Father McMahon was too modest to say much about his gift when interviewed. "I give it all freely," he said with a sympathetic smile, "to establish a school of philosophy at the Catholic University, which I consider to be one of the grandest institutions of learning in this country. I expect to live there," he continued, "for I shall soon resign from my duties here. I am an old man and feel the need of rest."

DURING a prosecution before the Newcastle, England, magistrates, it was asserted that twenty tons of horseflesh, for sausages, etc., were exported to Germany from the Tyne in one week.

Progress of the Church in Scotland.

THE London Catholic Universe gives a number of statistics referring to the Church in Scotland, from which it appears that the progress of Catholicity in that country is very encouraging. The present number of Catholics is three hundred and fifty thousand. The ecclesiastical hierarchy, which was suppressed by violence, three hundred years ago, was restored in 1878, and consists of the Primatial See (that of St. Andrews and Edinburgh), the Archbishopric of Glasgow, and four Bishropics. The number of priests is 338, of churches 332, of Catholic schools 294, and of convents and like religious institutions 49. The bitter anti-Catholic prejudices which were so deeply rooted among the Protestants of Scotland are rapidly disappearing. The number of priests is insufficient for the work they have to do; but vocations to the priesthood are increasing, and so, too, are conversions to the true faith.

THE largest individual real estate purchase ever transacted in New York City was completed when Mr. James McCreery, the well-known Irish-American merchant, purchased and paid for the building which was formerly known as Booth's Theatre, at the north-east corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, for a million of dollars. The building, — since Mr. Booth gave it up, — had been altered for business purposes, and has passed a number of hands. It is understood that Mr. McCreery, — recognizing the importance of the site, — designs to make it the central dry-goods house of New York.

The Greatest Mathematician of Modern Times.

REV. R. P. GRAVES has been vindicating in the Athenæum Ireland's title to claim Sir William Hamilton, the famous author of the theory of Quaternions, as a son. The writer of the article on Hamilton, in Mr. Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography, describes Hamilton as only one remove from a Scotchman. The article states that Hamilton's father, Archibald, came to Ireland a boy with his father, William Hamilton, and a brother, James. Mr. Graves shows that in the Entrance Book of Trinity College, James describes himself as having been born in Dublin; that Archibald Hamilton was admitted in 1802 to the List of Dublin Freemen as a freeman by birth; and, furthermore, that the William Hamilton who is asserted to have come from Scotland with his two sons was admitted as a freeman of Dublin in 1774 on the qualification of service. His brothers were also admitted on the same qualification, so that the family must have been established in Dublin. Even further back does Mr. Graves carry the genealogical tree. He points out that this William Hamilton's father was married to a lady named Blood, member of a family established in Ireland in the seventeenth century. Finally, Sir William Hamilton himself stated that his family was in Ireland from the time of James I. The Dictionary article will require revision, and we are grateful to Mr. Graves for establishing our right to call the greatest mathematician of modern times an Irishman, says the Dublin Nation.

Columbus's Landing-Place.

SPAIN'S preparation to raise a statue to Columbus on the spot from which he started upon the momentous voyage of 1492 has suggested, says the New York Times, the propriety of erecting some sort of memorial also at his landing-place in the New World. The examination already made by the government engineers and architects around the Monastery of La Rabida, near Palos, indicates that that may be the region selected as a site for Spain's commemorative statue. As to his landing-place in the Bahamas, there has been in past times a wide difference of opinion. Some writers have identified the land which he called San Salvador with what is now known as Cat Island; others with Mariguana, still others with Turk's Island, and so on. But in recent years it has been very well established that no one of these was the place on which the great navigator first set foot, but that the honor belongs to Watling Island. This spot answers to all the descriptions in the log-book of Columbus as no other of the Bahamas does; in fact, it is now officially called San Salvador. Thus far, however, no local excitement is reported from that island as to the share it is to have in the quadricentennial proceedings.

"PIGS IN CLOVER."

SOME persons rent not pew or seat,
But go to church quite early
And squat inside the open pews;
Obstructing entrance squarely;
They'll neither rise to more let in,
Nor will they move on over;
They're greedy, selfish, hoggish things,
Metaphorical "pigs in clover."

Advice to these may do them good,
And here for them is some;
The first who comes should sit well in
And each one as they come:
And when the pews are thus fill'd up
Without a push or drover,
We'll never more be tempted so
To think of "pigs in clover."

REV. B. BRADY.

Philadelphia, Pa., March, 1891.

Subscribers Changing Address.

SUBSCRIBERS to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE changing their address will kindly have notice of same (giving both the OLD and NEW address) reach us before the tenth of the month preceding issue, in order that the next number may reach the NEW ADDRESS on time.

We hope subscribers will kindly follow the above instructions, and thereby save themselves much annoyance from delay, and save us the frequent expense of mailing TWO copies — one to the old and one to the new address.

Subscription terms per year: $2 in advance; six months, $1; two copies, per year, $3. Postage free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

Remit only by P. O. Order, Registered Letter, or Cheque. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

WE (Irish-American) learn, with much pleasure, from the Washington Critic, that Mr. William O'Connell, son of our esteemed friend and fellow-countrymen, Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed one of the corps of Topographical Engineers, who have been selected to survey the route for the great Inter-Continental Railroad, intended to connect the United States with the South American Republics — the greatest work yet designed in this age of wonderful undertakings. Mr. William O'Connell is a most worthy young man, of high promise and attainments; and we sincerely congratulate him on the auspicious prospect with which his professional career thus opens.

A Story of the Chartreuse.

BROTHER ANSELM, night porter at the Grande Chartreuse Monastery, has just died. It was under this humble name that M. de Brecourt, who once played such a brilliant part in the highest Parisian society, finished his days. M. de Brecourt was married three times, and by his third wife he had a daughter. One day, on coming home from shooting, he discharged his gun into a thicket behind which his daughter happened to be standing. She fell, shot dead. In his sorrow M. de Brecourt entered, as a simple friar, the monastery of Grande Chartreuse in the most humble and trying of functions.

Dont's for Some Church-Goers.

DON'T dress so as to attract attention.

Don't forget your prayer-book or rosary.

Don't fail to pay your pew rent on time.

Don't fail to pay attention to the sermon.

Don't drop your money; it causes distraction.

Don't stand on the sidewalk after Mass is over.

Don't take up the whole pew, but move up to the furthest end.

Don't forget the fasts and the feasts that the priest reads out.

Don't forget to take or send the children that are old enough.

Don't forget to genuflect before you enter the pew and after you leave it.

Don't turn around to see who is there, or to find out what that noise was.

Don't come late to Mass. Be in church before the Holy Sacrifice begins.

Don't forget that God is really present, and that you are in His house.

Don't go up to the first seat if you come in after Mass has commenced.

Don't forget the command, "Contribute to the support of your pastor."

Don't put your feet on the kneeling benches. They are made to kneel on, and not to be soiled by dirty shoes.

PROF. P. G. HARMAN, a suspended priest, who gave trouble, and was silenced by Bishop Tuigg in 1882, was happily reconciled to the Church on his death-bed, says the Catholic Advocate, of Louisville, Ky. The day before his death Harman sent for the Italian priest at the Cathedral, whom he desired to hear his confession. To the priest and in the presence of witnesses, as the Church requires, he made recantation of his offences against the Church and made a public profession of repentance. His confession was heard and the rite of the Church administered. He desired the fullest publicity for his recantation and penance, and requested that the fact be published to the world.

The Forthcoming Encyclical.

CARDINAL MANNING has said that the Papal encyclical on the labor question would probably not be promulgated before the end of the present month. The Cardinal admitted that he had been very intimately consulted by the Pope on the subjects treated of in the encyclical, and he had been permitted to read in advance a draft of the composition, substantially as it will be laid before the public. From knowledge thus obtained, he could confidently declare it to be one of the most important documents ever issued from the Vatican. It was of great length, and discussed all phases of the labor problem. The tone throughout was sympathetic and temperate. It was, the Cardinal thought, the most thorough and exhaustive analysis of the questions involved that has proceeded from any source.

We hope to give this great and important document in our next MAGAZINE.

AT St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., on April 30th, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Patrick Strain received at the hands of Archbishop Williams the insignia of the dignity of Domestic Prelate, to which the Holy Father has lately promoted him.

LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, of the Society of Jesus. Edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J. Written by the students of Rhetoric, class of '92, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. Tercentenary edition. Published by the editor and sold by all booksellers. Cloth, $1.00. Paper, 50 cts.

A beautiful volume, two hundred pages, with fine engraving of St. Aloysius. It contains the Devotion of the Six Sundays which began on May 10th; prayers for the coming Triduum and Novena, with the Brief of His Holiness Leo XIII. A complete treasure of devotion; a splendid gift for academies and colleges.

WYOMING'S star will go upon our starry banner on the Fourth of July next. Forty-four stars for the red, white, and blue.

MICHAEL DAVITT has resigned the editorship of the Labor World, and will seek recuperation of his shattered health in California.

Irish Prospects.

THERE is much encouragement for the cause of Home Rule in the news that comes by cable of the recent by-elections in England, says the Irish American. They all show large Liberal gains. Mr. Gladstone's friends still cling to him and to his demand for justice to Ireland. While these encouraging signs come from English constituencies, they are almost totally discounted by the continuation of the miserable faction wrangle over the leadership in Ireland. The disgraceful abandonment of unfortunate tenants, the chief victims of the strife, is almost beyond belief to those who subscribed here the money for their relief, which is now locked up in Paris. The resolution of the different localities in Ireland to make up another fund to supply this failure of the usual source of supply is a good sign. Encouraged by the renewed assurances from the English constituencies they may go still further and insist on a reunion of the old forces no matter what person stands in the way, so that when the crisis of the general election comes a united front will once more be opposed to the common enemy.

ADMIRAL DE ROHAN, who died recently at Washington, was a conspicuous Freemason, but before his death was received into the Church by Cardinal Gibbons.

The Irish Crisis.

IN a recent letter Archbishop Croke says: "My deliberate judgment, then, on the actual state of things, as regards the Irish leadership is plainly set forth in the following sentence of the letter on which you have commented: 'A leadership in Ireland, in opposition to the Irish bishops and priests, to the clergy generally of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and to nine-tenths of the God-fearing men on both these islands, is simply a sham, a splendid phantom, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'"

IN recognition of Dr. Windthorst's services to the Church, Pope Leo will present his statue in marble to St. Mary's Church in Hanover, to be placed over the great tribune's grave.

THE new Chinese Minister at Paris, M. Tshing-Tshang, is a Catholic. He was brought up at the School of Languages at Pekin, which is a kind of Diplomatic College of the Celestial Empire. M. Tshing-Tshang's wife is of the same nationality and religious persuasion as her husband.

THE Spanish government has fittingly inaugurated the quarto-centenary celebration of the discovery of America by ordering that the Franciscan monastery of Santa Maria la Rabida, where Columbus was received and encouraged when he most needed encouragement, should be restored and preserved as an historic monument. It was here that the great navigator met Padre Juan Perez, through whose influence at the court of Isabella an expedition was fitted out, and who deserves to share in the glory of the discovery of America. During the Revolution in Spain the old monastery was suffered to fall into ruin. The government has, at last, undertaken the renovation of this historic landmark, and it is hoped it may revert to the Franciscans.

COUGHING in church is largely a matter of habit and imitation. Persons regularly cough there who rarely cough elsewhere, and if one person coughs, a dozen others will follow suit. The inclination to cough can be controlled in nine cases out of ten. Stop it.

The Centenary of St. Bernard.

ACTIVE preparations are being made at Dijon for the due celebration of the centenary of the great St. Bernard. The *fêtes* are fixed for the month of June, next. They are to open with a solemn Triduum on the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth of that month. Bishops, priests, and people will gather in large numbers, and quite an array of distinguished preachers, including Bishop Perraud, a member of the French Academy, and Father Didon, O. P., is already announced. The principal celebration will take place at Fontaines, the birthplace of the saint.

Departure of "Our Irish Exile."

"FAREWELL! Sweet Inisfail: Farewell!" Is it true, we hear those words issue forth from the lips of Peter McCorry, the exiled journalist? It is, alas! too true; who can conceive our loss? The light that dawned as a brightening flash fled: leaving us in sorrow greater than before.

Belfast Speaks.

THE departure of our old friend, and co-patriot, Peter McCorry, from amongst us, saddens our hearts. His short visit to the dear old land has terminated, seeking as he was, during his sojourn here, for some cheering news (personally obtained during his travels in the different districts of Ireland), to ease the minds of the Irish readers of DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and although handicapped as he was by the lamentable political crisis, that glooms o'er our country, still his tone of correspondence has, I am sure, succeeded in reaching the goal which he desired, that was, to please all, independent of factions.

America has him again, his friends miss him, who better can judge his worth. The flowing tears accompanying the "God-Speed," being only half indicative of the esteem in which we held him.

The readers of the Boston Pilot, who, I expect, shall again derive some benefit from his writings, compiled as they will be with the judgment of an experienced journalist, must welcome his return amongst them, as much as we deplore his loss.

"ANTRIM GAEL."

Belfast, April, 1891.

MR. MCCORRY arrived in the Scythia at Boston on the 13th of April in excellent health, and much improved by his visit to the old land. Another of his interesting articles appears in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

ON April 8, Patrick Brennan, aged one hundred and two years, died at his home in Hurley, Wis. He had lived in this country sixty years. Brennan leaves one hundred and four descendants and voted on April 7. He had a record of voting for the last twenty presidents since John Quincy Adams.

The Catholic Press Association.

THE second convention of this association assembled at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, on the 6th of May, and continued the session on the 7th, when it came to a close. The Catholic Review, whose editor, Rev. John Talbot Smith, was present, gives these editorial remarks in relation to the proceedings : "The convention of Catholic editors held in New York was a novelty and a decided success. This is the second time that Catholic editors have assembled in convention, which made the novelty; it was a success because some forty journals were represented, and the members of the convention were earnestly determined to make their permanent organization of large benefit to Catholic journalism. From the report it can be seen that the editors took a step forward in the work of improvement. The meeting was not a mere hobnobbing. Much hard work was done, and between times the Catholic Club and Father Dougherty of the Drumgoole Mission helped to entertain the visiting editors most hospitably. The public meeting was full of spirit, and the fact that Archbishop Corrigan presided rejoiced the hearts of the journalists. What results will spring from this second convention can hardly be seen until the close of another year, and it is useless to prophesy; but if the good-will of the parties concerned is an indication it can be said that twelve months will see many changes for the better in the majority of Catholic journals.

"The speeches at the public meeting in the College theatre were vigorous and attractive. The Archbishop honored the meeting with his presence, and a practical talk to editors and audience that was fully enjoyed. He was received with enthusiasm, and has won the gratitude of the editorial fraternity by the solid interest he took in their convention. Mr. Pallen explained briefly the object of the second convention, and Father Cronin and General O'Beirne, both noble-looking men, made eloquent appeals on behalf of a capable and aggressive Catholic press. The speaker of the evening, however, was Frederic Coudert, well known as a lawyer and appreciated as an orator, but not as well known to Catholics as he should be."

Mr. John G. Clifford, of the New York Tablet, offered the following set of resolutions :

WHEREAS, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, Mass., the Nestor of Catholic American journalism in the New England States, has favored this convention with his presence and co-operation, in the adoption and advocacy of the obligations which we have assumed, and in the promotion of all that is dear to us as American Catholic citizens, and,

WHEREAS, Mr. Donahoe's remarkably successful career as a journalist is a fitting and fruitful theme for Catholic emulation, therefore be it

Resolved : That this convention extend to his worth as a Catholic gentleman and co-journalist, its congratulations upon the honor and independence he has so truthfully won ; and that these resolutions be incorporated in the minutes of our proceedings, and a copy of the same published in each of the journals represented at this convention.

They were carried unanimously, amid vociferous cheers for the venerable editor of The Pilot. Mr. Donahoe responded briefly, and thanked the gentlemen present for their kind resolutions in his behalf.

On Friday (8th of May) the editors took a trip down the Bay to St. George's, Staten Island. Here they were met by Rev. J. J. Dougherty, the successor of the late Father Drumgoole, with a special train in waiting, and conveyed to Mount Loretto, where they were most hospitably entertained and were delighted with all they saw. They returned to the city late in the afternoon, and thus ended the second annual meeting of the Association of Catholic Editors of the United States.

Objects of the Convention.

The object of the Convention, as stated by the Chairman in his opening address, is to form a Catholic Associated Press. It is proposed thereby to secure reliable foreign news by employing thorough newspaper men in London, Rome, Berlin, Paris, and other European cities ; not students,

who hear gossip and rumors and send them out broadcast as news, but competent, reliable journalists, who know how to get news, and who can vouch for its authenticity. This news is to be sent to the various papers in the Association simultaneously.

Another object of the Association is to weed out dead-beats; that is, no paper will take a subscriber who is in arrears to any other paper. Then, too, it is proposed to establish a purchase bureau, whereby printing material of all kinds may be purchased in large quantities, thus giving to individual newspapers the advantage of wholesale rates.

The convention was honored by the presence of Miss Kate E. Conway of The Pilot, Boston.

To Hold Conventions.

As a result of a conference of the members of Parliament forming the McCarthy party held in London, on May 11, it was resolved to call a convention in Ireland. The resolution adopted was to the effect that since Mr. Parnell has refused to comply with all suggestions as to releasing the Paris funds, his colleagues are forced to believe that he is opposed to applying these funds to the relief of the evicted tenants. Therefore, in view of the extreme urgency of the case and of the approach of a general election, it has been resolved to make an appeal to Ireland in behalf of the evicted tenants. The resolution adds: "We hereby summon a convention in every Irish county to meet as a committee to select candidates for all the seats whose present holders have violated the party pledge."

A VERY brutal assault was made recently on a Catholic priest in Chicago, by one Ferguson, a heavy-weight sporting man. It seems that objection had been made to allowing Ferguson to act as god-father at a Catholic baptism. Ferguson "laid" for the objecting priest. A mob pursued Ferguson and would probably have stretched his cowardly neck for him if they had caught him. It is to be regretted that the priest declined to prosecute the fellow.

OF the three thousand lawyers in Chicago, it is stated that but two hundred command a living practice. How the majority manage to make both ends meet is a puzzle to the observer. Doubtless many polished bad men are recruited from among them — justifying in a sense the story O'Connell used to tell of the court officer who, wishing to clear the court, called out, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the coort."

IN the archives of the Dominican Convent in Rome there are many curious and ancient manuscripts. Among these is a letter from the apostate, Martin Luther, to his mother, who did not apostatize. She wrote an inquiry to him, however, in reference to the "religion" he was about to establish. This was his reply: "Remain a Catholic. I will neither deceive nor betray my mother." Several Catholic papers have lately published this item. It may be well to state before it goes any further that the letter in question does not exist, at least in the collection named. A search was made for it some years ago, but the Ave Maria was informed that no such document was to be found.

IT is estimated that the people of the United States spend, every year, for intoxicating liquors the colossal amount $700,000,000.

THE New York Catholic Review: Mr. Patrick Donahoe's green old age and vitality was amply proven by the spirited manner in which he led the chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner" at the Catholic Club. During the Convention he must have felt proud to hear The Pilot taken as a modern instance upon every possible question brought up for discussion. It showed what an A B C his paper is to the mind of the American Catholic.

A CONTEMPORARY says of the late Bishop Gilmour: "He died without possessing a cent — except the arrears of his current year's salary; without owning a foot of land — except his mother's grave."

JUNE is the month of the Sacred Heart.

A Great Enterprise.

THE surveying expedition appointed by the American Government to ascertain whether a practicable railroad route, connecting the United States with the Republics of Central and South America, can be laid out, left New York for Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Crossing the Isthmus by rail, the party will take passage for Guayaquil, in Ecuador. The journey from this point will be made on pack mules to Quito, the capital of Ecuador, the highest point on the proposed line of survey, where the active work will be commenced. The party's baggage consisted of a fine supply of surveying instruments, and the arms necessary for protection in the wild districts through which they will have to travel over the greater part of the route to be surveyed. Mr. M. F. Shunck,—an able and experienced American railroad engineer,—is the chief of the party. The other engineers are J. J. Miller, James Parker, D. D. Foster, D. M. Martinez, W. J. O'Connell, W. L. Wilson, W. D. Kelly, Jr., Thomas Dempsey, and Robert Burgess. Dr. C. W. Rush and Dr. Ogden accompany the expedition in the double capacity of physicians and scientific investigators. As far as America is concerned, this survey and exploration is, undoubtedly, the most important work that has been undertaken in the present century; for, if the proposed railway system be once established, the United States can easily bid defiance to European rivalry for the trade and commerce of the Southern Continent, with all the advantages the control of that immense and inexhaustible business implies.

Signs of Spring.

IF you read these learned maxims and take note of each small thing, you may come to be a prophet and foretell the gladsome spring. When trees begin to blossom and the violets to bloom; when the bullfrogs in the meadow warble boom-ah-boom-ah-boom; when ducks are flying northward, and bright butterflies are out, and robins go house-keeping in the broken waterspout; when grasshoppers are hopping, and black bats come out at night, and venture in your bedroom attracted by the light; when birds fly down the chimney, and hens walk in the door, and beetles hold conventions in the centre of the floor; when the mud is o'er your shoe tops as you cross the new-ploughed land — you may count on it is certain that sweet spring is near at hand.

Advice for the Dyspeptic.

CHEW your food slowly. Have fruit, cracked wheat, soft-boiled eggs for breakfast. For dinner, broiled beefsteak, mutton chops or chicken, roasted potatoes, boiled rice, salad, celery. For the evening meal, toast, tea, a glass of milk, some stewed fruit. Don't indulge in pastry, or hot bread, and avoid meats after the midday meal.

RICHARD H. CLARKE has been elected president of the Alumni Association of Georgetown University. He is one of the oldest living graduates, and is well known throughout the country for his literary work, and for his connection with charitable movements. Notre Dame University recognized his merit by bestowing upon him the Lætare Medal some years ago, and the fellow graduates of his Alma Mater now unite to honor him.

I REMEMBER hearing years ago of an old merchant who, on his deathbed, divided the results of long years of labor, some hundreds of pounds in all, amongst his sons. "It's little enough, my boys," were his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." His ideal had not been to make money, but to keep clean hands. — *Thomas Hughes.*

THE Citizen implores the people of Ireland to put a stop to the fatal quarrel now in progress. If necessary, let every obnoxious person, on both sides, be set aside, and let the struggle be renewed with good cheer and a united front. Any more exhibitions like those of North Kilkenny and North Sligo will have a most demoralizing effect on the Irish in America. Close up the ranks and move forward, gentlemen.

Death of a Good Priest.

ABOUT two o'clock on the morning of May 11, Rev. Michael D. Murphy, pastor of the Catholic parish of St. John the Evangelist, Hopkinton, Mass., died of inflammation of the bowels, after an illness which began only on Saturday morning. He was forty-two years old. The death is a great blow, not only to the parish, but to the town. He was beloved by Protestants and Catholics alike. His chief work was the erection of St. John's Church, which cost nearly three hundred thousand dollars, and was fully described in the Globe at the time of dedication, Sept. 2, 1889. Father Murphy was born in Dromard, Tipperary County, Ireland, in 1848. He came to Lawrence in 1865. Having acquired much proficiency in his studies during the first seventeen years of his life he was admitted to the High School, from which he graduated with great honors. A few years later he entered the Catholic college in Montreal, and later pursued a course of study in Holy Cross College, Worcester, finished his clerical studies at Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained as curate, and assigned as assistant to Rev. Father Murphy in St. Patrick's Church, South Lawrence, and did much in building up the large Catholic church there. Later he went to the church in Salem, where he, with the present Bishop Harkins, then also a curate, worked zealously. Afterwards Father Murphy was stationed in Arlington, and subsequently to Woburn, in the new and beautiful church erected about that period. Since assuming the duties of pastor of the church in Hopkinton it is well known throughout New England he has worked with untiring zeal for the cause which was nearest and most dear to him. His brother is ex-Postmaster Patrick Murphy of Lawrence. Father Murphy, personally suave, dignified, astute, and of winning manners and bearing, made himself beloved by his charge as well because of his great labor for his flock as for his ability.

The funeral service was attended by Archbishop Williams, a hundred clergymen, and fully two thousand lay people, many being unable to gain entrance to the church. Rev. John Mulcahy, of Franklin, was the celebrant, Rev. J. F. Mohan, of Everett, was deacon, Rev. M. F. Delany, of Natick, sub-deacon; Rev. J. J. Keegan, of Randolph, master of ceremonies; Rev. J. J. Heffron, of Ashland, assistant master of ceremonies; Rev. E. T. Schofield, of Saxonville, and Rev. P. McManus, of Salem, acolytes; Rev. D. F. MacGillicuddy, of Milford, thurifer. Rev. J. F. Redican, of Cordaville, a life-long friend of the dead priest, delivered the eulogy, and brought tears to the eyes of the large congregation present.

There was a total cessation of business which showed with what respect the business men of the town held the deceased.

Death of James McMahon.

JAMES MCMAHON, an old and honored Boston merchant, died suddenly at his home in Chester square the night of May 10th of congestion of the lungs. Mr. McMahon had in early life amassed a fortune in the grocery business, but suffered severe losses by the big fire of '72. He, like the many other progressive business men of Boston, soon recovered, and the temporary inconvenience of the time served only to turn the tide of financial success in his favor. He has conducted a prosperous business in Federal street for many years.

The little orphans at the Home for Destitute Catholic Children are among the many who mourn his death. He was for years a director of that institution, and by his gentle disposition endeared himself to the multitude of homeless little ones. Deceased was also an honorary member of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, and was identified with all the prominent charities of that organization. As a leading member of the Cathedral congregation, he will be remembered as a generous giver to all its good works. Mr. McMahon's wife died suddenly a year ago, but he leaves besides his friends a family of one daughter and four sons to grieve over his abrupt taking off almost in the prime of life, and at the glorious zenith of a world of good deeds. He was buried from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on the morning of the 13th of May.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Benzizer Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

PERCY WYNN ; OR, MAKING A BOY OF HIM. By Francis I. Finn, S. J., (Neenah.) author of Tom Playfair, Ada Merton, Charlie's Victory, Harry Dee; or the Mystery of Tower Hill Mansion. Price $1.

This is the second edition of an excellent boy story. A contemporary remarks upon the reappearance of this "delightful tale in improved form is a cause for congratulation to all those interested in such reading as will elevate and improve our Catholic youth, while it enthralls their imaginations. We cannot have too many such stories as Percy Wynn, and we are sure all our young readers who are interested in Harry Dee will not neglect the opportunity now offered to them of more reading of the same absorbing character."

THE HOLY FACE OF JESUS.

A Series of Meditations on the Litany of the Holy Face. Adapted from the French of the Abbé J. B. Fourault, Priest of the Holy Face, by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. With an Introductory Notice by the Right Rev. Mgr. Preston, D. D., LL. D., Prothonotary Apostolic, Vicar-General. 32mo, cloth, 50 cents.

HOW TO GET ON. By Rev. Bernard Feeney (Professor in Mt. Angel Seminary and College, Oregon), Author of Home Duties, Lessons from the Passion, etc., with preface by Most Rev. W. H. Gross, D.D , C. SS. R., Archbishop of Oregon City. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Archbishop Gross, in his Preface, says: "We gladly welcome this work of Rev. B. Feeney, entitled How to Get On. Its very title strongly appeals to that natural energy and strength of will so characteristic of the American people, and which, if properly directed, can achieve so much. Amid the Babel of voices which so often mislead our youth to prostituting its fresh energy to improper ways and unbecoming purposes, this book of Rev. B. Feeney speaks the splendid words of truth. The author holds up to our people, and especially to our youth, the high goal which all can reach. He shows many of the dangers which beset the path to success in life; and he most candidly lays before the reader the means whereby life may be made a success. The Reverend author has written this very useful work in a most pleasant and interesting manner. His principles are eminently correct, and his manner of treating his important subject highly attractive and entertaining. We should be greatly pleased to see this valuable work in every family of the land, and its persual will be valuable to all.

Hoffman Bros., Milwaukee.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN COSMOLOGY. By Rev. John Gmeiner, St. Paul, Minn. Price, in paper cover, 20 cts.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cin.

THE LIFE AROUND US: A Collection of Stories. By Maurice Francis Egan. Third Edition, $1.25.

There are nineteen stories in the book. They were written at various times during the last ten years. They are as various as the years in which they were written. The book should be in every library.

MEDITATIONS ON THE VENI SANCTA SPIRITUS. With devotions for the Novena in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost. Compiled from various sources by a Sister of Mercy.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN AT LIEGE. By Dean Cruls. Translated by permission of Monseigneur Dontreloux, Bishop of Liège. By William S. Preston. Price, $1.

The translator says : "I venture to say that comparatively few, even of the Catholics in our country, know the history of the origin and establishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi, and if the perusal of this book shall stir up the hearts of our people to a more lively devotion towards Him who dwelleth on our altars, my object will have been accomplished."

Boston School Supply Co., Boston.

THE INFORMATION READER NO. 1— Foods and Beverages. By E. A. Beal, M. D. (Boston School Series.) Cloth, 281 pp., 60 cents.

This book is the first of a number of reading-books, prepared on a plan entirely different from that of any other series now in use. The publishers — the firm that issue the well-

known Boston School Series of text-books — believe that the training of elocutionists is no longer regarded as a function of grammar schools, and that the day of useless learning is rapidly drawing to a close. It certainly seems strange that children should be compelled to study lessons on Central Africa, the Mound Builders, and Common Factors, and yet be allowed to leave school utterly ignorant of the nutritive worth of the materials composing their daily food — the factors on which their health and working powers largely depend. This number is written on lines laid down by the New England superintendents in their reports of reading, which were approved by their Boston convention, held last winter, and were printed in pamphlet form for the benefit of the educational public. Those eminent educators, expressing the modern requirements in reading-books, called, it will be remembered, for a reader containing lessons on the various kinds of foods and their hygienic values; on grains, fruits, and useful plants, with elementary botanical instruction relating thereto; on the effects of stimulants; and on a few other common subjects of interest and importance to all, old and young. The impression left on the mind after even a hurried pursual of this book is that an immense amount of information is comprised between its covers. A closer scrutiny proves that this information is as good in quality as it is in quantity, and is brimful of interest to young persons. Dr. Beal is somewhat radical in his statements of the dangers of liquor drinking; but, perhaps, he is not too radical, considering he is warning impulsive and immature minds. The chapter on "Turning Food into Poison" is a good summary of the pathology of alcoholism, and in the pages headed "A Baneful Beverage," the evils resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks, evils that afflict the moral nature and even the body-politic, are vividly described. The illustrations, unlike the pictures in many reading-books, are designed to match the letter-press, and might justly be termed object-lessons. The type, binding, and paper are all that could be desired. Foods and Beverages is certainly unique in plan, is written in a clear, simple, and interesting style, imparts knowledge useful to all persons, and is admirably adapted to widen the young reader's outlook on the world of nature. The book should be introduced into every school above the primary grade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Month, a Catholic Magazine and Review, for April, is published by John Murphy & Co. Price $4 a year. Single, 35 cents.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal: — "What is Home Without a Loved One," by C. A. White. "Ida May," words by P. H. Collins, music by Hanie A. Peck. "Only thee," by C. A. White. "My Alpine Rose," words by Wm. H. Gardner, music by Alfred N. La Brie. "Glory to God," Sacred Male Quartette, by C. A. White, also "Beyond the Blue," "Father in Mercy," and "Peace, Troubled Soul," Quartettes, by same author. "Why do I Weep for Thee," Ballad, by Wm. V. Wallace. "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," words from the German by H. W. Longfellow, music by Berthold Tours. "Amor Perfido," and "In May Day," by Edw. Baxter Selton.

Instrumental: — "Rosette Waltz," by G. Bachmann. "Sur Le Flure Jaune," Barcarolle, by Henri Kowolski. "Gay as a Bird Galop," by Antoine Lafont. "Love Mazurka," by E. Mack, also "Delightful Schottische," and "Croquet Waltz," by same author. "Evening Hymn," by Karl Merz; also "Rocking Horse Galop," "Birthday Rondo," "Excursion Polka," "German Unity March," and "Teasing Rondo," by same author. "Moonlight Redowa," and "Presentation March," by E. Mack. "With Steam Galop," by Edward Strauss. "Le Lac de Come," by C. Galos. "Warrior's Joy March," by Pierre Duvernet. "Bessie Waltz," "Geranium Rondo," and "May Dance," by Karl Merz. "Tie Polka," by E. Mack. "Walter's Prize Song," from "The Meistersinger," arranged by F. Bendel. "Ruby Waltzes," by John Wiegand. "Little Party Mazurka," and "Fame Quickstep," by E. Mack. "The King's Grand March," by Paul Keller. "The World Triumphant March," by Hanie A. Peck. "Danse Espagnole," by C. A. White. "Little Scotchman," by same. "Oh! The Laddie," Scotch Reel, by same. "Flirtation Waltz," by P. A. Steck. "Norika," Mazurka de Salon, by L. Golbaerts. "Vienna Forever March," by Johann Schrammel. "Barcarolle," by Sydney Smith.

Books: — "The Folio," for March.

"White's World Celebrated Songs," elegantly arranged for violin and piano, by Ambrose Davenport."

OBITUARY

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARD GILMOUR, D.D., of Cleveland, O., who has been seriously ill for some time, died at St. Augustine, Fla., on the evening of April 13. Bishop Gilmour was born in Glasgow, Scot., Sept. 28, 1824. The family removed to Canada in 1828, and afterward settled on a farm near Latrobe, Pa. Young Gilmour had been brought up as a Scotch Presbyterian, and it was not until, at the age of eighteen years, when he went to Philadelphia to pursue advanced studies, that he ever spoke with a Catholic. Having learned to play the organ he was accustomed to go to a Catholic church to practise, and, forming an acquaintance with the priest that ripened into intimacy, he began attending the services. As a result, he became a Catholic at the age of twenty, and resolving to enter the priesthood, took a five years' course of study in the Catholic college at Emmitsburg, Md. He was ordained to the priesthood in Cincinnati, by Archbishop Purcell, Aug. 30, 1852. His first service was five years as a mission priest in Ohio; in 1857, he was placed in pastoral charge of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, where he remained ten years, adding to it a school, which became one of the finest in the state. On account of his scholarship he was appointed professor of mathematics and of Latin in the Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West. Next he went to Dayton, O., to take charge of St. Joseph's Church. He was nominated Bishop of Cleveland, Feb. 15, 1872, and on the 14th of April following was consecrated by Archbishop Purcell in the Cathedral at Cincinnati. Bishop Gilmour devoted his efforts as a prelate largely to the interests of Catholic education. He founded the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, in 1874, and was successful in the courts in resisting an attempt to tax Catholic churches and schools. His diocese grew rapidly under his administration, and among its institutions are many parochial schools, largely attended, and a theological seminary. Among the varied labors of Bishop Gilmour is included the compilation of School Recreations, a collection of hymns, a Bible history, and a series of readers. During his administration of the diocese of Cleveland, the number of Catholics has largely increased. He was an able executive, and attained his high position in the Church by a course marked in a rare decree by persistent and systematic labor. May his soul rest in peace.

RT. REV. BISHOP MCINTYRE, the venerable bishop of Prince Edward Island, died of heart disease on April 30, while on a visit to Bishop Cameron at Antigonish. Bishop McIntyre was over seventy years of age, and had ruled the diocese of Prince Edward Island, of which province half the population are Catholics, for over a third of a century. He was a Scotchman by birth, and wielded a great influence in the province. Last fall Rt. Rev. James Charles McDonald was appointed coadjutor bishop.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

THE Rev. Brother Patrick, Assistant to the Superior General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, died in Paris on the 25th of April. During nearly half a century he figured among the most prominent educators in America. Brother Patrick's family name was John P. Murphy. He was born in Nenagh, county Tipperary, Ireland, April 7, 1822. While he was still a youth his family moved to Canada. In 1844 he entered the Novitiate of Christian Brothers in Montreal. In that city he devoted the first years of his religious life to teaching, and there he made for himself a name as an educator that is still remembered. In 1853 he was sent to St. Louis. There he built up the college and the parochial schools to a great degree of proficiency. He was the first to introduce the system of public examinations in the various schools. These examinations brought home to the people

the efficiency of the Brothers' methods of teaching. In 1861 he was transferred to Manhattan College, New York.

In 1867 he was appointed Visitor of the Brothers in the United States, continuing at the same time to be President of the college. During the period of his connection with the college he was intimately associated with Dr. Silliman Ives, whom he had induced to lecture before the students, and whom he aided in establishing the Catholic Protectory. In 1873 he was elected to the important office of assistant to the Superior General, and continued, although hampered by ill health and great suffering, to exercise the functions of this office until the day of his death. He made frequent visits to the United States and Canada in the interests of the institute, and it was only last November that he returned to France. Brother Patrick was genial and amiable, and one of the finest conversationalists of his day. He was thoroughly devoted to his institute, and in all things a man of duty. May he rest in peace.

SISTERS.

On March 31, 1891, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Sault au Recollect, near Montreal, Can., Madame Julia Catherine Hoyt, religieuse of the Order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, daughter of the late Rev. William Henry and Anne Deming Hoyt, formerly of St. Albans and Burlington, Vt., and New York City. Madame Hoyt, previous to her transfer to the Canadian Province some years ago, was stationed, for a considerable time, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Elmhurst, in Providence, R. I., but in later years has been at the convent of that name in London, Ontario, Can.

Sister Mary Paul Hayes, the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity, died at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, O., of pneumonia. Deceased was born in Cashel, county Tipperary, Ire., in 1830, and received a splendid education. Her parents were brought to poverty by the persecutions of the landlords, and in 1850 her father died, and her mother brought her little family of three boys and Mary Paul to Cincinnati. One of her brothers soon died; a second fell on the battlefield in defence of the stars and stripes, and in 1865, upon the death of her mother, Mary Paul joined the Sisters, and her third brother, Martin Hayes, entered the priesthood and died April 12, 1890, the reverend pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Middletown. For years the superior qualities of Sister Mary Paul were unrecognized, and she held inferior positions in the ranks of those the most learned of whom, when, at last, she was shown in her true colors, was proud to learn at her feet. She for many years had charge of the culinary department of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, on Price Hill, and afterward was in charge of the orphans at Cumminsville, until she was elected to the high position she filled so gracefully, and with such signal ability that it will be difficult to choose a worthy successor. She was one of the most successful superiors the Order ever had, and knew personally every member of the society, numbering five hundred, scattered throughout the United States. Her death illness was contracted while on a visit to New Mexico, where branch houses had been established, and she was clearly the victim of duty.

LAY PEOPLE.

In Boston, May 12, Mrs. Jane Jardine Fitzpatrick, mother of the Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Dorchester and Milton, Mass. She was born in Scotland, Nov. 4, 1813, came to Nova Scotia at an early age; there she married and lived for many years, went to Pennsylvania, and after the death of her husband, eighteen years ago, she came to live with her son. Ten years ago she had a shock of paralysis, and was taken to the Carney Hospital, where she received the kindest possible treatment from the good Sisters of Charity up to the time of her death. The funeral took place from St. Gregory's Church on the 14th of May. May her soul rest in peace.

Morgan O'Brien, probably the oldest Irish resident in Waterbury, Conn., died on April 18, of pneumonia, at the age of one hundred and one years. For over half a century he had lived in Waterbury, and by thrift

and industry had accumulated a competency. He leaves two sons and one daughter.

MRS. ELLEN DONOVAN, who died at her home on Centre street, April 12, was the oldest citizen in Bangor, Me., having almost reached the age of one hundred and five years. It was the opinion of many at the time of the late John Mahaney's death that he was the oldest living person in the city, but, says the Bangor Commercial, Mrs. Donovan was some months older, having had her last birthday in November, 1890, at which time she was one hundred and four. Mrs. Donovan was one of the most highly-respected residents of Bangor, having a large circle of friends. She was born in county Cork, Ire., and came to this country when young. After landing in America Mrs. Donovan came to this city, where she lived until her death. She was one of a family of six children and is the last to die. She was the mother of four children, one of them being in California, two in this city, and one in New Jersey. Her husband died about fifty years ago. Mrs. Donovan retained all of her faculties up to a short time ago, never having to wear glasses for any length of time. Her last visit down town was within a year. At that time she called on several of her old acquaintances and received many warm greetings. She was conscious up to the time of her death, recognizing all her relatives and friends, and conversed with them in a free manner.

THE death of O'Connell's daughter occurred on Monday, 21st of April. The last surviving daughter of Daniel O'Connell, Mrs. Kate O'Connell, widow of the late Charles O'Connell, M. P., of Ballynablown, county Kerry. The deceased lady, who had been ailing for only a comparatively brief period, was the Liberator's second, and, we believe, his favorite daughter. Only one child of the great Tribune now survives. The funeral took place from St. John's Church, Clontarf, to Glasnevin.

THE fifth annual convention of German-American Catholic societies will be held in Buffalo, N. Y., in September next, lasting three days. Delegates will be present from all the states in the Union. The last convention was held in Pittsburg and attracted twelve thousand people. Fully fifteen thousand are expected this year.

St. Vincent de Paul.

THIS great saint was remarkable for three things ; first, his love for God ; second, his love for God's poor ; third, his love for God's Church. The saint's love for God began at the very dawn of reason, and developed in boyhood and manhood. He was so absorbed in God's love that, though actively engaged in doing good to all, he was, nevertheless, dead to the things of this world. After a life spent in heroic sacrifices for God and his neighbor, the saint's soul winged its flight to heaven when he had reached his eighty-fifth year. The Irish people have great cause to bless the name of this wonderful apostle of the poor, for at a time when bleeding Ireland was writhing under the lash of Cromwell, whose blood-thirsty troopers even stooped to butcher helpless children, and bereft mothers with babes on the breast, then, in that terrible time, St. Vincent de Paul organized a band of fearless priests, who boldly faced the martyr's death, and went to the succor of the famishing people in their hour of dark distress. In those days of peril there was plenty of bread to eat, plenty of luxuries, too — but for apostates, for renegades only. Would the Irish apostatize ? Would they prove renegades to the faith of St. Patrick ? No ; welcome death and starvation a thousand times in preference. And here the holy priests of St. Vincent de Paul step right in and come bravely to the front to stand between them and the tempter, lest, by any possibility, even one soul might yield and be hurled into the abyss of hell. Well may the Irish people, then, feel grateful, and bless the name of the holy founder of this society. Another reason why his name will be held in benediction forever : He was one who fought and beat back the spirit of Jansenism in his day, that sought to poison the souls of men. St. Vincent de Paul was verily a giant among the saints of God.

B. P. L. Bindery.
APR 24 1911